



Epist. 324 g

Granville

LETTERS
OF
HARRIET COUNTESS GRANVILLE
VOL. I.



Lady Georgiana Pitt-Rivers
Lady Anne Pitt-Rivers
from a miniature by the late George Pitt-Rivers

LETTERS
OF
HARRIET COUNTESS GRANVILLE

1810—1845

EDITED BY HER SON

THE HON. F. LEVESON GOWER

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAIT

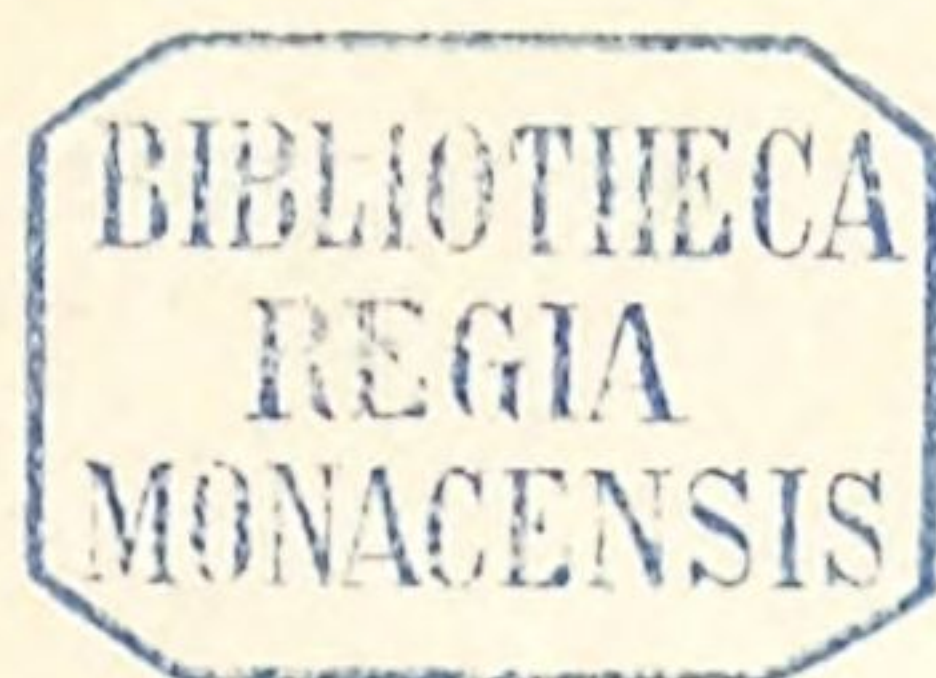
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INTRODUCTION

It is not my intention to write a biography of my mother. It is difficult to write the life of a parent, and although it has been sometimes successfully achieved, it is a task I am unwilling to undertake.

These letters were, with the exception of those addressed to Lady Harrowby and Mrs. Hamilton, written by my mother to her brother and sister, and it is by the kindness of the late Duke of Devonshire, the present Duke, and Lord Carlisle that I am enabled to offer them to the public. My brother, who read some of them shortly before his death, desired their publication. They will, I believe, both amuse and interest those who read them, and they appear to me to convey a useful lesson by showing how free from selfishness and worldliness a person may remain in the midst of a very worldly existence. It will be gathered from her letters that my mother's standard of what she thought right was high, and that whilst she greatly admired those who acted up to that standard, she was full of indulgence for others who fell short of it. Her opinions about people frequently varied, being founded on the impressions of the moment, the later impressions being generally the most favourable. Her sense of the ridiculous was keen, and she freely indulged in it when writing to her near relations, confiding in their discretion. Her letters were looked upon as so private that they were never given to be read by friends or relations. It would have been unpardonable to repeat the contents, but their publication now has been made harmless by lapse of time. It is too much the fashion of the day, when letters are published, to omit all that is not praise. This practice appears to me

objectionable, as it gives a false view of the society described and it diminishes the value of the praise bestowed. There is not much scandal, but where it occurs I have, except in notorious cases, suppressed the names.

There has been considerable difficulty in putting these letters in anything like their proper order. Those addressed to the Duke of Devonshire have their dates docketed by him, and the dates of the other letters written in England are generally to be ascertained either from the post-marks or from their being franked. But there is no such help with regard to the numerous letters sent in the Ambassador's bag. The dates which I have affixed to these are mere conjecture derived from incidents referred to. There are also frequent interruptions in the correspondence, which are due to the brother and sisters often residing in the same place. Still, I hope that a sufficiently continuous narrative has been preserved.

Another difficulty has been the selection of the letters to be published, there being many which, for family and other reasons, are less suitable for publication. On the other hand, I have tried to carry out the views expressed by Archbishop Whately in a review he wrote of one of Miss Austen's novels, and which are equally applicable to letters. He writes: 'Let anyone cut out from a work everything which is devoid of importance and interest in itself, and he will find that what is left will have lost more than half its charms. We are convinced that some writers have diminished the effect of their works by being too scrupulous to admit nothing into them which had not some absolute and independent merit.'

I have endeavoured to add to the interest of the letters by describing in short notes the persons referred to—either the persons who were in intimate relation with Lady Granville, or those about whom the reader might like to know something. The descriptive notes only occur the first time any one is mentioned.

Lady Harriet Cavendish was the youngest daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. Before she came of age she lost her mother, the beautiful Duchess. There are some letters extant,

written by Lady Harriet to her mother just before her death, which show how much she was beloved by her daughter. In one of them she says: 'You would be tired of the endless repetition if I were to tell you how constantly I wish to be with you. I must be very different from what I am before I could feel worthy of belonging to you; but if to love and admire you, not only as the most indulgent of mothers, but as superior to any human being I ever met with, is to deserve it, you would scarcely find any that could deserve it as much.' In another letter she says: 'I never knew thoroughly what I felt for you till I left you, and when I think of the happiness of seeing your dear smile, of hearing your beloved voice, I am almost mad with joy. I am sure you alone could inspire what I feel for you: it is enthusiasm and admiration that for anybody else would be ridiculous, but to deny it to you would be unnatural.'

At the death of her mother in 1806 Lady Harriet was left in a painful and isolated position. She was fond of her father, but, owing to circumstances it is needless to relate, his home was not congenial to her. Her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Spencer, loved her and gave her good advice, but although Lady Harriet esteemed, and was grateful to her, there was not much sympathy between them. Her brother, Lord Hartington, at that time was only sixteen years old, and her sister, Lady Georgiana, was already married to Lord Morpeth. Lady Harriet, however, lived a good deal with her sister, and on all occasions turned to her for advice and support. This strengthened the tie of sisterly affection, which bound them together during the whole of their joint lives, and of which Lady Granville's letters give such a delightful picture.

Three years after the death of his first wife the Duke of Devonshire married Lady Elizabeth Foster, the daughter of Lord Bristol, the eccentric Bishop of Derry, and the widow of Mr. Foster, an Irish gentleman. The Duke died in 1811, Lady Harriet having previously married in 1809 Lord Granville Leveson Gower.

Lord Granville was the second son of the first Marquis of Stafford. He was sent to Oxford at the age of fifteen, and there

formed a life-long friendship with Mr. Canning. After Lord Granville left the University, he became a favourite of Mr. Pitt and was a frequent visitor at Walmer Castle. Mr. Pitt must have formed a high opinion of him to have sent him, at the early age of thirty-one, as Ambassador to Russia. On Mr. Pitt's death, though Mr. Fox pressed him to remain at his post, he came home to see his mother, who was in failing health, and who soon afterwards died. He resumed his post in 1806, but soon again relinquished it on the rupture between England and Russia consequent upon the alliance between the Czar and Napoleon.

These letters confirm the account given of the married life of Lord and Lady Granville by Mr. Charles Greville in a notice which appeared in the 'Times' the day after my father's death. 'It was,' he wrote, 'an union that was crowned with more than common felicity, for, preserving as it did not merely an uninterrupted harmony, but an unfailing freshness and vivacity of sentiment and affection, it proved incomparably the greatest of the many blessings vouchsafed to Lord Granville through the whole course of his prosperous career.' Lord and Lady Granville had five children. The elder daughter, Susan, married Lord Rivers, and was a devoted wife and mother; the younger daughter, Georgiana, married Mr. Fullerton, and was well known for her delightful novels and saintly life. This is not the place to describe the distinguished career of the eldest son, the late Lord Granville, but there are many who will like to read in these letters the accounts of him in his childhood and early youth. The second son died at the age of seventeen, when his loss made on me a sad impression, which has never been effaced, and now I, the youngest, am left of the five the only survivor.

Lord and Lady Granville resided in England during the first fifteen years of their married life. They made short trips abroad—one in 1814, during the first Restoration; another in 1815, soon after the battle of Waterloo; and another in 1817, when they extended their tour to Switzerland and the Italian lakes. With these exceptions they remained in England, and divided their time between London and the country. They lived first at Tixal in Staffordshire, and afterwards at Wherstead in

Suffolk, two places which Lord Granville rented. At both of them they gathered together a delightful society, comprising some of the most prominent politicians, the most attractive women and the wittiest men of the day. Lady Harrowby, Lord Granville's sister and Lady Granville's correspondent, was the life and soul of this society. Mr. Greville in his journal gives the following charming description of her: 'Lady Harrowby is superior to any woman I have ever known. She has a noble, straightforward, independent character, a sound and vigorous understanding, penetration, judgment, taste. She is perfectly natural, open, and sincere, loves conversation and social enjoyment; with her intimate friends there is an *abandon* and unreserved communion of thoughts, feelings, and opinions which render her society delightful; of all the women I ever saw she united the most masculine mind with the most feminine tenderness.' Of Tixal itself he writes: 'Nothing could exceed the agreeableness of the life we led there. Everybody was pleased because each did what he pleased, and the tone of the society was gay, simple, and clever.'

In the beginning of 1824, Lord Granville was named Ambassador at the Hague, and at the end of that year was transferred to Paris. He remained there till 1828, when after the retirement of Mr. Huskisson and the Canningites from the Duke of Wellington's Administration he resigned his post. He returned to Paris in 1830 upon Lord Grey becoming Prime Minister, and, with the exception of a few months during Sir Robert Peel's first Administration, he remained there as Ambassador for many years.

During the whole time that Lord Granville represented England in France up to 1840, the relations between the two countries were cordial. In Mr. Greville's opinion this was largely due to the personal qualities of Lord Granville. In 1840, when the two countries were on the verge of war, Lord Granville's influence contributed to the maintenance of peace. In the spring of the following year he was struck down by illness, which was supposed to be due to all the labour and anxiety he had undergone the previous year. If this was the case, it may be truly said that he suffered in the holiest of causes.

He gradually recovered from his illness, but he remained for the rest of his life more or less of an invalid. . He resigned the embassy in the autumn of 1841, after the general election had resulted in the triumph of the Tories. He spent the following winter in Nice; he went to Germany the next summer, and the next winter he passed at Rome, and then made his way slowly to England, which he never again left. The two following winters were spent at Brighton in a house lent to him by the Duke of Devonshire. The rest of their time Lord and Lady Granville divided between London and the country houses of their friends and relations. He had sufficiently recovered his health to enjoy society, and Lady Granville was torn between her wish to provide amusement for him and her dread of the harm it might do him. In the autumn of 1845 he became seriously ill, and he died on January 8, 1846.

My mother survived him fifteen years, and lived during her widowhood in complete retirement, seeing scarcely any one but her children, her brother and her sister's children. She especially dreaded meeting those whom she had known in happier days. Her immediate relations were always delighted to be with her. Her sympathetic nature and the gift she had of investing with amusement all the small incidents of life made her society always most delightful. The last four years of her life she resided at Chiswick House, which had been left to her by her brother. She read a great deal, and devoted much of her time to charity, one of her principal amusements being to invent a variety of articles, which were sold for the benefit of her poor. One year she wished to sell the camellias in the hot-houses in order to devote the proceeds in charity, but she had some misgiving whether she was justified in doing so. No one raising any objection, she wrote in delight to a friend, 'Dear me, how rich my poor will be!' She died in November 1862. Her loss to her children was irreparable, and she was regretted by many who had not seen her for years, but who retained a loving remembrance of her in her brilliant days.

F. L. G.

LETTERS
OF
HARRIET COUNTESS GRANVILLE

1810

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street.

A violent storm of thunder and rain, added to my feeling a little heated with the different exertions I chose to make yesterday, have induced us to put off our journey till to-morrow.

I got up early, walked in the Park and drove with Lady Harrowby, dined at Devonshire House, went to the Opera, supped at Devonshire House, and returned home between two and three.

To-day has been very different—a solemn promise not to stir out of the house. I am perfectly well, which is *l'essentiel*. My entertainment yesterday did not keep pace with my activity. My drive was pleasant, because Lady Harrowby is always so, and it was droll to see Miss Long's¹ admirers riding about her carriage as the Guards do about the King's. Lady Catherine bolstered up in one corner and all the minor constellations backwards, each of whom are to have a hundred

¹ She married in 1812 Mr. Wellesley, who in 1845 succeeded his father as Lord Mornington.

thousand. Frederick Foster¹ says she has secretly determined in favour of him—*l'homme pieux, qui s'est toujours tenu écarté de la foule.*

The dinner at Devonshire House was late, long, and dull. The opera very brilliant, but I was bored. Mr. Montagu² particularly chatsome, Mr. Ward³ chirping, poor little Lord Walpole after a bad illness no bigger than my thumb. I bid them all good-bye with an inward satisfaction that beggars description. At supper I sat by Mr. Ward. He praised Lord Morpeth beyond measure and you, varying the tone and cadence as usual. Mr. Tierney⁴ sat by the Duchess and was entertaining.

TO THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

London: April 12, 1810.

Dearest Hartington,—You must think me a brute for having been so long without writing to you, but I have been for some time the idlest of human beings. We keep terrible late hours, and I do nothing from morning till night but think what an angel my husband is, which is more pleasant than profitable. Your absence furnishes me with conversation wherever I go. I really cannot explain your leaving London just now, your thinking Bath the best place for mathematics or Doctor Randolph's attractions. Poor worn-out Lady Warwick *n'en peut plus* with it, but with a tremulous voice, like cowards just before they dip into the sea, follows me about—'Where is he gone, my dear

¹ He was the eldest son of Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire by her first husband.

² He was the son of Lord Rokeby, whom he succeeded in 1831.

³ He was the son of Viscount Ward, and succeeded him in 1823. He was created Earl Dudley in 1827, and was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1827 and 1828, under Mr. Canning and Lord Goderich.

⁴ The celebrated orator. He fought a duel with Pitt in 1796, filled various offices in the State, and in 1817 became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Lady Harriet, what can he be gone about?' There are shoals of Miss Mildmays, and the good-natured Dowager quite like a hen. Sir Henry and his wife go about in attitudes, but they match so well and look so handsome that one forgives them for it.

You will have seen in the papers all that has been going on about Sir Francis Burdett. London is quiet and dull again. The mob entirely dispersed and nothing but soldiers to be seen. These riots have been very animating to different people in different ways. Lord Carlisle¹ got well pelted with mud and dirt. Think of the nose of nice nobility. Little O.² was obliged to explain his politics to the mob, who were going to swallow him, I believe. He is so factious that if he was not so small and inarticulate he might some day or other get into mischief. As it is he is never heard and scarcely seen. So *passe, passe, petit bon-homme*, very harmless and very ridiculous.

We all go to Court the day after to-morrow. Lady Stafford³ presents me, Lady Liverpool the Duchess.⁴

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: 1810.

I went to Devonshire House last night and found the remains of a very dull dinner. Bessboroughs,⁵

¹ He married Lady Caroline Leveson Gower, a daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford and half-sister to Lord Granville. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782. He wrote indifferent poetry, and was sneered at in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* by his relative and ward, Lord Byron.

² Lord Ossulston, who succeeded his father, Lord Tankerville, in 1822. He married in 1806 Mlle. Corisande de Gramont, of whom there is frequent mention in these letters.

³ Countess of Sutherland, married in 1785 to the second Marquis of Stafford, half-brother to Lord Granville. He was Ambassador in Paris from 1790 to 1792. She did what she could for Marie Antoinette when in prison.

⁴ Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire.

⁵ Lord and Lady Bessborough. She was daughter of the first Lord Spencer and aunt to Lady Granville.

W. Spencers,¹ Lord John Townshend,² and Mr. Chinnery. Lord John and Mr. Spencer whispering in a corner of the room, Mrs. Spencer acting nine years old with great success, and Mr. Chinnery *faisant les frais* with the rest of us. We dine there to-day, with probably a second edition of yesterday. *Je ne m'en fais pas une fête*, but we thought it right the last day.

Miss Berry³ was with me yesterday, looking wretchedly ill and talking in the most melancholy way of her own existence and prospects.

Lady Oxford and Caroline William Lamb⁴ have been engaged in a correspondence, the subject whether learning Greek purifies or inflames the passions. Caro. seems to have more faith in theory than in practice, to judge at least by those she consults as to these nice points of morality. The letter she repeats as having received from Lady Oxford is almost too good to be true. After a great many maxims and instances, she ends, 'All the illiterate women of Athens were bad, but what does my sweet friend think of her virtuous Aspasia?'

I have been to try and make Granville get up, and to quarrel with him for saying he will not go to-morrow if it rains. God bless you, my dearest sister.

¹ He was a relation of Lord Spencer and well known for his clever society verses.

² He was the son of the first Marquis of Townshend and father of the fourth Marquis.

³ She and her sister Miss Agnes were in their early youth intimate friends of Horace Walpole. He expressed his fear that, being so delicate, they would not live long, but both of them survived him fifty-five years. Miss Berry told her maid, who is still living, that Horace Walpole said he had offered his hand and heart to her, and his hand and coronet to her sister. Their salon in London was considered very agreeable and was attended by the best society. Some ill-natured person nicknamed them Blackberry and Gooseberry. Lady Theresa Lewis wrote an interesting life of the elder sister.

⁴ She was a daughter of Lady Bessborough, Lady Granville's aunt. She entertained a violent passion for Lord Byron, but her conduct was so eccentric that she could hardly have been in her right mind. She married Mr. William Lamb, who became Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton : August 1810.

Dearest sister,—I am sure you will be glad to hear of me in perfect health at the end of my fatigues. The journey itself has been a remedy, and I feel stronger and stouter than I have for some time past. The last four days have been perfectly delightful to me. We had time enough to travel only between the showers, and to be quite at home at the inns.

I feel my happiness more and more every hour, and Granville's affection and angelic kindness make me the happiest of human beings.

I look forward to this week with great pleasure. The Duchess,¹ Granville, and I perfectly alone, as the Duke, sons, and tutors go this morning to Monmouth. In spite of everything, I long for the 10th of October, with all its pleasures, all its pains.

There are eleven children here, little Eliots² included. They make too much noise for my nerves, and a great deal too much for Granville's.

I left Miss Long, refusing to the right and left. Sheridan says he sat by Lady Catherine at supper, and that she munched and munched platesful of salad, till he took her for an old sow, and caught himself just going to say to the servants, 'Pray change this lady's trough.' Frederick Lamb³ flirts with Lady Abdy and says he would not marry Miss Long if she has four times as much. This looks unpromising for the Melbourne speculation.

It seems little worth while to send this all up

¹ The Duchess of Beaufort, a sister of Lord Granville.

² Children of Lady Georgiana Eliot, who was a sister of Lord Granville and mother of the third Earl of St. Germans.

³ He became a distinguished diplomatist. He was brother of Lord Melbourne and succeeded him in 1848, having been previously created Lord Beauvale.

England, but I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to have the dull intelligence of my very great health and prosperity.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton: August 1810.

Wednesday. I had a letter from my grandmother¹ yesterday, which rather surprised me. She says she wishes very much to see me, and shall therefore be at the York Hotel at Bath to-morrow, only sixteen miles from Badminton and a good road. 'Call for pen, ink, and paper, and say at what hour I may expect you.' You may believe that Granville does not consent to this exploit, and, indeed, a drive of thirty-two miles, with the repose of an inn at Bath, would not have exactly suited my present state of health.

Thursday. I forgot to tell you that the Duchess has invited my grandmother to come here, and I rather expect her to-day. The Duke, sons, and tutors return to-morrow, which diminishes my regret at leaving Badminton considerably.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton: August 1810.

My grandmother arrived here yesterday morning. She has been quite delightful, and it is so to me to see her so much pleased and at her ease with Granville and the Duchess. I should imagine that she had passed half her life here, and her perfectly good and *dans son assiette* manner in whatever society she falls into always excites my surprise and admiration. Very early hours, very good books, and most unwearied chess-playing are just what suit her. She is all kindness to me and, I think, pleased with our having wished to

¹ The Dowager Lady Spencer, who was a Miss Poyntz, and married to the first Earl Spencer. She was mother of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

have her here so intimately. We exchange her to-day for the Duke and his appendages. The day after to-morrow we begin our journey. If I continue as well as I am now, I shall be equal to that or almost any exertion.

Our route in case you should write to me during it is this: On Saturday we sleep at Gloucester, Sunday at Worcester, Monday at Wolverhampton, and reach Sandon on Tuesday.

God bless you, dearest love. I must leave you, for we breakfast an hour earlier than usual for my grandmother.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton : August 1810.

I write one line to tell you that we are setting out. I should regret leaving this place much more if the Duchess was not coming to Sandon the 22nd of September, which will be a week before we leave it.

The day is delightful, hot summer air. We do not go till two. Our mode of travelling enables us to be established at the different inns as at home. We dine regularly at six, walk, read Paley, etc., as if we were in Stanhope Street, and set off again in the same stately progress.

For the first three days at Sandon poor Granville will be obliged to set off at nine every morning for the Assizes, and what is worse has to dine with the judges, but this last only once I believe.

My hope and prayer is that nothing will prevent our going to Castle Howard next year. I certainly admire it more than any place I ever saw, and would it not be nice to be there together? My wish, and as it is nearer almost a stronger one, is that you may go to Saltram after my confinement. We certainly shall, and remain there for some length of time.

God bless you, my dear dearest sister. Granville is pulling up all his beautiful, regular features and saying, 'Now do leave off. It is really too foolish, tiring yourself.' What an angel he is, eating buttered roll!

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: August 25, 1810.

I shall let you off easily to-night, for I have taken three walks and a drive of above three hours. My eyes are all but fast closed.

We called on Lady Talbot to-day, in my finest laces, not to be outdone by the plum colour. She has a great deal of conversation and we got on very well together. Ingestre is a fine old place, flat but with some uncommonly fine trees. Beeches that made me think of Ray Wood.¹

I have been writing to Hart² to ask him here. I cannot fancy anybody being at this place and not enjoying it, and I think he will particularly. It will be good for him in his recovering state, for we keep really early hours, take more air than exercise.

The Duchess in her last letter hopes and believes Papa will go to Hardwicke in three weeks. He will as soon go to Japan.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham: August 28, 1810.

I am delighted with this place, and I do not think its faults great enough to prevent one's thinking it beautiful. We arrived here yesterday in time to drive over the park and the beautiful wood. The house is comfortable, with two fine rooms.

We fared sumptuously at the rich man's table. Our reception has really been ridiculous, but you shall

¹ A wood at Castle Howard.

² Her brother, Lord Hartington.

judge. The dinner for us two was soup, fish, fricassee of chicken, cutlets, venison, veal, hare, vegetables of all kinds, tart, melon, pineapple, grapes, peaches, nectarines, with wine in proportion. Six servants to wait upon us, whom we did not dare dispense with, a gentleman-in-waiting and a fat old housekeeper hovering round the door to listen, I suppose, if we should chance to express a wish. Before this sumptuous repast was well digested, about four hours later, the doors opened, and in was pushed a supper in the same proportion, in itself enough to have fed me for a week. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. Either would have been better than what I did, which was to begin again, with the prospect of a pill to-night, and redoubled abstemiousness for a week to come.

The house is full of portraits, which amuse me more than all the rest. Two of Lord Stafford, positive and important, three of her, one by Phillips, very fierce and foreign. Three of Lady Carlisle, all very handsome, but less so than I have always heard she was. Poor dear Lady Louisa Macdonald,¹ very pretty and sentimental, leaning upon an anchor; and last, not least, Granville, between three and four, dancing with all his might with his sisters, and a drawing of him, by Downman, when he was seven and a half, in a sky-blue coat, making eyes, and perfectly angelic and beautiful. There are a few of Anne,² which do not justify the Archbishop in my eyes; one of the late Lady Stafford,³ and several of her husband, who must have been a magnificent old man. God bless you. I am summoned to an immense cold collation. We breakfasted two hours ago.

¹ She was a sister of Lord Granville. Her husband was Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

² Another sister of Lord Granville, Lady Ann Vernon, married to the Archbishop of York.

³ Lord Granville's mother.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: August 29, 1810.

How could you ever imagine I should be a careless correspondent to you? Writing to you and hearing from you are amongst my greatest pleasures, and I am too selfish ever to neglect or forfeit them. You do not know how necessary your affection is to my happiness. I never wished so much to see you again after any absence as I do now. To-day is my birthday, and the first I have been away from you for a long time, and have been all day thinking how *triste* it is not to see you. God bless you, my beloved G., and repay you for all your kindness to me. If you had loved me less I should have been a very unhappy and perhaps worthless person. My heart would have been shut up against everything about me, the faults of my character would have been confirmed, and I should neither have had fortitude nor almost the desire to struggle against a lot that without you would almost have been a hopeless one. All this you saved me from, and in fact have been the cause of all the happiness I have since felt. I do not exactly know what I say, but I know what I feel, and I do feel love and gratitude to you very very hard to be expressed. I have time for very little to-day. We are going to drive in the curricule. We go long expeditions in it every day.

How the Macdonalds¹ like to come upon one by surprise! I mean Mr. and Mrs. We found their cards yesterday, and it is supposed they are staying at her father's, eight miles hence. I believe they are to be asked to come here.

I have received letters from different quarters yesterday. From Caroline,² enchanted with Castle Howard

¹ Mr. Macdonald (afterwards Sir James) was a son of the Chief Baron, and married to Miss Elizabeth Sparrow.

² Mrs. Lamb, wife of Mr. George Lamb, a brother of the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

and Lord Carlisle's graciousness to her. From the Duchess¹ about my *bel bambino*, contriving to make even that subject dull; from Miss Trimmer,² 'affectionate though wronged;' from my grandmother, all kindness and satisfaction at having embarked me at last in a regular, docketted correspondence. From Samuel, 'returning his respects and duty,' to announce his being made footman to the Prince of Wales.

I dare say Lady Harrowby sends you her love, but I am too lazy to go into her room to ascertain it. My suspicion is grounded on her look of great satisfaction when I told her you sent her yours.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Lilleshall: September 4, 1810.

The post is terrible here. Our letters are sent by opportunities to the post-town. Nothing is so difficult as to avail oneself of an opportunity, *et cela fait perdre la tête* only to think of them, at least such heads as mine. I ought not to complain of it now, as it brought me last night a long letter from you, one from Hart, and George's³ delightful tragedy. Clever, pompous darling. It is so much better than any of his grandpapa's productions that I suspect the tantarum to be *jalousie de métier*.

To-day I have been entirely taken up with going all over the Iron Works and making the agreeable to Lady Caroline Wrottesley, who came thirteen miles to pay us a morning visit, and staid with us in proportion. She looks so like the Bennets that she bored me more

¹ The Duchess of Devonshire.

² Lady Granville's governess, a sister-in-law of the authoress Mrs. Trimmer.

³ Lord Morpeth's eldest son, who became Lord Morpeth in 1824 and Earl of Carlisle in 1848. A popular statesman, who played a distinguished part in the House of Commons, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1855 to 1858 and from 1859 to 1864.

in imagination than reality, for she has much more conversation and is less heavy in hand than any of them. Of all created things she is to me the ugliest, and you may see her as well as I did to-day if you will but fancy Lord O.¹ grown enormously fat, *les larmes aux yeux*, a red nose, with hands and feet like large cream cheeses, in a pink hat and feather, sash and shoes.

The Dean of Lichfield dines with us to-morrow at Mr. Cotes' on his way home. We shall find there Mr. Tarplay, who rode over here yesterday and worried me till I was ready to cry about inns and roads, but very good-humoured and indefatigable in his researches into where we changed horses, where we had good dinners and beds, how far we came each day, and how safely we got down the different hills. His whole soul must be devoted to topography.

The Dean seems to me a delightful person. He is beautiful to begin with, and what one should have painted for a Dean before the purity of one's ideas upon the subject had been corrupted by a sight of Mr. Edward Legge in that capacity. He is tall and thin and graceful in his look and manner. 'A gentleman indeed,' as Walker observed upon his opening a door for her to pass and taking off his hat. But she would have thought Parson Legge an *Apollo Belvédère en pareil cas*. He has immense brown eyes with straight black eyebrows, a regular profile, and the whitest teeth. He looks old and at times sallow, but some years ago he must have been exactly like Mrs. Inchbald's description of Dorriforth.² His wife has by all accounts no claim to Miss Milner's charms or frailties, as she is ugly, stingy, and faithful. But I shall not see her till next Tuesday, when the races begin and we are to take

¹ She was Lord Ossulston's sister.

² The hero in Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*.

up our abode at the Deanery. The Dean is bilious, a strong tie between us, as he eats no butter, dines upon fish without sauce, meat without salad, and has not touched fruit for years. He does eat eggs and potatoes, but otherwise the sympathy is striking. My diet is become so known that I could not commit the slightest debauch if I was ever so inclined to it. Nobody thinks of me till they see roast mutton or beef, and the servants bring me my boiled rice and glass of water as if I was doing penance upon it for some crime. It is astonishing how strictly virtuous this common consent keeps me, as any change in my *régime* would now be an event. I wish I could be compelled into the performance of some of my other duties in so effectual a manner.

Granville is shooting this morning, and I submit to his absence with a good grace, for he comes home so radiant in health and seems to thrive upon it so much, that I cannot find it in my heart to be selfish about it. I really think I am happier every hour. There never was anything so adorable as he is in every way. I have enjoyed being here more than anywhere else, it is such perfect quiet and monopoly of him. Our dinner to-day I shall not dislike, though I should have preferred one here.

Mr. Cotes, I hear, is the best old man in the world, adored in Staffordshire and Shropshire for his hearty good-humour and welcome to everything that comes within a yard of him. He has a mania for farming, even to asking the people, rich and poor, whom he meets on the high road to come and look at his wheat, potatoes, etc. He tells this story of himself, that, as he was one day crossing the road to his fields, he saw a poor Welshman walking along with whom he did not recollect having had any previous acquaintance, and according to custom very civilly asked him if he would not like to see his farm. The man, who it seems had

been before all over it, immediately took to his heels, calling out as he ran, 'Hurs seen it, hurs seen it.' Cannot you soothe Lord Carlisle with this anecdote? I am sure it is as entertaining as 'More over the dog,' 'A bird by G.,' and many more of those we have listened to often without crying out, 'Hurs heard it, hurs heard it.'

My dearest sister, do look what quantities I have written. Lords M. and G. would make sarcastic remarks upon the events it must contain, but if I was to have met you at Lilleshall I should have talked three times as much; therefore why is it odd to write a part of it? And as to retrenching from our intercourse with our friends everything but the downright needful and eventful, it would reduce three parts of the creation to *un morne silence*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: September 1810.

Indeed we are happy, and your happiness has the advantage of being confirmed by time and seven safe labours. I am superstitious and full of a levelling principle and things brought to an equality to all. There are sorrows in life. The harvest bugs bite, one loses one's needles, breaks one's thread in hemstitch, but I bear them like a man.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald come to-day. She does very well, is intelligent, animated, and good-humoured, and I do not know why I feel that I never could, if hanging was the alternative, like her one bit better than I do. Her hair is grown dark, her complexion is brilliant, her features are fined down, her figure *faite à peindre*, and yet I cannot think her in the least pretty. No, not even with the help of yellow satin and cairn gorams. He or his tailor made his coats all too tight, which is my chief criticism *sur son compte*. But as

they are delighted with each other, my sentiments upon the subject are not of much importance. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : September 24, 1810.

Many thanks for your patience in bearing the kind enquiries of my friends.

You cannot think what these Assizes are to me. I know it is no calamity, and that if it was it would be over by four o'clock to-day ; but Granville's constant kindness and attention, his reading to me, driving me, etc., make him so necessary to the enjoyment of every moment of my time, that I feel quite helpless without him, and as if my hands, feet, and understanding were all with him in the Town Hall at Stafford.

I can as little describe the resource it is to me to write to you, and hardly understand it, considering the penance it is to me to write two lines to anybody else. Shame and postage often stop me when nothing else would, and I am sure Lord Morpeth must think it ridiculous, as I see Granville does. Men so little understand the comfort of talking a great deal about nothing at all.

I shall never be easy till you have seen this place. It is really delicious, like iced water or strawberry and cream. Lord and Lady Harrowby are the two most independent people I know, which gives a great *aisance* to one's existence here. Society and comfort being the sentimental part of her character, I mean her highest idea of enjoyment, there is not an inch of the house or garden that is not formed for both, and Granville and I spend our time like *la belle* when she first got into the Bêtes' palace. At whatever hour we get up, we find breakfast prepared in a room to ourselves, opening with great glass doors into a flower garden, sweeter and

more beautiful than anything but some of the descriptions in 'Ariosto' and the 'Fairy Queen.' We might, if we pleased, never see a human being, for my dressing-room, which we are a good deal in later in the day, I could be content to pass my life in, one continued couch and flower-basket. But about four we all meet. Lady Harrowby drives me in a low chair; Granville when he is here walks with it, and Lord Harrowby and Susan¹ ride. She is a delightful girl, and so improved in looks that I think she will end by being extremely pretty. She is grown and filled out, and the delicacy and symmetry of her figure is beautiful, with the nicest shaped head and white teeth. When she takes exercise she has a colour like rouge, and her eyebrows are grown dark, which with so fair a skin is very uncommon. Her temper and disposition seem to me like Caroline, with the same sort of quiet intelligence and perfect tact in everything she does and says. She plays with uncommon expression on the pianoforte, and takes in science kindly from Mr. Smart. God bless you, my dearest sis. I am in rude health and very much in love with my husband.

Rousseau says the only two reasonable causes of suffering are remorse and bodily pain. He would therefore account me at the very pinnacle of human happiness, which is a truth worth all his paradoxes. I am in the middle of his 'Emile.' I think parts of it excellent, and the foundation of most of what has been since written on the subject of education. The parts I do not like seem to me more ridiculous than immoral, although Miss Trimmer sits as heavy on my soul at the moment I pass this judgment as she did upon poor Rousseau for having written the book. I have, how-

¹ Lady Susan Ryder, eldest daughter of Lord Harrowby. Married in 1817 to Lord Ebrington, who succeeded his father as Lord Fortescue in 1841, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1839 to 1841.

ever, only read one volume and may sympathise with her at last. He has too much of looking up to the sky with *larmes dans les yeux*, which, though it may be a part and certainly is the consequence of sincere and ardent piety—I mean that sort of grateful emotion one feels in all the pleasures of fine weather and the works of Nature—is but a sad loophole or dependance for those who consider it as the whole. I said God bless you before this treatise, and I say it again and again. I dare not look forward to the happiness I may feel the end of October. I dare not think I deserve it. *Addio*.

TO THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

Stanhope Street: November 23, 1810.

I am getting strength very fast, but still unable to walk more than a few steps. I am grown very thin and paler than anything above ground. Corise, who dined with me yesterday, strongly recommends rouge. ‘Husbands never see those things—Lor O.¹—never find it out, he would be furious with me,’ and the little man would be so, for he is still wondering and exulting over her having left off being pea green. She says her boy is so beautiful that people goes to see him for a *curiosité*.

Kitty Monk came to see me whilst she was here, and they quarrelled all the time, both having heard more gossip than I thought their poor little heads would hold, from the very best authority, and all the facts in direct opposition to one another. Kitty appears in a new character this year—perfect independence and a very *décidé ton*, talks of going into the country, taking Opera Boxes, etc., *comme s’il n’y avait point de Lady Elisabeth au monde*.

London is trying to be a little gay. The Duchess of Gordon gives parties, but I hear they are dull ones. I am glad to hear of Mr. Foster’s *susceptibilité*, ‘but

¹ Lord Ossulston.

when he next doth fall in love, may I be there to see it.'

Miss Leveson Gower, if you please, sends her love and duty to you. She has long eyelashes and a round dimple. Her wet-nurse has been but six weeks in England, and Mrs. Griffiths, my month nurse, a treasure, and the most respectable of dames from Tower Hill, has her in the sort of horror some people have of an earwig or a toad. 'One of the Irish poor, a mere nothing, that has been, I dare say, all her life, as those people are, in some dirty hole with her arms akimbo.' F. Foster should see his countrywoman. She has a very pretty face and talks in a plaintive brogue. When she is afraid of Mrs. Griffiths, she says, 'Ah Christ, she'll kill me!'

1811

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham: August 23, 1811.

I am afraid by your observations to-day that you are not amused. In a selfish point of view I hope you will be bored in September, as it will make Tixal, like the Duke of St. Albans, shine by comparison.

Lady Stafford is, shutting one's eyes to the past, very delightful, kind, generous, natural, *se laissant aller* and seeming to adore us. 'Tis seeming all, but *glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas*, will carry us through with her as well as on the ice. Lord Stafford provokes me with an importance about every trifle, sufficient to give a man weight in all the trying circumstances of his life, and he nods and stares and screws up his mouth about the distance he has walked in the morning, as if it was an event and a mystery to his audience.

Lord Francis¹ is quite a little *héros de roman*, handsome, intelligent, the most perfect manners, and yet nothing precocious or pedantic. I think he must be something wonderful in time. He has grave, unaffected sort of zeal, a look and voice of enquiry about anything that interests, and a scornful smile when he does not believe or approve of what is said that puts me in mind of William Lamb, but double refined, and not a shade of conceit.

¹ Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Lord Stafford's second son. He succeeded on his father's death to the Duke of Bridgewater's property and took the name of Egerton. He was created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : September 18, 1811.

Hartington goes to-morrow, in an agony lest I should spoil the pleasure he has of telling things by writing them to you first. I am therefore tongue-tied on many subjects.

Is it possible that the Duchess has written to you in her own name to ask you to lie in at Chiswick? It is too hard, as that dear angel Hart. says, to rob him of the pleasure of doing those things himself. I may boast to you of his affection for us; we really are at present his great objects. It is in everything, and a wish to be with us beyond all others. He is to be at Tixal the end of October again, and I will, if I possibly can, keep him there for you.

We go to Tixal the day after to-morrow. I must take Mr. Vernon¹ away to flirt with my beauties there. It will not be dangerous for Lady Harriet, and Corise bears a charmed life. He will be proud beyond measure and fancy both are in love with him.

I have had a very affectionate letter from Caroline² since the one I mentioned to you, and a very odd one from her namesake, Caroline William,³ wishing the learned could explain the incongruity of her behaviour. They would be put to it indeed.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : October 5, 1811.

You two very dearest people I hope are together for your own sake and for mine. I have been prevented writing by most wearing nervous headaches.

¹ Eldest son of the Archbishop of York. Assumed the name of Harcourt at the same time as his father.

² Mrs. George Lamb.

³ Lady Caroline Lamb, daughter of Lord Bessborough and wife of Lord Melbourne.

It has made writing, reading, or any exertion painful for the time, but I am now almost well again.

We are *au sein* of Monseigneurs, and amazing noise, not propitious to a headache. Monsieur¹ forgets we are all beyond our teens and plays at bo-peep, etc., with Lady Stafford and me. The little hideous Duc de Berri² smouches us all. 'Ah! que c'est vilain! Mais, fi donc, c'est abominable. Veut-on que je mange cela? Veut-on que je fasse ceci?' Puységur very agreeable, and the Baron, lightened of the Baronne, quite outrageous with spirits and liberty. Lady Harrowby looking better and smarter than all of us put together. Corisande with *des souffrances*, rude to the French, in love with little O., afraid of walking in the fields for fear of being tossed by the bull, saying, 'How thin and wizel Puységur's face is grown!'

Pray write to me. You do not know how necessary you are to my happiness—more I think than ever—Granville, Hart, and you are very desirable things.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham: October 6, 1811.

My headache, which I made so much of yesterday, is nearly gone; it is even callous to the noise. We do everything with extreme *onction*. We play upon the pianoforte, harp, guitar, triangle, and castagnettes with all our might, all singing at once. We all talk at once, and play at cards at once. On Tuesday we all remove to Sandon, and I cannot tell you how much I long for the repose of Tixal.

The Duc de Berri is clever, sings well, but is *difficile à vivre* and tries Lady Stafford by finding fault. To-day the eggs at breakfast were abominable. 'Ma foi, Madame, Mesdames vos poules ne s'acquittent pas bien.' They laugh unmercifully at the Baron, and you should

¹ The Comte d'Artois, who became Charles the Tenth.

² Comte d'Artois' second son, who was murdered in 1820.

have heard the shout when he said by mistake, 'Monseigneur, si jamais j'ai le gouvernement d'une *vieille*,' instead of *ville*. They play at quinze half the night, too deep I think, as the Baron has lost 150*l*.

The life here is a little less easy. We sit hours at breakfast and have a sort of conscience about coming down into the library. You should see us at this moment: Lady Stafford is at work, Puységur a little too much *dévoué aux dames*, little O. perched on a book bigger than himself, Mr. Vernon conveniently placed to see every word I write. My husband is at Stone. They all think it a good joke my loving him, just as they might if I was *amourachée* of some snuffy old Frenchman, shout if they find us together, pretend that I go *pour battre les buissons* before him when he shoots. Lord help them! Their only *héros de roman* are the Baron de Rolle and the Duc de Castries.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: October 11, 1811.

My time has been taken up with nursing Granville, who has been tortured with the toothache, and making French civilities.

Monsieur and the Duc de Berri must have suffered *une contrainte mortelle* at Trentham. They are like birds out of a cage here, seem to breathe easier, and tread upon air. Monsieur, dear, good-natured man, does not like to be puzzled by persiflage, and here he may shout his lungs out if he pleases. The Duc de Berri sings delightfully all the opera duets and trios with Lady Harrowby and *la petite Suzanne*, who sings beautifully. She grows prettier every day. They are all quite in love with her, and really she is a little angel. She does everything equally well. Her waltzing is the prettiest thing that can be seen, she plays well on the pianoforte, and all this with the simplicity and diffidence of a child.

Luxury and Londesborough¹ are not easy to my imagination. I see a spinet, a few wooden chairs, and one crazy Pembroke table.

The Baron has been following me all over the house to prove that the Baronne and he are not in love with each other. 'Nous nous convenons, voyez-vous? Je vais de mon côté, elle va le sien. Je reste avec mes anciennes amies, elle demeure chez les siennes. C'est ce qu'il y a de raisonnable; voilà ce que c'est de se comprendre.' Why with this sympathy of tastes it ever occurred to them to make of two one, I do not understand.

Monsieur de Puységur is really *concentré* into one wrinkle. It is the oldest, gayest, thinnest, most withered and most brilliant thing one can meet with. When there are so many young, fat fools going about the world, I wish for the transmigration of souls. Puységur might animate a whole family. Think of hearing my aunt George² cut a very good joke.

I have been at the Stafford races,³ betting and courting all the people at a great rate. It was a miniature of York, but really very amusing. Lord Bradford steward, a man who says, 'G. d—— you, how is Granville to-day?' It is difficult to meet this sort of fire and spirit in conversation with any degree of success.

This is for you, brother mine, as G. does not know the personages. Monsieur went to Shugborough yesterday, and found Lady Anson with about a dozen women prepared for him. You should have seen all her nerves at work, Mrs. George bursting, and every now and then a strong fit in a corner. Little Miss Black, more demure, more like Miss Trimmer than ever. Monsieur and

¹ The Duke of Devonshire's property. The house was subsequently pulled down and the estate was afterwards sold to Lord Francis Conyng-ham, who was created Lord Londesborough in 1850.

² Lady George Cavendish.

³ Lord Granville represented Staffordshire.

Berri balancing in the midst of them. Monsieur with the only joke he ever cuts. ‘Ah! Ah! Lady Anson, Ha, ha!’ and then universal shouts from all sides. There was a splendid meal prepared—entrées, ragouts of all sorts and sizes, wines, ices, prepared and devoured.

This is a specimen of Staffordshire visits. They all returned—‘*Charmante femme Lady Anson, des dents magnifiques, des truffes, mais des truffes comme on n’en voit pas.*’ The Baron—‘*Je n’ai rien mangé.*’ ‘Oh! Baron!’ ‘*Hé bien, Monseigneur, une douzaine d’écrivisses, quelques glaces, je n’appelle pas cela manger.*’ This is a specimen of French stomachs. God bless you, dearests, both.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: October 20, 1811.

What weather, my dearest sister! It is brighter, milder, softer, sweeter than it can ever have been before. The only *épreuve* is that Granville shoots, and I am reduced to walk with nurses, grooms, and donkeys. Lord Harrowby will be a Godsend, for he walks like any apple-woman, and is more agreeable then than at any other time, as in general conversation he is a little too much ‘squared to nicest rules.’ The grammar is so good, and the period so neat. I do not mean to say that these are not desirable points; but, as Hannah More says of good housewifery, one should see the effect and not the details.

Lady Douglas¹ writes to Corise, ‘Ever most tenderly, most affectionately yours.’ I hear she is more devoted to Lord Douglas than ever. Her heroes and heroines are not quite worthy of her, and ‘that clever creature Mrs. Stewart’ is an instance certainly of want of discrimination as to talent. But I rather

¹ Daughter of Mr. Beckford of Fonthill. Her husband succeeded as tenth Duke of Hamilton in 1819.

think she loves nobody enough to keep her from loving everybody. It requires so much leisure to adore all one's common acquaintance.

I am going to hunt for Granville and John Talbot among the turnips with Susan mounted on a donkey.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Lilleshall : October 23, 1811.

I quite long to see you and dear Hart again. We are here for three days, quite alone and very comfortable. Blazing fires of Staffordshire coal, weather that allows one never to put one's nose out, an easy conscience upon it, two new reviews, early hours, wholesome dinners, and comfortable bed, and Granville, adored Granville, who would make a barren desert smile. There is a tirade I do not often allow myself, and never but to you, and therefore do not say, as Charles Ellis would, that it is not in good taste.

I should really like to be here all the year round with you and Lord Morpeth to spend as much time as you could endure here. It is so quiet, such thorough country, and so difficult of access to the world at large. You will think I am growing quite a misanthrope, but Chatsworth will make me worldly again. How smart we must be, and I have quite forgot how. It makes me laugh to think how popular we shall be. In sapphires and diamonds and amethysts as big as eggs doing *l'impossible* to be gracious and agreeable, and how will dearest Hart be told by Mr. this and Lady that that we are adorable, perfect!

I really do think, as Walker says, that we do please very much when we try, and, with the wonderful efforts I foresee we shall make, I confess I see no limit to it. It is incumbent upon us to be delightful. I consider it quite as a debt and duty we owe my brother.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : October 1811.

Lord Carlisle is a great deal too bad. It is like the Staffords, who would dine at four the day we were expecting the Hollands at Trentham, though we had no means of acquainting them with the hour, and they might have more reasonably expected it to be breakfast than dinner. Selfishness in these little details I cannot understand. In a great affair you may not have strength of mind to make a great sacrifice, you may not have principle enough to make a strong exertion; but in trifles light as air, ten minutes' difference in the hour, walking to the right or the left, going in an open or a shut carriage, *je m'y perds*. Where is a mind little enough or a life long enough to make such matters of one moment's importance?

Granville, Mr. Luttrell,¹ and Lord Harrowby provoke me with their chess. They are like three Spanish Dons, the unoccupied just as attentive as the others.

I must go and coquette with Puységur, or he will abuse Tixal *et l'ennui mortel d'y être, avec une femme qui ne fait qu'écrire à ses parents*. Mr. Luttrell I like better every hour. He has that *don du ciel* of never being *de trop*, and I never met with so independent a person. I attribute it partly to being used to float upon that great ocean, Bocket and Whitehall,² where a person is forced to shift for himself without any clue to guide him. I hear they wander about there all

¹ 'He was a natural son of Lord Carhampton. He never had any but a social position, but that was one of great eminence and success. He was looked upon as one of the most accomplished, agreeable, and entertaining men of his day. His death has removed one of the last survivors of a brilliant generation, a conspicuous member of such a society as this world has rarely seen, nothing approaching to which exists at present, and such perhaps as it will never see again.'—Charles Greville's *Journal*.

² Lord Melbourne's residences in country and town.

day and sleep about all the evening; no meal is at a given hour, but drops upon them as an unexpected pleasure. God bless you.

To LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : October 31, 1811.

Dearest sister,—I have been a most wretched correspondent, but I have been at Trentham, making the agreeable *par principe* and playing at piquet *pour me distraire*. I could not have amused you, and it has been one of my worst fits of indolence.

The Derbys¹ are very agreeable people. He is round, good-humoured, and agreeable; she is dignified, like a heroine in a genteel comedy, and seems a sensible, excellent, superior woman. She adores your George, she thinks him the most beautiful boy that ever was seen. He writes the cleverest letters to some little boy at Knowsley, full of Latin quotations.

We are sleeping at Sandon to break over sixteen miles to Tixal, where we settle to-morrow. In addition to what we left here are Mr. Wilberforce, hideous and very agreeable; a Mr. Gisborne, who looks like an itinerant preacher, with eyes that squint inward, and a mouth that constantly grins outward, and a head combed, as Monsieur de Puységur said, *comme un artichaut renversé*; and a Lord Calthorpe, a young man who reads eighteen hours a day and looks only stultified in consequence. I wish I could tell you half the jokes we cut. These men are really droll beyond measure. Cannot you fancy Mr. Luttrell telling, to prove the pride of the Scotch in their ancestry, that a man of the name of Grant, finding in the first book of Genesis, ‘and there were giants in those days,’ changed the *i* into an *r*, so that ever after it read, ‘there were Grants in those days?’

¹ The twelfth Earl of Derby married the celebrated actress Miss Farren.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: November 1811.

It is very pleasant here just now. The Harrowbys are staying here and have brought Mr. Luttrell and Monsieur de Puységur. Mr. Luttrell is a great walker, a great reader, and passionately fond of music. This makes him independent half the day and easily amused the other, and at dinner it is difficult to be more entertaining. Puységur is brilliant and witty to the greatest degree, but he has no other resource, which is a little too much. He thinks Mr. Ward will not come into Staffordshire, as he says he would rather be tied to a whipping-post than go to his father's; that his education was one of such strictness, and at the same time of such neglect, that he never can forgive it; that they would have wished him to remain in perfect ignorance upon all subjects, with no feeling but that of entire subservience to them; and that Charlotte Hunloke recollects dining there when he was a boy, and upon his being left standing at dessert, to which at their request he came, somebody asked him to sit down, upon which Lord Dudley and Ward said, 'Oh no, John William never sits down here.'

Our mornings are just what I like, a mighty maze without a plan. In one respect Lady Harrowby and I do not suit. She likes to be always *en société*, I like to be nearly as much alone. But she is a most excellent, most delightful person. Honourable, sincere, open and *véridique* almost beyond any person I ever met with.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.¹

Tixal: November 13, 1811.

My dearest brother,—I cannot be angry with you, though I hope with Lady Scarsdale that your passion

¹ He succeeded his father in July.

for Londesborough will abate. I look forward to seeing you with delight, and as G. will still be with me a fortnight hence, I bear the delay as well as can be expected.

Tixal is at this moment full of very pleasant people. Charles Bagot, who does not know 'any such pretty fun as shooting rabbits in a turnip field;' Dick, who has left off snuff, which is the very essence of a Bagot, and Lady Harriet, perfectly beautiful and very pleasing and amiable. Mr. Luttrell, entertaining and agreeable to the greatest degree; the Cannings, I spare you my enthusiasm, and Charles Ellis.¹

I have a horror of family feuds, and you may depend upon my keeping all knowledge of them to myself and not going on, as somebody said of Lady Jersey,² 'like a watch after the mainspring is broken.'

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Tixal: November 15, 1811.

It is melancholy, and yet both G. and myself laughed at thinking how you would, if you had seen us yesterday, sitting over the fire with Mr. Hughes, a little apothecary from Stafford. G.'s manner is so affectionate that he seemed almost distressed, as if he had not draughts or pills enough to repay her for it. Till to-night she has lived almost entirely in her room, and has seemed very low and uncomfortable.

Do you wish to see us to-night, G. with a veil and a shawl, near the fire, away from the doors and windows, Mrs. Canning by her, looking compassionate. Lady Harrowby in an arm-chair, with health and prosperity enough for half the women in the world, all over geraniums and red embroideries, with Puységur's withered

¹ The intimate friend of Mr. Canning. Created Lord Seaford in 1826.

² She was the daughter of the tenth Lord Westmorland, and inherited a large fortune from her grandfather, Mr. Child. She was beautiful. She married Lord Jersey, and for many years was one of the leaders of London Society.

face and purple hair on one side, and Mr. Luttrell, still more hideous, on the other. Mr. Canning, Charles Ellis, and my husband extended at their full length reading, and Lord Harrowby and Lord Morpeth, those specimens of 'nice nobility,' examining folios. Mr. Elliot and I are writing letters, his probably as wise as mine are foolish.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : December 1811.

I long to see you all. We shall be in town Sunday. Lord Apsley and a friend of his come to-morrow. The youths are about, I see, and as Mr. Canning once said to Granville, walking about the street, 'The bores are about, let us go home,' I feel inclined to say now. The Duchess is really angelic, more so than ever, I think. Her piety, her devotion to her children, her earnest desire of doing right, seem to me stronger than ever.

You, my dear G., are, after Granville, everything to me everywhere. I long to be with you, 'to tend your chamber all night, and squire you by day.' God bless you. Promise not to lay in without me.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : 1811.

You are a great deal too kind to me. How could I not love you, not think of your comfort, when I recollect that for years¹ you were the only person who gave any to me! Happiness may have engrossed my time, and even altered my attentions to some of my friends, but for you I have invariably felt the same strong affection and anxious solicitude about everything that concerns you. I do love you and Granville with my whole heart, but selfishly, because I feel you are neces-

¹ The years which elapsed between her mother's death and her own marriage.

sary to my happiness, and that unconnected with you both my life would be a blank.

The Talbots and Lady Harrowby come to us to-morrow.

My head is full of the Jews, the Talmud, and the Septuagint, and I have nothing more trifling to talk about, as Granville only reads me bits of the Apocalypse occasionally. God bless you, my own dearest G.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : December 21, 1811.

I am more pleased than I can say at your feeling better, and at your not delaying your journey any longer.

Lady Spencer is certainly better without my grandmother, for they irritate and fidget each other from morning till night. My grandmother cannot tolerate Lady Spencer's intolerance, and they have no taste or pursuit in common.

We dined and slept at Blithfield yesterday. Lady Bagot is a sensible, delightful person, more reserved than shy, and silent from habit, as I understand Lord Dartmouth never liked his children to join in general conversation. Her countenance is very intelligent and her tone of voice particularly pleasing. In short, I am much charmed with her. Lady Harriet was less agreeable than I had ever seen her, looking beautiful, but, like some of her family, dawdling and languid. Mrs. Bagot baffles all description in a salmon-coloured gown with myrtle wreaths and rose-coloured ribbands twisted about her head, rouged to the eyes, more gay, more at her ease, more impudent than anything I could have believed ever could exist. Lady Talbot was petrified with astonishment. Mrs. Curzon, who was a Miss Bishop, finished this collection of very beautiful people.

1812

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street: February 1812.

I should have liked to have seen Mrs. Arkwright¹ extremely. I should think it was having more sense, rather than less nature, makes the difference between her and Lady Hunloke. The latter talks a little too much of herself.

We supped at the Duchess's² last night. It was very pleasant—Mrs. Lamb, Corise, George Lamb, F. Foster, Mr. Ward, Mr. Nugent, and Granville. The last had been with the Hollands. I never saw Mr. Nugent in such spirits, though *en fait de politique*, everything seems to me beyond measure flat and unprofitable to those who may have expected or wished for any change. Mr. Ward told me 'Mr. Canning was gay and delightful, and long may he have the leisure to be both.'

Everybody seems inclined to support ministers against the Company,³ though not thinking they go far enough. Tierney is in despair. He is for the Company and says: 'If we could but have been all of one mind, we might have given Government a jog here.'

London swarms with Russians. A fat nephew of the Princess Galitzin, a Prince something, Koslouski I believe, was going to Sardinia, but he has fallen

¹ Miss Kemble, a niece of Mrs. Siddons, married Mr. Arkwright. She was very agreeable. She set a good deal of English poetry to music and sang delightfully.

² Beaufort.

³ Respecting the renewal of the Indian Company's charter.

so desperately in love with a beautiful girl, Mrs. Tom Sheridan's youngest sister, that he scarcely can, and the Lievens, who are very much liked. Madame de Genlis has written a new book, 'Les Amours de Moïse,' and a great deal of sentiment about Amram and Jochebed. I dislike historical novels, and more than dislike them when upon religious subjects. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Blandford Place : 1812.

We leave this place at a quarter past seven to-morrow, and I trust at Tixal I shall find some account of my brother. How I long to have you both with us at Tixal, or to be all together at Chatsworth.

The Duchess is quite well. Mr. Ward has been charming us all by his wit. He says, if all this Russian prosperity is true, he would rather be Tommy Tyrwhitt than Buonaparte. He says it is odd that George Vernon made his speech turn so much upon Providence and such archiepiscopal matters, it being his usual practice to affect the layman. He says many other things I have not time to record, and I am sorry he has left us for tougher stuff—that is to say, the Duke, Lord Apsley, and Lord William Somerset.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

London : May 10, 1812.

Granville is gone to vote against Reform,¹ and G. is at Spencer House. I am quite alone, very tired, have seen nobody, heard nothing, and it is therefore only upon the score of brotherly love that you can be glad to hear from me. My last gaiety was at Lady Essex's on Sunday, where Lady Hamilton did attitudes in a

¹ Mr. Canning and his friends had gradually adopted Liberal opinions on most questions except Reform. After his death they most of them supported Lord Grey in his Reform policy.

shawl of Lady Essex's, who looked inspired and will I hope shortly take to doing them herself.

I was at Mrs. Gordon's on Monday. It was very pleasant. She did the honours so sturdily and good-humouredly, that it made everything go off well. I saw my Aunt Spencer, grunting and elbowing through the crowd and afterwards squatting down with a bevy of respectable women about her. It must be dull for Georgiana,¹ who seems to have no acquaintance but Lady Cork, the Dowager Lady Pembroke, and Mrs. Howe.

Dear Rawdon was pushing about in a fury, her shawl upon her arm and in her countenance 'I will endure it no longer.' The daughter very pretty, but her blooming little face quite lost in curls and nose-gays. Lady Sandon, with her eyes shut, steered about between them.

Lord Byron is still upon a pedestal and Caroline William doing homage. I have made acquaintance with him. He is agreeable, but I feel no wish for any further intimacy. His countenance is fine when it is in repose, but the moment it is in play, suspicious, malignant, and consequently repulsive. His manner is either remarkably gracious and conciliatory, with a tinge of affectation, or irritable and impetuous, and then I am afraid perfectly natural.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : June 1812.

Dearest sister,—We have been here about four hours. Mr. Canning's negotiations² with ministers are certainly over and all prospect of his joining them at an end. He was willing to sacrifice a great deal, some of course

¹ Her daughter.

² After the murder of Mr. Perceval, on May 11, much discussion ensued between Lords Liverpool, Wellesley, Grey, and Grenville and Mr. Canning respecting the formation of a new Ministry. It ended by the former Government remaining in power.

will think too much, and others too little; but to act under Lord Castlereagh he has invariably refused, and in spite of all their shufflings and evasions they have never intended anything else, and at last have made this so clear that a complete rupture has been the consequence. I win two guineas, but, love of gain apart, I had much rather see these ruins crumble than my friends and relations prop them up.

I have some quakes for the poor country, but I cannot believe that it will remain long in such hands.

We hope to have the Cannings very soon indeed. Tixal is in radiant beauty, all over roses, rain, sunshine, and a new fireplace in the hall. I really do love it beyond expression.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Tixal: July 31, 1812.

My dearest brother,—My only regret in not returning to town is the not seeing you again before your perils by sea and land.

The post to-day brought us an account of a final rupture of the negotiations between Mr. Canning and ministers, which of course renders our return to London unnecessary. I am delighted to be spared a few hundred miles more before my confinement, and upon less selfish grounds rejoice at Mr. Canning's refusal of an offer, which dwindled itself down to one I think he could not with honour or consistency have accepted.

I have travelled sixty miles and written six letters, enough to tire anybody.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: August 5, 1812.

There is a report of a great victory¹ to-day. I wish it may be true, but the account seems confused, and in some respects improbable.

¹ Salamanca.

Granville heard from Mr. Canning yesterday. He is going to Saltram, and I fear will not come here at all, as he has a number of visits to pay in the South, and not much time to spare before her confinement. I cannot say how much I rejoice at his being politically free again, as I have never thought the offers made to him such as to make it desirable for him to join the present Government without such a situation and such influence as would enable him to counteract the mischief they do or effect any good purpose himself. I am happy, too, in the conviction that he will be happier and better satisfied with the result than he would have been in the success of any scheme planned by these hopeful ministers to tack him on to their fortunes. They cannot flounder on much longer.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: August 1812.

The Duchess of Rutland sits heavy on my soul. I will be unwearied next year.

This great victory, the promising harvest, etc., must delight everybody, and I only grudge to ministers the thinking themselves conquest and sunshine, which they certainly will do, and I fear the good they have had a hand in will enable them to remain to do future harm.

I hope you have some of this fine, hot weather in Yorkshire. We sit till near ten with the windows open. Good night, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH

Tixal: August 1812.

Mr. Macdonald dined with us to-day, and has been very agreeable and good-humoured. He seems anxious beyond measure that an union should be formed between the Opposition and Mr. Canning. I have done with

any indulgence in such bright visions, but it soothes me to hear them from others. The entire rupture between Mr. Canning and these ministers gives me decided pleasure, and whatever may happen must please me more than what ten days ago might have happened.

The victory seems confirmed and most glorious. If it is true to the extent reported, its consequences may be of incalculable importance. I had a long letter from the Duchess yesterday, talking as if she intended to see more people and exert herself. Lady Harrowby complains of growing thin with the dissipation of London. Life and flesh might be better employed, and she has too much character and mind to lower both in such a routine.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: 1812.

My dearest sister,—We expect quite a houseful to-morrow. The Talbots and Binnings¹ are here, and the Wrottesleys come to-morrow. I am delighted to find Tixal so popular, for though I know people would always say so to me, yet they really appear to enjoy it, and I myself do think it so comfortable that I cannot help giving credit to those appearances. Lady Binning is a gossip and a bore. It is perceptible *qu'il a vécu avec elle*, but I like him very much. He is sensible, well-informed, good-humoured, and interests himself about interesting things. I feel the weight of her want of understanding *en tête-à-tête*, and in that fiery trial, the time after dinner before the men come out. Her conversation is like what the 'Quarterly Review' says of Sir John Carr's last work, 'a heavy fall of the lightest

¹ Lord Binning succeeded his father as Lord Haddington in 1828. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1835 and first Lord of the Admiralty in 1841.

possible materials.' It requires a great deal of intelligence and brilliancy to make a thoroughly worldly conversation tolerable to any person not much interested in what is called the world. Brighter talents than poor dear Lady B.'s often fail. Mr. Ward, Puységur, and Lady Harrowby have as large a share of both as most people, and yet I have at times been wearied with their conversation.

With Lady Talbot I feel very differently. She lives almost entirely out of the world, and yet with most of the people with whom I am intimately acquainted. Her understanding is a good without being a superior one. She has no pretension and no detail. The whole, independently of the sort of little complainings and moanings over her aches and ails, is about the education of her daughter, which gave me a strong interest in her conversation, and when we are alone anybody would take us for two governesses out of place.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : August 1812.

The efforts ministers have not made do not surprise me, but that anything should have induced them to make any does. I believe their hatred of Lord Wellesley and fear of Mr. Canning to be the strongest feelings they have, and they are now in their kingdom, intending to stand by their innate shabbiness, successes abroad, and what they imagine to be a good case against all the small, disjointed parties, who have refused to give up all shadow of reputation and character to assist them, and till some union somewhere or other is effected, I am convinced they will.

La Princesse Wilhelmine¹ is not quite as interesting as she might be. There is so much detail of the pettiest

¹ She was sister of Frederick the Great, whose memoirs were then for the first time published.

kind, all the valets and governesses brought so much *sur la scène*, but I have only read the first volume. Her descriptions, her abuse and her coarseness, put me much in mind of the Princess of Wales, whose early life was probably spent in much the same way. There is a great deal that is curious about her brother. I can hardly believe the old King buffeted and kicked them about as she represents him to have done.

I am going to pay a visit to Mrs. Macdonald, who sets off for Scotland to-morrow, but not to Dunrobin. The Staffords seem to have turned their thoughts entirely to economy and the society of Scotch agents. They have sold Woolmers for 36,000*l.*, and are raising all their rents about here. They make Lord Gower their steward, and the advertisements are all published with, ‘apply to Earl Gower.’

Good-night, dearest. My letters are not amusing. The post brings me nothing, and those I receive from my aunt ¹ are not eventful. They all come here on their way from Ireland.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: August 29, 1812.

Dearest G.,—Caro. gave me your letter to her to-day, and we are both delighted at your appearing in such good spirits.

We returned here this morning, both equally glad to return to the quiet of Tixal. We have brought Pozzo di Borgo ² with us. He is very agreeable, more

¹ Lady Bessborough.

² He was a Corsican, who in early life was intimate with Buonaparte, but having quarrelled with him became his lifelong opponent, and contributed to his fall. In 1803 he entered the service of Russia. After the interview at Tilsit he withdrew to England, where he remained several years. Upon the termination of the war he was appointed Russian Ambassador in Paris, where he remained till 1835, when he was transferred to London. In 1839 he returned to Paris, where he lived in retirement until his death in 1842.

conversation than anybody, delivering up his quantity of information in the most agreeable manner.

Caroline remains with me, which gives me great delight. By this arrangement I shall have her with me when the Irish horde pour in upon us, to my unspeakable comfort. I feel a little like 'The Philistines are upon thee, Samson.' They intend being here on the 12th.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: September 11, 1812.

Little Lady Harriet Bagot is a very nice person to have in the house. She goes her own way and works, reads, writes, plays *tant bien que mal*. George Vernon and the Baron are both at their best, and I am glad, which does not always happen, that they do not any of them seem to have the most distant idea of leaving us. Mr. Brummel *se fait plutôt attendre que désirer*. I feel it a matter of perfect indifference whether he arrives at any moment or not at all.

I do not think Lady Jersey *en bonne odeur* with the Dicks, and Lady Harriet¹ seems to compassionate her brother and to think him, in spite of good fortune, or as Newhouse would say 'plenty of money,' much to be pitied, and worn to the greatest degree with voluble *tracasseries*. She says she thinks Lady Jersey is very fond of you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: September 12, 1812.

The Bessboroughs have been unpacked about a couple of hours. My aunt looks stout and well, but poor Caroline most terribly the contrary. She is worn to the bone, as pale as death and her eyes starting out

¹ She was sister to Lord Jersey.

of her head. She seems indeed in a sad way, alternately in tearing spirits and in tears.

I hate her character, her feelings, and herself when I am away from her, but she interests me when I am with her, and to see her poor careworn face is dismal, in spite of reason and speculation upon her extraordinary conduct. She appears to me in a state very short of insanity, and my aunt describes it as at times having been decidedly so.

God bless you, dearest. Hart and William¹ do not leave Ireland till the 20th.

Caro. has been excessively entertaining at supper. Her spirits, whilst they last, seem as ungovernable as her grief. My aunt is very gay and amiable. Poor Lord Bessborough *me pèse sur le cœur et l'esprit*. William Lamb laughs and eats like a trooper.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : October 1812.

The Ansons and Mr. Vernon are here, and I had well-nigh forgot Mr. Grenville condescending. 'Now I will take Lady Harriet by the hand and ask her how she does.' Mr. Vernon in a stewed-pea-coloured coat, with a ring carefully displayed on his little finger, bright and new, bought, I am persuaded, on his way out of town. He affects an *engouement* for Mr. Frere,² because Mr. Ward has one, and he praises Mr. Luttrell beyond either of them. I believe I think Mr. Frere has most wit of the three, but the charm of Mr. Ward's conversation is exactly what Mr. Luttrell wants, a sort of *abandon*, and being entertaining because it is his

¹ Mr. William Ponsonby.

² The diplomatist and accomplished scholar. As our Envoy at Madrid he urged Sir John Moore to advance upon that capital, for which he was much blamed. Soon after he was recalled, and spent the remainder of his life in retirement, and chiefly at Malta, where he devoted himself to literature.

nature and he cannot help it. I only mean Mr. Ward in his happier hour, for what I have said of him is the very reverse of what he is when vanity or humour seize upon him.

Dowager Essex is in request here for Monsieur, who is not allowed to stay above a week, as he interfered with Tom¹ and the Archbishop.

This is *oltra il dovere*, and therefore I will not apologise for its shortness.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: October 18, 1812.

I long to hear of your arrival at Castle Howard. I did not write yesterday, as Caro. did. She is as amiable as possible, and in high spirits, very different from what I have seen her at any time since her marriage. George arrived to-day in high good-humour, kind to her in his manner, and she in hers attentive and affectionate to him. Lord Gower,² who left us this morning, seemed charmed with her, sat in her pocket all the evening, both in a titter. She likes him very much, and he was merry and amiable. Mr. Vernon has declined leaving us. I am afraid the Harrowbys will be seriously offended with him. Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Nugent come to-morrow for one night and for good the end of the month. The Cannings we have not yet heard from.

I am perfectly well, drive every day, and live in the library. I dined with them to-day for the first time.

My baby grows very beautiful.

¹ The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, son of the distinguished statesman George Grenville, and brother of the no less distinguished Lord Grenville.

² Lord Granville's nephew, who succeeded his father as the second Duke of Sutherland in 1833. Lady Granville frequently called him Govero.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : December 30, 1812.

Dearest sis,—I can find nothing but this elongated piece of paper to write upon. Thank you very much for your long entertaining letter from Althorp.

Lady Shelley is not superior or clever. Indeed, indeed she is not. Do observe, pray, it is all commonplace and superficial. She is not foolish, and she has had an education *très soignée*, I believe, in every respect, but class me below Sir John if you find upon acquaintance a grain of superiority in her.

Lady Ponsonby is beautiful beyond all description, and seems an engaging, affectionate, gentle person, with an understanding crushed by his affected contempt and brutality, for I am convinced he is in fact desperately in love with her all the time. They have, I hear, what is called come to an understanding. He is to give up Miss Wilson and all that sort of thing, as Lady Stafford would say, and she is to renounce all her little manœuvres round the Ring, in the Opera. He is not to laugh at her with the Duchess of Bedford, and she is not to complain of him to Lord Tyrconnel.

Lady Harriet is a little miracle of goodness. She is the quietest, best, and happiest person I ever met with; Dick is a good sort of man and a very good husband.

Lord Ponsonby¹ was very affected and agreeable, for his affectation is not offensive. It is not skin deep, like that of many people, and therefore, as far as society goes, there is no cause of complaint.

Heneage Legge was also at the Blithfield parsonage, from whence I returned this morning; a delightful little

¹ Ambassador at Constantinople from 1832 to 1833 and at Vienna from 1846 to 1849.

man, quiet, clever, singing beautifully and drawing excellent caricatures, and all within five feet four I should imagine. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : November 3, 1812.

Mr. Canning, Mr. Stratford Canning, and Mr. Ellis arrived here yesterday. Mr. C. cannot stay with us beyond Wednesday or Thursday, alas ! But his little boy is not quite as well as he was, and Mrs. Canning is impatient to get to town. The new Mr. Canning seems to be very sensible and agreeable.

Pozzo and the Beauforts are gone.

I do not allow poor Edward Montagu to come till the day after Mr. C. leaves us. His hat and his switch would not at all suit the latter.

The Duchess is improved in manner. She is rather graver and much older, in manner I mean, feels herself so, and is delighted at it.

I do long to see you more than I can say. I certainly love you better, or I believe it is that, having roused myself from the lethargy of a totally indolent and inactive life, all my enjoyments and feelings are proportionately stronger. My time used to be spent in reveries and dread of losing my happiness. I now feel only anxious to make myself worthy of it. God bless you.

1813

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : January 1, 1813.

Dearest sister,—I arrived here this morning and found your letter.

I see you are coming round to admire Lady Shelley. I see her with a sort of hoisted-up look in her figure, tight satin shoes, a fine thick plait of hair, bloodshot eyes, parched lips, fine teeth, and an expression of conscious accomplishments in her face.

Lord Aberdeen and Baron Tripp are expected here to-morrow. Lady Harrowby might parody Ariel's song, 'Where the beaux flock, there live I.' They have a natural tendency towards her habitation.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : January 3, 1813.

Dearest sister,—It is very pleasant here, and we intend putting off going to Ingestre till Wednesday.

Lord Aberdeen arrived this morning, and is very delightful. I acknowledge he looks beautiful, and there is something in the quiet enthusiasm of his manner and the total absence of frivolity in his mind and tastes as uncommon as it is captivating. He does not like me at all, which makes this praise doubly flattering to him and generous from me.

Lord Harrowby, Granville, and he have been really very agreeable. Lady H. and I very attentive, and the

Baron negative and gentlemanlike. Lord Aberdeen's spirits appear to me much what they used to be. He goes to Chatsworth from here, but I do not know what day. We shall be there on Saturday, unless some irresistible battue should intervene. God bless you.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : January 4, 1813.

Dearest brother and sister,—I am glad to hear you are together and well, and on Sunday I trust I shall be with you. What time do you dine? This sounds like coming.

Lord Aberdeen seems uncertain whether he will have time to go to Chatsworth. I hope he will.

The Bromleys are in Yorkshire, and the Talbots have their house full for a month to come. She is also nursing a gigantic baby, which confines her to the house and large mugs of hot ale and ginger, which she quaffs all day long.

I can hardly talk upon common subjects, I have been hearing so much of poetry, eloquence, Athens and Mr. Payne Knight.

Shall you be glad to see me, dear people?

What may Granville shoot—birds, roebucks, neighbours? He must have something to kill.

Dear G., how pleased you would be with Lord Harrowby! It is half-past twelve, and he has read aloud to us since nine. I see Lady Harrowby in such a fidget with it that she can hardly keep from screaming. Granville bears it like a man, but Lord Aberdeen and I hang over him enamoured.

The Baron is gone to Beaudesert again. The children set out for Chatsworth on Saturday, as they are to sleep at Ashbourne. Susan is the fattest, flattest, broadest, merriest darling. Georgiana a little Granville in a lace cap. God bless you, dearests.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Londesborough: September 1, 1813.

What a remarkably bad sort of person you are! We arrived here about six o'clock, and till past seven walked up and down the road listening to every rumbling cart and spying at every donkey.

I cannot tell you half how much we like this place. It is so quiet, so comfortable, and so enjoyable in a thousand ways. It is well that there are Morpeths and constituents in the world, or I do not think you would ever get us out of it.

Mrs. Knoulton is an angel, our rooms are so warm; yesterday the best dinner that was ever eaten, and to-day what Newhouse calls a nack of venison. It is odd that all these pleasures do not move thee.

I trust I shall meet you at Castle Howard to-morrow, or find that you are expected there. Can you resist going to see G. and all her brood? If you have left the Earl in ignorance or in suspense as to your intentions, what stormy weather we shall find there! God bless you, dearest brother. Do not let us all meet every day at breakfast, some dejected, some exasperated at not hearing where you have been, where you are, or where you are going.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Castle Howard: September 6, 1813.

Thanks, dearest brother, for your letter from Chester, and all your kindness.

We found, upon arriving here at about half-past four, the two Mr. Smiths upon the steps. 'Dinner will be upon the table in twenty minutes,' and a little further on among the statues G. in a bedgown and dishevelled and Lord M. 'pacing with hurried steps his room along.' The Earl had put off dinner for an hour, as four was the usual time.

However, this has been the only disturbance. He is in high good-humour. We dine at five, and he lets Granville shoot.

To make the scene present to you, I will give you a sketch of us at dinner. Lord Carlisle, star-shining, lip-projecting, with a dish of his own, a sort of solid soup, by his side, which he offers to a chosen few. Next to him G. looking amiable and resigned, and very pretty. Lady Julia Howard by her side with a wreath of white roses, more rouge than ever and innumerable jewels. Granville, looking very good-tempered, between her and Lady Carlisle with a camelia japonica and a red pink in her cap, trying, like the busy bee, to extract conversation from us all by nodding and staring at us. Doctor Jones by her side, fat, pale, and looking rather frightened when we ask him what weather we shall have, if it is unusually hot for this time of year, lest his answer may not agree with Lord C.'s sensations. Lord Morpeth, George Forth, and I are too insignificant to be mentioned but as background. Harry Howard is aide-de-camp at the joints of meat and never by any chance opens his lips.

The mornings are delightful. We have it quite to ourselves, and the children come in the evening and are darlings. God bless you. I mean to write to you constantly.

1814

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Spa : September 31, 1814.

Dearest brother,—The Morpeths began their journey to Paris this morning, and we set out to-morrow.¹ I have liked this place on the whole very much. The country round is beautiful; the waters have agreed with me, but not a bit more than any little strengthening mixture, swallowed anywhere, with early rising, strong exercise, and wholesome food. The play has been our great amusement, and the ease and want of ceremony our great comfort. I have made no foreign acquaintances, partly from being lazy about it, as I think instead of English it is French coldness that is quite impenetrable, and partly from having so many people I like to see here. Lady Harrowby is here above a month longer, and bears it like a man. Lady Charlemont is here in great beauty, but not making much sensation, as she has no *coquetterie*, not even *désir de plaire*, which repels a Frenchman just as much as a humpback. The Portlands have taken the house we leave for a month from the 15th. The Duchess quite musters up a little suite with him and the beggars who follow with Tiny. She has grown quite fat and they call her Princesse.

¹ To join them. No letters written from Paris at that time are to be found.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Tixal : October 1814.

Dearest G.,—I long to show you Susan. Georgy¹ is a very foolish child, but I adore her. She is excessively fond of me and *caressante*, and she is so pretty and good that I do not mind her want of intellect.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street : November 9, 1814.

I have seen Lady Harrowby, charmed with Paris, and full of very entertaining accounts of it. She was a great deal with Madame de Staël, and never missed going to some *spectacle*, and to near as many balls. Corisande has been with me, wild with joy at the thoughts of going there.

In the evening Granville went to the House. There was little there. An attack of Mr. Whitbread upon Mr. Canning, answered to perfection by Charles Ellis, that is, with so much good feeling, so perfect a manner, and such evident affection for him he defended, that the whole House seemed pleased with him for it, and Tierney complimented him upon it. God bless you dearest.

I have just been reading the debate. Tierney's seems a very good speech, and, alas! a very fair attack. I abhor Mr. Whitbread, so I will not allow myself to talk of his.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street : November 18, 1814.

Your dear boys are with me, the greatest darlings that ever were. They have nothing to amuse them but

¹ Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the well-known novelist. She turned out clever and an angel, but not pretty.

my conversation. Frederick¹ is delightful, tall, handsome, and agreeable. He seems in high spirits, and very kind to William,² who is grave, but very conversible. He seems charmed with Miss Peirce for being strict, says it is such a good thing, and makes them all mind her. Freddy is extremely *galant* about Susan, says she is such a nice girl, and talks so funnily and sweetly.

They went to Park Street, and got a boiled chicken. They are easily pleased, and begged just now for some toast-and-water, which seems a luxury. They talk to me incessantly, which makes my letter rather incoherent. 'Do you know Lady Carlisle? Ain't you the daughter of her? What sort of relation?' Oh, they are loves.

I cried last night over 'Belvidera.' I never did see such an actress. It is too dreadful, and I would not see her again in it for the world.

William calls Freddy 'sir,' with a tone of irony. They are now disputing. I have given them a pineapple—William says Miss Peirce will eat it. Freddy says she never can be so mean. God bless you.

¹ Lord Morpeth's second son, accidentally killed

² Her third son, succeeded as Lord Carlisle in 1864.

1815

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : January 23, 1815.

My dearest,—One line before I go to bed. ‘The heart is grown full with the bore it has borne.’ Lord and Lady Surrey are arrived. Her manner is reserved, but without the same appearance of shyness and unhappiness. She looks thin and the face is redder, but there is a look of goodness about her, and so sweet a smile that I think it quite amounts to beauty. He is very negative. The silence which prevails amongst us is quite ponderous. I think at meals mine is the only tongue that goes, and I feel that if I did not go to-morrow, it would stop.

I have nothing to tell you. Little Mr. Sneyd was amusing whilst he stayed, as he is an excellent mimic, and told us many entertaining stories. My love to Lord M. and George.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : May 28, 1815.

Dearest G.,—I have only time for a single line. We have a great wish to ask Lord Morpeth to be godfather to our little boy, but the penalty attached to it makes me feel shy about it. If you are as poor as we are, the amassing such a sum would be impracticable. Do not therefore show him this, if some prosperity has not befallen your finances, but answer me quite honestly about it.

To-morrow I mean to establish myself in the library, and the next day to try and dine with them, for I only want a little courage and a little strength.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: June 25, 1815.

Dearest sister,—We set out very early to-morrow morning. I have been so happy here that I cannot go without some sadness and regret, but many things reconcile me to returning to town, and as to happiness, *lo porto meco*. If you see Miss Berry tell her that the two years have elapsed and that I am as hopeless a case as ever. In some ways I am not, however, for I feel a remorse for the indolent, inactive way in which I have spent my time, which will I am sure make me reform in many things, amongst others attentions and visits to those who may like or expect them. To old people especially I think them a real duty.

We only go to Worcester to-morrow, and we shall leave Badminton on the 4th.

We are busy putting up books and burning papers.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: July 12, 1815.

We dined yesterday with Lord Bathurst and took Messrs. Luttrell and Nugent. The former told me he had lingered at Brighton, not to be the ‘last well-informed gentleman from Paris,’ and it is droll to hear, when each person asks him ‘When did you arrive?’ the deprecating voice with which he exclaims, ‘Ma’am, I have left Paris these three weeks.’

The French papers rouse even me from my political apathy, they are so curious. Fouché’s¹ appointment is

¹ Fouché voted for the death of Louis XVI. in the Convention. He became Minister of Police under Napoleon. After Waterloo he was elected President of the Provisional Government and treated with the

what excites most discussion. Jokes are made that as he is of the Interior, Louis will soon be of the exterior.

Lord Tavistock moved the writ for poor Mr. Whitbread yesterday and spoke remarkably well. Granville says he never witnessed greater emotion, Lord T. himself and many of the members sobbing.

I do not even try to say how much I regret you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: July 13, 1815.

I saw Puységur yesterday morning at Lady Harrowby's. I do not think him very sanguine or very gay, and seems to think Fouché a bitter pill for the poor old King to swallow. I find the King and Madame d'Angoulême had both consented to have him last time, which Puy. is convinced would have prevented all that has happened, but that Monsieur de Blacas¹ was violent against him and carried his point. The humiliation of now having him is great, but he is reasonable about it and thinks it a necessary evil. He says the worst of it is the impossibility of punishing anybody after Fouché has been rewarded. He thinks he is a man who will act for his own interest, without one consideration or feeling, and that by the resignation signed by him and some others yesterday he leaves himself a loophole for perfidy of any extent. He thinks Talleyrand as false as hollow, Chateaubriand, 'Bah! un bavard et écrivain boursoufflé.'

The enthusiasm at Paris has been greater than Allied Powers. He was again Minister of Police under Louis XVIII., but soon after fell into disgrace and died an exile at Trieste.

¹ He was with Louis XVIII. during his exile, and was at the head of his household afterwards in Paris. In 1816 he was sent as Ambassador to Naples to negotiate the marriage of the Duc de Berri to the Princess Caroline.

ever, and, as Lord Bathurst said, 'they are quite wild with rapture at having been conquered again.'

I went to the French Play. The sisters¹ were there, but surrounded. Lady Foley in a blaze of diamonds and roses that made me laugh. It is quite droll to see anybody so enchanted at looking handsome. Madame de Lieven was with me, in high good-humour and spirits.

Hart came and kept me up till near two. I am sorry to say he has taken her in aversion, and my fear is that he will not be barely civil, and as we all dine *en petit comité* with him to-day, it will be distressing.

I hear Mr. Lambton is almost distracted and as if he had had no preparation for his wife's death.

I have just been taking leave of Miss Berry. She has been vehemently praising and envying Sir James and abusing Lady Mackintosh—his unfathomable, inexhaustible powers of mind, her little, sturdy, healthy body. I dare say you have heard it many a time, how he will cap you in an Italian sonnet or repeat you a long bit out of Cicero, and how she has *tant de force et si peu de vie*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: July 14, 1815.

The little dinner at Devonshire House went off very well, though my brother, Mr. Burrell, Granville, Monsieur de Lieven, and Miss Mercer scarcely uttered; Hart was testy and did not endeavour to conceal it; Mr. Burrell² fine. Madame de Lieven, Mrs. Burrell, and I were so talkative and the first so droll that I brought Granville to confess it was very agreeable to

¹ The Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Harrowby.

² Succeeded his mother as Lord Willoughby De Eresby in 1828.

hear us. I found Hart. had been pleased in spite of his resolution to the contrary.

I went from there to the Duchess of Beaufort and found William Bathurst, the only one not paired, and therefore I fell into the sorrowful predicament of being his for the evening. He told me the accounts of the disturbances at Paris were perfectly correct. There is a second edition now screamed about the streets that the allied sovereigns have entered it, which may keep things quiet. The Prussians have been on the point of blowing up les Ponts de Iéna and Austerlitz and also la Colonne. Puységur was cutting jokes, which I thought ill-timed. 'Ah! ils les feront danser, le beau ballet,' but perhaps it is more excusable against Buonaparte's triumphant records.

My brother's manner yesterday was very indifferent, almost rude. Madame de Lieven kept saying, 'Mais nous le désespérons; jamais je n'ai vu homme si désolé d'avoir des femmes chez lui. Mais allons-nous en; il n'en peut plus.' Poor dear, obliged to digest these wholesome truths.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: July 18, 1815.

Do not, my dearest sister, *gênez* yourself to write, when it is a worry to you. I am too happy if I can by my letters amuse you for a moment. I am glad I wrote yesterday, as I find Hart did not, and he bids me say he cannot to-day, as he is gone to meet Madame d'Aguesseau at Chiswick. Think of his never telling me, or I should have made a point of being there, but have now made other arrangements to go to Wimbledon to see Sarah¹ on our way to an early dinner with the Duncannons at Roehampton. I am delighted to hear

¹ Lady Lyttelton.

that Sarah is with child and happy and well, beyond anybody that was so before.

Now, dearest G., for the great events. Hart commissions me to tell you that he has decided to go to Paris on Tuesday or Thursday at latest, and what appears to me a much greater event, there is just a chance of our going also; Henry Pierrepont goes to-morrow and has undertaken to get us lodgings. He says he has seen Sylvester, who was at Paris two days ago and tells him it is perfectly quiet and safe. Granville has a raging desire to see the allied armies, and although he is too kind even to think of it, I feel I ought almost to urge his going alone, if it is thought better for me to remain behind.

I saw Lord¹ and Lady Fitzroy Somerset last night. He looks pale and thin but is doing perfectly well. She is in great beauty and has a look and manner of devotion to him without any display which interested me. He says F. Ponsonby² is still feeble and wounded all over. He was in dread of Caro's sisterly persecutions, but she was soon prevailed upon to prefer parading about the town at all hours. Borino³ is very angry at his peerage being delayed three months.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Roehampton: July 21, 1815.

We went to Holland House to-day, but did not see him. She was seated on the grass with Allen and a plate of baba, very cross and absurd about Buonaparte, 'poor dear man,' as she calls him.

¹ The youngest son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort. He married in 1814 Harriet, the second daughter of the first Earl of Mornington. He lost his arm at Waterloo. He was raised to the Peerage as Lord Raglan in 1852. He commanded in the Crimea, where he died in 1855.

² Sir Frederick Ponsonby, second son of the third Earl of Bessborough. He was wounded at Waterloo.

³ Lord Boringdon, who was created Earl of Morley in November 1815.

We set out Thursday, as I have begged for one more day to pack up.

They are all well here. My aunt is grown thin, but looks uncommonly well and is happy about Frederick, who begins to move his arm, and is going on as well as possible.

The Melbournes and Cowpers are at Cheltenham. Frederick Lamb is arrived, but I have not seen him. Poodle Byng and Mr. Motteux are in town, and after the Boulevards it does not look gay to them.

The world is much occupied with Mr. Littleton's¹ conversation with Buonaparte, and there are different versions of it. Lady Holland represents it as having been insolent, brutal, and disgraceful. They all say here that he was not polished in his manner, but intended it to be complimentary and flattering, and that Buonaparte was charmed with him.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Calais : July 26, 1815.

Dearest love,—We have been very prosperous. We left Dover at twelve last night, and landed here at half-past four. I was sorry that we arrived in a thick rain, nobody up, so that nothing marked its being France but about half a dozen clamorous sailors, the *poissardes* being all in their first sleep. I regret them as part of a very curious scene. Hart is in high good-humour and tearing spirits, *malgré* some *contretemps*. He was sick on board, and we found Lady Downshire in the good rooms, little Quilliac *désolé* at it. We have, however, a small but very clean and comfortable one, had an excellent breakfast at five, several hours' sleep since, and the *garçon* is now preparing us another. There is a play to-night, 'L'Aubergiste,' and something else I know not what.

¹ Created Lord Hatherton in 1835.

We set out by break of day to-morrow for Abbeville. I am pleased to find myself very tranquil and easy in my mind. Granville has been talking with Rufe the messenger, who says the road is perfectly quiet, that there are plenty of horses. He came with the Russian army from the Rhine, and says that the Russians and Bavarians having met with some resistance, have been provoked into committing all sorts of devastations. This has been swelled into a report of a regular battle, which you will probably have heard of.

The Ship Inn at Dover was more intolerable than ever, but the only thing my brother found it difficult to weather was a visit from Captain Sampson. God bless you.

I wish you could see them at breakfast: Hart with one leg making side steps for joy all the time, Clifford tittering with the *garçon* about the coffee and hot milk, Granville poring over an old 'Moniteur.'

Mrs. Ridgway is better than anything in Fielding's novels. She is enchanted with my conduct and Mrs. Lucas' feelings on the occasion. 'You are more good-looking than you were, and my lord more attentive than ever.' Then with a look of sentiment—'Your hair is grown tolerably well, your teeth are very yellow but uncommonly clean, and will probably last for ever, your disposition less changed than could have been expected.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 29, 1815.

Here we are, this moment arrived. Hart, Clifford, and Granville gone to the Musée and to call on Lady Castlereagh. I am left writing to you in the little back rooms in your lower apartment at l'Hôtel de l'Empire, as the only shelter from noise and a burning sun. Our journey has been one of the greatest enjoyment, and my brother's spirits and perfect good-humour have never

failed him for a moment, in spite of several galling little circumstances. We remained a whole day at Calais, walked about the pier and went in the evening to the play. It was amusing but not good. Loyal songs were sung, and a great many old peaceable-looking gentlemen and all the women were in raptures, but the soldiers gloomy and silent to a degree not to be mistaken. I have not seen a smile upon any French soldier's face the whole way. But no words can describe how that enormous little plague Lady Downshire has crossed us every step of our way. She appeared at the play, herself, children, tutors, governesses, footman, covered with white cockades, contrived, by her manœuvres with an officer whom she had got quite in her pocket, to have 'God save the King' sung, stood up, winked, waved handkerchiefs, in short displayed every demonstration of folly. The next morning, we having heard that she went at seven, determined to go at four, to keep quite clear of her. Hart bustled down to breakfast at that hour, just in time to meet her at the door, blinking and holding out her hand to him—'Forgive me for playing you this trick.' He says he shook her off, darted looks of fury at the girls, and almost knocked down the tutor, who began a conciliatory speech. On the road we were of course much distressed for horses, and at Montreuil detained nearly three hours. But we saw varieties of French bonnets, sat with two agreeable old milliners, who trimmed mine up half a mile high, and called one another Rosalie and something else, and bore it all like saints. At Abbeville the Hôtel de l'Empire was all full of the little woman, and we were obliged to go to the other, which, however, turned out very well.

Yesterday we set off again between three and four, fell in with the Duke of Orleans, stayed three hours at Beauvais and slept at Beaumont for want of horses, a wretched little inn only twenty miles from Paris.

The journey has nevertheless been delightful, the pleasantest weather, tolerable health. It was a curious sight to see St. Denis full of English soldiers, officers and English women, galloping in and out of Paris.

We have taken the most delightful suite of apartments at La Grange Battelière; we dine there at five, and go to the Feydeau. I cannot believe I have been out of Paris, or that anything extraordinary has happened in it. The Sovereigns have been to-day to see the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is arrived. I will not finish my letter till they come home, as I may hear something more interesting.

We are to dine at Lord Castlereagh's to-morrow.

Four o'clock.—I have just trotted here between gutters and cabriolets, and am established in an immense drawing-room *entre cour et jardin*. Lady Castlereagh and Lady Emma Edgumbe¹ have been here, Lord Apsley and Punch Greville.² I hear there is very little society, but Madame de Coigny³ has sent to ask me to a reunion *de quelques personnes chez elle ce soir*, and the Duke of Wellington invites us to a great ball on Wednesday. I hear the society at Lady Castlereagh's is terrible, nothing but English and extremely dull.

I hear our troops behave well; they can only enter Paris with passes from their Colonels. I think the accounts of the Prussians' ill-conduct must have been much exaggerated, as they never take a single thing from the houses where they have been quartered and commit no cruelties.

My brother professes a determination of taking a

¹ Married to Earl Brownlow in 1828.

² Mr. Charles Greville, whose most interesting *Journal* was edited after his death by Mr. Henry Reeve. Mr. Greville was nicknamed Punch.

³ A great friend of Marie Antoinette. She was very clever and witty, and during her exile intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire.

large house here, not now but another year, and if he does but like it half as well, *chemin faisant*, as he does at his outset, I think he certainly will.

We went to the Feydeau last night and saw 'Félicie,' a very pretty *opéra comique*. Martin sang and acted delightfully. The thing at the end was all about Henri et les Bourbons, and the audience were in transports. Little Woronzow¹ came to see us, and can say nothing but, 'Oh, this is a nasty nation.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 31, 1815.

I take advantage of every moment to write, and by that means I hope to give you a tolerably regular account of our proceedings. Yesterday was a very amusing and interesting day, but perhaps you may think it neither, to have begun it by sitting at home with H. Pierrepont, Punch Greville, and Lord Apsley. But they had all their little possible to say. The first gave me the directions of the best *fleuriste* and *lingère* in Paris; the second told me all the scandal of Paris, that Sir John and Lady Shelley ran after the great Duke in a very disgusting manner, but as they were together, 'sans peur et sans reproche.' Lord Apsley is full of the battle, in which he by all accounts put himself forward as much as any who were not obliged to do so. He is a good-natured, friendly creature, and has shown great spirit where he might have got off without showing any.

I called upon Lady Castlereagh and found her in the Villa Borghese,² forming the most complete *con-*

¹ Comte Simon Woronzow was Russian Ambassador in London during three reigns. He died there in 1832. His daughter Catherine married in 1808 the eleventh Earl of Pembroke.

² Had been the residence of the Princesse Pauline Borghese. It was purchased by the English Government and has been ever since the English Embassy.

traste to the *locale*, which is all Oriental luxury, she fitter for Wapping. Lord Stewart¹ came in all over stars and tenderness. I hear there never was anything like his vanity and extravagance.

I met my brother at the Louvre. It appeared to me more beautiful than ever. Blücher has taken down about sixteen pictures, but none that I remembered, no proof that they may not have been of the finest. The whole length of it was filled with soldiers of every nation, some Highlanders, who attracted great attention and took it as a great compliment. One of them said, 'They look more at us than at the d——d pictures.'

From thence we went to Madame de Coigny, who was so entertaining that I can only regret not remembering every word she said. She has eyes and hands uplifted at the degradation of Paris. 'A Londres on parle de passer de l'opposition au ministère. Ici c'est plus facilement d'un règne à un autre.' Mme. de Souza² is sent from Paris to-day. Charles de Flahault³

¹ Half-brother of Lord Castlereagh, whom he succeeded as third Marquis of Londonderry in 1822.

² The mother of the Comte de Flahault by her first husband. She was one of the most agreeable and charming women of her day. She left France with her son at the beginning of the Revolution. Her husband, who remained, was guillotined. In her exile she supported herself by writing successful novels. She afterwards married the Marquis de Souza, a Portuguese diplomat. Soon after she returned to Paris, where she remained till her death in 1836.

³ He distinguished himself in the Napoleonic wars. He was Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor, and was with him at Waterloo. He then went to England, where in 1817 he married Miss Mercer, the daughter of Lord Keith. At her father's death she became Lady Keith and succeeded to a large fortune. Soon after their marriage they settled in Paris, where for years they took a leading part in society. He adhered to Louis Philippe and was an intimate friend of the Duke of Orleans. From 1841 to 1848 he was Ambassador at Vienna. After the Coup d'État he adhered to Louis Napoleon and was Ambassador in London from 1860 to 1862, and on his return to France was appointed Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He died in Paris at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war. His eldest daughter married the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, his youngest the Marquis de Lavalette.

is with the army. She says that Buonaparte acted as a talisman upon the troops, that it was *il Bondocani* over again. 'Il faut avouer que cette fin-ci n'a pas été belle,' that he fought ill, and, after the battle, had no thought but to preserve his life. That somebody observed to him, 'Il fallait un peu tourner la chose,' that it required great courage, *force d'âme*, etc., to bear life and to support his spirits as he did. Upon which he answered, 'Dame, c'est la seule propriété qui me reste, il faut bien que je la garde.'

We dined at Lord Castlereagh's. His manner is very good, and calculated to please; but how he gets on in French I cannot imagine. He called out to the *maître d'hôtel*: 'A présent, Monsieur, servez la dîner.'

Sir Charles Stuart¹ is in a fever of mind, which he cannot conceal, from the fear of not remaining Ambassador here, and from all I hear he seems to be the best person, being excessively liked by the French. He has great jealousy of Lord Stewart, who, it is said, is equally anxious to remain.

But now for the cream of my story. We went to the Opera. The house was full and brilliant beyond measure, and my brother in raptures, as I must say he is from morning till night. All nations, all embassies, all English men, and scarcely a reputable woman besides myself. Boxes for every King and Emperor of the known world. But what do you think they shout at, applaud, *pâment de rire* over. They dance the battle of Waterloo in all its details. The Imperial Guard wounded form dejected groups, embrace the National Guard, whilst a smart English officer makes most brilliant entrées. This *héros de la pièce* ends the ballet with presenting a French officer whom he has taken prisoner to his mistress, who had imagined him lost. They both

¹ For many years Ambassador at the Court of France. Created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in 1828.

kneel to him and kiss the hem of his garment and dance a finale amidst bursts of applause. Metternich sat by me at supper at Lady Castlereagh's, and we agreed that it was worth coming any distance to see this proof of national character and confirmation of what that character is reduced to. Even the Emperor of Russia is shocked at their frivolity. He has only been into society three times, has taken a new and grave line; *se promène dans son jardin*, and only with the ugly and the old. The King of Prussia prowls about after his own heart without exciting much attention, and the Emperor of Austria is never seen at all. It is universally believed that Louis is only safe whilst the Allied Armies are here, at least unless it can be made so decidedly the interest of Fouché and others to keep him on the throne that no speculation of villany and perfidy can profit them in a change.

The ball at the Duke of Wellington's is a sort of test of female character. There are bets whether a Frenchwoman can stay away from a ball, but they have all professed a horror of going into public, and some *la crainte des reproches*. Monsieur de Mesnard¹ has just been here. He says that he has advised them all to go, as a proof of what the Duke of Wellington's good conduct in Paris has effected, but few will believe in this motive, and I wish, for their sakes, those who have been most marked in their misfortunes or opinions may stay away.

Frederick Lamb has been here and very entertaining and agreeable. My rooms are so delightful, opening to a large garden and as quiet as possible, that both Granville and I are very lazy about going out in the heat of the day. My brother is in full

¹ He was Aide-de-Camp of the Duc de Berri and was with him when he was assassinated. He came to France in 1832 with the Duchesse de Berri, and took part with her in her attempt to raise La Vendée.

pursuit of all the sights, and I mean to take up the *métier* when he has seen all that I need not re-see. We dine with him to-day at l'Hôtel de l'Empire, and intend to walk on the Boulevards and in the Tuileries Gardens till we dress for the ball, giving ourselves *relâche aux théâtres* for to-night. On Wednesday I am to meet some of my old acquaintances at Mme. de Coigny's. I continue to be in the highest health, though at the moment I write to you I am quite knocked up with the shaking of the *remise* in which Mrs. Ridgeway and I have been shopping. I think I have been cheated as little as possible. Monsieur de Mesnard is low. He thinks the poor old King has so much to endure and that parts of France are still in so unpleasant a state. It is a joke among the Anti-Royalists to say that he has changed his name from Louis le Désiré to Louis l'Inévitable. Caroline Lamb is enquiring if women can come to Paris, which I trust she will not ascertain till I have left it.

I long to hear from you and my children, but *il faut se faire aux circonstances*, especially when there are winds and waves.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : August 1, 1815.

The ball was a most extraordinary one, about 400 men to forty women, for I did injustice to the French. I find they are for the first time subdued by misfortune, and that it is from real feeling that many of them stay away from every place of amusement. When I went into the Duke's I found in the first magnificent room about a hundred officers, but soon discovered many well-known bores under these false pretensions; old Brooke and Mr. Irby, etc., mixed up with Platow¹ and the

¹ A Cossack General, who greatly distinguished himself in Turkey and then during the invasion of Russia by France. He entered Paris with the Allied Sovereigns, and visited it again on the second Restoration, when he was made much of in the Paris salons.

bravest of them. In the doorway I met Talleyrand waddling out; he did not speak to me, so I had only the satisfaction of seeing his dirty, cunning face and long coat for a moment. After him came Fouché, a little spare, shallow, shrewd-looking man, who seems to unite all parties in one common feeling—horror of his character, and the policy of not betraying it. He is, I conclude, the worst and the most useful man the King could have found in his whole dominions.

The King of Prussia was the only Royal lion. He talked to me for about ten minutes, enquired affectionately after you, still resents Lady Downshire having put him into her back room by himself, and appears to be just what he was last year, only more at his ease from not being followed and stared at. Pozzo di Borgo, Metternich, and Sir Charles Stuart are the people I like most to talk to here. The first tells one anything and everything one wishes to know from Adam till now, Metternich is more entertaining than anybody, and Sir Charles is like a good Court guide or book of reference. He discovers what others are about or would be about to a degree that must be very useful to him in his present situation. The demoralisation of the French nation is become too much like the cosmogony of the world in the ‘Vicar of Wakefield;’ one hears and talks of nothing else, and I would bet ten to one that every new person begins in English, French, German, Russian, or High Dutch, ‘Was there ever a nation,’ etc. There never were, *au reste*, such innumerable parties and shades of party, and Fouché for the last year has paid abject court in five different quarters—to the Emperor, the King, the Duke of Orleans, the Jacobins, and the Duke of Wellington, to secure a *retraite en Angleterre* in case all the others had failed him.

Lady Shelley pursues her pursuit with the most

unremitting diligence, and makes herself really ridiculous, as the Duke pays her no attention, and she follows and watches him quite laughably. There is no harm in her, I am sure, beyond inordinate vanity. He is only successor to the Spencer family. Sir John is quite charmed with it. Lady Kinnaird is very flourishing, but otherways in no one thing the least altered. A shining, flat head of hair, unbounded good-nature, and not one idea added to the stock. 'I'll be glad to hear when you last saw Cecilia Foley,' and not a thought about Emperors or Kings. Little Madame de —— with her fine eyes, was one of the very few French women there, and she waltzed as if her husband's head had not been laid open in a duel in the morning. I suppose they cannot help dancing. Mme. Juste de Noailles, after a *contredanse*, met someone who asked her how she did. 'Aussi bien que l'on peut être après avoir dansé sur le tombeau de sa patrie,' she answered, and I dare say danced another.

I have been at home almost all this morning, as Granville has a swelled ankle, which quite disables him. It is either a sprain or gout. We dined at Roberts', with only Hart, Clifford, and Punch Greville, and then went to the play, to see 'Henri Quatre' and 'Le Calife de Bagdad.' The royalty was received with the given quantity of applause, for, as Pozzo says, if harlequin was proposed to them as King, one would hear nothing all over Paris but, 'Ah ! le joli homme, vive Arlequin !' In 'Henri Quatre' the following words were left out, 'Le Roi pardonnera, c'est son plus grand plaisir, et les plus coupables feront le plus de jaloux,' as not quite applicable to the proscription, I suppose, and there was a loud laugh in the 'Calife' when the widow says, 'Etonnée ? Moi ? J'en ai tant vu ! tant vu ! que maintenant tous les miracles de Mahomet, passés, présents et futurs, ne me paraîtraient que des jeux d'enfans.'

To-morrow we go to see Mlle. Mars, who happily for us has recovered her spirits and her politics, act in the 'Philosophe Marié.'

I have not a notion of what we are to do. There is a grand review in ten days, but what change that may make in the affairs of men I do not know. Good night, my dear sister.

3rd.—Only think of poor Granville being laid up with his first fit of gout. It must be confessed he has chosen his time ingeniously. He does not suffer violent pain, and he is not ill with it, but unable to move, and the ankle is enormous, and as hot as fire.

I went with Hart to see Mlle. Mars and was disappointed. She appears to me an excellent actress, but not a *séduisante enchanteresse*. Eyes and gesticulations as quick as lightning, but she puts me in mind of Miss Berry when she is showing off, and that does not bring the word 'captivating' to my mind. My brother was much more pleased with her than I was.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : August 4, 1815.

Granville is better to-day. He has had a good night, and Dr. Tupper is sanguine as to his recovering speedily.

I went to Mme. de Coigny's the night before last, where I found her with about half a dozen men, Monsieur de Lascours¹ the only one I knew, all terribly gloomy, talking of *la feue France*, and groaning under the weight of nations. I think there is little illusion left on the subject of Napoleon, but it appears to me that Louis' name should again be changed from *l'Inévitable* to *l'Impossible*. He has not more power in France than I

¹ He fought under Lafayette in the American War of Independence. He was an active politician during the First Empire and during the Restoration was in favour of the Bourbons, but opposed the reactionaries.

have, and I think less consideration. Amongst Madame de Coigny's set there appears to me to be a strong Orleans *penchant*. They said there was a moment when 'toute la France était Orléaniste hors le Duc lui-même, mais il était trop grand pour le devenir.' I was much asked about Mme. d'Aguesseau *et sa demoiselle*. Mme. de Coigny said, 'On la dit hors d'elle de tout ce qui se passe ici.' A thin, sallow, eagle-eyed young man, who I found afterwards was a young Ségur, a great friend of Charles de Flahault, said, 'Madame d'Aguesseau est toujours hors d'elle, et elle fait bien.' I went yesterday morning to Madame de Souza's, but she sees nobody, has Prussians quartered in every part of her house except the bedroom, where she remains ill and saying, 'Hélas ! je n'ai été que Flahaultiste.' Her son has given in his *démission*, and is not proscribed. I also drove with Madame de Coigny in the Bois de Boulogne, where the English are encamped. It is true what she says, 'Cela ressemble tant à une fête que c'est dommage que cela soit une conquête !'

L'Empereur Alexandre, as they announce Mr. Tomkins in England. Poor Granville, with such twinges between gout and respect, and I felt so ashamed of bawling out French phrases, for he has grown very deaf. You made a great impression on the Sovereigns, dear Lady Morpeth ; they pester me with enquiries, about you.

11 o'clock.—Granville is still mending, and hopes to see Talma to-morrow. I am just come from the Opera, and have seen a magnificent ballet, Achille in petticoats, with people in the sea, in the air, and, in short, splendid. Baron Tripp and Henry Pierrepont dined with us to-day, and the former was very agreeable, giving details, some of which I hope were true, of the battle. The Duc d'Angoulême is doing harm in the South, and has sported a green-white cockade, which caused great sensation. It is absurd, when so much has been sacri-

ficed by the King, to retain the white one. It seems that the Princes are extremely *agissant*, though their names are kept back as much as possible, too short-sighted to understand any measure of policy, and too presumptuous to foresee any difficulty; they do all the harm that at such a moment ill-timed and ill-judged severity can do.

The *bon mot* of the day is that somebody was complaining of the dreadful state of the finances, and was answered, 'Pourtant nous avons un Gros revenu.' Good night, dearest G.

5th.—To-morrow I shall be very entertaining, as I am going to see Talma act Manlius to-night, and afterwards to Madame de Coigny's, to meet Benjamin Constant, and some of the curious, not to say factious. Granville is not better than yesterday, which is a disappointment, as, though the pain is not violent, it is a provoking and tedious confinement.

7th.—I have only time to say that Granville is almost well, that Talma, *hors* the ranting, is magnificent as to dumb show, action, and countenance, and that none of the great guns were at Madame de Coigny's.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : August 1815.

I must give you some account of what has happened since the last. On Monday I went with Hart to a great dinner at Lord Stewart's. We met the Duchesse de Sagan, who has forsaken Frederick Lamb and is now the *régnante* at the court of Prince Charles—for so Lord Stewart is universally called—La Baronne de Talleyrand, a little thing of sixteen and married to Talleyrand's nephew, Ladies Castlereagh, Shelley, and Kinnaird. The house is beautiful and belonged to the Comte de Montesquieu. The dinner very splendid, and

Schwartzenberg,¹ Czernichef,² some Princes, and all the Ambassadors present at it. I sat between Sir Charles and Lord Clancarty and was well amused. Talleyrand came in the evening and waddled about. Granville is only just beginning to go about again, but still lame. In the evening we saw 'Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village' and 'Joconde.' To-day I have been to the Musée. Blücher has taken the three small figures, from the Salle des Fleuves, of the child playing with *les osselets* and two small Venuses, which came from Berlin. Lady Malmesbury,³ Fanny Temple, and some other very odd-looking figures attracted much attention. The Grant-hams are arrived. She looks very handsome, but is *intarissable* in her talk.

There was a Russian Review yesterday, but we did not go. The three Allied Sovereigns, the great Duke, and Lady Shelley riding along the ranks and reviewing the whole. She makes an unprecedented fool of herself.

Paris is in the same state, Monsieur de la Bédoyère's⁴ fate undecided, the news of Ney's being taken having arrived to-day, little disturbances in the Public Gardens, and the Duke of Wellington having told some one that in six weeks the armies will have left France. What will happen then nobody even attempts to conjecture, but poor Louis must, I think, end ill after all.

Caroline and William Lamb are expected here to-day. We go on Sunday, and I am not sorry on all accounts to return.

I hear the Prince of Orange is to marry the Grand Duchess Ann.

God bless you, dearest G. I am just come from dinner. Hart, Clifford, and Punch Greville dined with

¹ Austrian Ambassador.

² Russian Ambassador.

³ Wife of the first Lord Malmesbury, the distinguished diplomat.

⁴ He was the first Colonel who went over to Buonaparte after his return from Elba, and was executed.

us. Hart says he has bought all Paris. I have bought you a green silk petticoat.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: 1815.

I have been more hurried and less amused since the last courier went, which has made me put off writing to the last moment. The fact is the novelty of the sight was its charm, and I am very glad to set off for England at four on Wednesday morning. In politics there is nothing new. Fouché is said to look very grave. The Emperor, whom Granville saw this morning, says the state of affairs is quite inexplicable. Our military seem much amused, tearing up the Boulevards in the morning, filling the theatres at night, and losing their money at the Salon.

Of sights I have seen the Halle au Blé, the Marché de Légumes, the model of the Hôtel des Invalides, service performed at Notre Dame and the Duke of Rutland in it, talking in a style prophetic of another Jour. 'This is indeed a most striking and a most curious sight. It is indeed a state of things in which,' etc., his eyes in a tame phrenzy rolling.

I have seen Talma and Mlle. Georges act very finely in 'Œdipe' and Mlle. Mars delightfully in the 'Misanthrope,' but the theatres are intolerably hot. The carriages rattle more than ever or than anything but Lady Castlereagh, whose society is now settled in Lady Camden and suite, Lady Grantham and English red coats. Madame de Coigny has difficulty in re-uniting people *chez elle*, and if one meets a Frenchman there, he draws into his shell and sits in gloomy silence. Hart has seen and bought all that Blücher has left, and intends to be at Saltram the 28th.

Sovereigns, wits, Pozzo, Metternich never show the tips of their little fingers. The dandies are broken in

hearts and fortunes. Lord Alvanley has taken a lodging at Versailles, Henry Pierrepont has hurried back to England, Baron Tripp gives us his honour that it is very good taste in us to go away, and F. Lamb has taken to his bed.

Nothing is *agissant* but Caroline William in a purple riding habit, tormenting everybody, but I am convinced ready primed for an attack upon the Duke of Wellington, and I have no doubt but that she will to a certain extent succeed, as no dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow or her to administer. Poor William hides in one small room, while she assembles lovers and tradespeople in another. He looks worn to the bone. She arrived dying by her own account, having had French apothecaries at most of the towns through which she passed. She sent here immediately for a doctor, but by mistake they went for the Duke of Wellington.

God bless my own best of sisters. I pine for a pure air and country life in England, but I am glad to have been here.

Lady Holland, you may have heard, has had seven hundred pounds' worth of goods ripped from a feather-bed.

Monday night.—I have just come from seeing Potier in the 'Ci-devant Jeune Homme' and 'Je fais mes Farces.' Hart is gone to win a few parting pounds at Roberts'.

I trust my letters have reached you. I have never missed a post or opportunity.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : September 1, 1815.

I went yesterday to the slate quarry and all over the beautiful wood in which it is. The day was delicious, and this part of the country is beautiful. It puts me in

mind of Bolton and some of the valleys between Theux and Spa.

We had a dinner, Sir John Duckworth, another Sir Something, and a sensible, pleasing physician whom they swear by here.

The Boringdons saw the Pole who has been allowed to go with Buonaparte. He seems really attached to him. Amongst other things he said of him, 'Mais il ne pense jamais à lui,' a new view of his character. There are different versions of all the stories of him and his companions. Some say that Madame Bertrand¹ is very much in love with him, others that she detests him, and never calls him anything but *l'homme*.

Borino² is so long manœuvring and marshalling us that I have time to tell you that I had a letter from my aunt. She had just seen the Hollands, Lady H. in grief at the failure of some presents she wanted to send to Buonaparte and Madame Bertrand.

No women were present at the Duchess of Cumberland's marriage. The Dowager Lansdowne proposed herself, and was refused. Caroline William writes me word that she detests Paris, which she says is gay without interest, noisy beyond bearing; that she is magnificently but uncomfortably lodged, alone or in a crowd; and that every countenance bears the stamp of suppressed ill-humour if native, pique if Austrian or Russian, open insolence or vulgar wonder if English, with the only exception of Hart, who sees everything *couleur de rose* and enjoys himself extremely. The Louvre, she says, is the prey of the spoiler, and Denon³ looking as Jenny's mother did when 'she looked in her face till her heart was nigh to break.' Good-bye.

¹ Wife of Comte Bertrand, Buonaparte's secretary. They both accompanied him to St. Helena and were present at his death.

² Lord Boringdon.

³ Celebrated for his knowledge of art. He accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt, and was on his return named Director-General of the Museums, and retained the place till 1815. He had collected in the conquered

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : September 3, 1815.

Have you any recollection of Mount-Edgcumbe? We were there the day before yesterday, and I think I never admired anything more. The day was beautiful, the sea covered with shipping, one large frigate sailing so near the shore that you might fancy you could touch it. There are gardens of all nations, an Italian one with a large fountain in the middle, dolphins spouting out the water into a marble basin, and steps at the end with rails and statues of the Apollo, Venus, and a Bacchus, and on the basin a verse from Ariosto. The French one is all parterre, arbours with clematis hanging over them, and an urn with an inscription to his wife. The English garden is like the plantation at Tixal, with magnolias and arbutus, large trees and benches and comforts in abundance. A great bath, a room with tables and a divan round it. In another part of the place there is a temple with a bust of Milton and lines descriptive of the place from 'Paradise Lost.' Lord Mount-Edgcumbe is not a good Adam, but he was very civil, gave us a great deal of fruit and very little of his company.

Lady Lansdowne is the best little person in the world. I really think she seems faultless. Her desire of gaining information in every possible way is particularly laudable, as it is, I am sure, a more certain way of pleasing him than any other. Knowledge seems to be her deity, and he is like the account of King Solomon in the Book of Kings. We leave no stone unturned, and all my ignorance comes to light on the occasion.

The Cowpers will be here to dinner. I see I like Lady Jersey the best, as I wish for her much more than countries a great number of works of art, with which he enriched the museums of France.

Lady C. The former takes everything in such good part, and is so frank and good-humoured that thinking the other the most agreeable does not turn the scale in her favour. The thoughts of the Earls sit heavy on my soul at moments when my spirits are not high, but I know I shall like it when they all come. The only black spot on the horizon is the system of joking, and that the muscles are unable to look gay and affable with the deep remorse for that inability. I always feel shy and an idiot in that society. Lady Boringdon is delightful, in high spirits, but not overpowering.

We have just been at the most mitigated church service, as Mr. Ward would say. I was in fear lest Borino should, if the sermon exceeded his wishes, hold up a watch or drop a curtain.

We are going to drive to Staddon Heights. It looks to me in the clouds, but I never make a remark, as I am permitted not to ride.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : September 5, 1815.

The Jerseys do not come. She is not recovered and her child not quite well. I am sorry yet relieved. 'Tell me, my sis, can this be love?'

6th.—I was called away in the middle of a sentence and did not return to bless myself with food or rest till ten o'clock at night. We went up the Tamar to see Cotele, an old house of Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's. It is a lovely expedition but a fatiguing one, six miles of carriage road, a foot's pace up and down perpendicular hills. Fourteen miles of water, rowing against the tide, a long walk to see the place, which is very beautiful, sailing back and driving home in the dark, groping up the hills every now and then for safety.

Lord Boringdon, Granville, and Mr. Harris stayed at home. I will describe the rest to you, walking up

the steep hill at Cotele. First Lady Boringdon, with an old green shawl swinging over her shoulders, the corners all wrong, her hair about her ears, a cap just sticking on to the back of her head and her hat in her hand, shouting out to the housekeeper to be in readiness for us. No wonder that a maid who first appeared told her she must not *persume* to come in. Lord Lansdowne, very fat and out of breath in a black chip hat much *enfoncé* over his head. Lady Cowper swinging after them, her nose very red, a high hat tied on with a veil under her chin, flounces draggling, sash untying, shawl floating. Myself ditto. Lady Lansdowne towed up by Miss Smith in a little crushed muslin poke and a sweet smile. Lord Cowper striding after us, now and then stopping, taking a position with his hand, shading his eyes to look at the view *en maître*; Granville Somerset closing the rear.

We lead the life of tourists, have delicious weather, little repose and no time. My only spare moments are those in which I write my few and short letters to you.

Lady Cowper is more animated than I ever knew her. She talks more, and it is not quite so much 'Tis seeming all' as usual, but she occasionally looks bored and resigned and gives us sly cuts.

Lady Lansdowne raves of you. She says to look at you is to love you, and her praise is invaluable, for she is sincerity and truth, walking about this bad world having escaped all its harm.

I am writing for dear life. Lord Lansdowne and I are going to perform a journey on foot, Lady Boringdon in a whisky, Lady Cowper and the lords on horseback. She has no habit and is a coward on any horse but her own; but as Buonaparte used to say of himself we say of Borino, 'C'est une grande preuve de la faiblesse de l'esprit humain de croire qu'on peut me résister.'

Lady Lansdowne has got a sister, whom she appears to love much as I do you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : September 8, 1815.

The Lansdownes are this moment gone. I do not break my heart when Chloe goes, because she cares for nothing but husband, children, and sisters, and therefore, although I admire and really reverence her, it goes no deeper. She sends you her tenderest love, so I conclude you make greater impression. Mr. Huskisson is a great improvement. It is extremely pleasant. The weather is finer than ever, and Hart is so good-humoured and *facile à vivre* that he makes everything *couleur de rose*, the sure way to have it so.

I hear that it is reported that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh are upon bad terms, I do not know why.

Your children must be delightful ; I only wish I did not so perpetually live away from mine.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : September 15, 1815.

We are this moment setting out—Hart in his barouche, in which we were to have gone with him if it had been fine, but it is pouring. We are to sleep at Ilminster to-night, and he goes with us to Badminton to-morrow, where we shall arrive just in time for the Kingscote ball and races, to which the Duchess is going, as Lord Worcester is steward. They seem very sorry to part with us here.

We had a visit from Miss O'Neill, who is odious. She snubbed us all, which is not prepossessing, struts about and throws out sentences in a low tragedy tone, looks short, thick, and vulgar, and coldly receives any conversation bearing upon her art. When Lady B.

mentioned Mr. Ward as having acted Jaffier tolerably at the Plymouth theatre, she said, 'Mr. Who? I really was not aware of his name,' with the most dignified touchiness. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton: 1815.

I have but a moment to tell you we arrived here last night. They are alone here, and we stay with them till Tuesday.

I dined at Holland House, and if she had been in better humour it would have been very agreeable, but she is not in a happy hour, and will not suffer others to be so without a little quiet course of pumping and teasing going on *sotto voce*.

Their politics seem to be reduced to adoration of Buonaparte. The Jerseys, violent as they are, are driven to the other side of the question, and I sat in boiling water.

Mr. Sheridan was there in his best, discussing all the young women of his acquaintance with much praise and some little cuts. He says Silence is a pretty, pushing, babbling stream, never stagnant. Lady Borino, his favourite, has hit the line between good-humoured frankness and vulgarity, just touch and run.

At Lady Jersey's the night before last it was very pleasant. Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Nugent, Lady Cahir, who is there quite like a humble companion.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham: September 26, 1815.

We go to Lilleshall to-morrow and to Tixal again Thursday. The Vernons come to us on Sunday. I never saw people appear so happy and fond of each other. She is constantly employed, reading, drawing

beautifully, and a great deal in her room. He is very much improved.

Elizabeth Leveson is in her greatest beauty and very amiable and agreeable. Lord Gower rather pre-occupied.

I have been suffering torture in my fang. Oh! that traitor Parkinson.

The thought of seeing you makes me so happy.

I see that Fouché has resigned.

I beg your pardon for being so *décousue*, but I am very sleepy and happier than I have been for some time past, but much stupider. God bless our dear Sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: September 28, 1815.

I am sorry there should be any reports that distress you. I really flatter myself that I never say a word of your proceedings relative to the C.'s¹ that can be converted into mischief. Every one laments over your present *séjour* as a very melancholy one, and indeed you would be very odd sort of people if it was not; but compassion is the only sentiment I now hear expressed for poor Lord Carlisle, and I feel convinced that your and Lord Morpeth's attention and whole behaviour to him can only excite admiration.

You have no idea how well Mr. Vernon² and Lady Elizabeth go on together. No display, but an appearance of the greatest possible affection. The beauty is at present almost gone, but a very sweet countenance remains. Elizabeth Leveson seems fond of her. Lady Stafford cries her up to the skies, and Lord Stafford is really amused and pleased with her.

I have been a long ride this morning and should be quite *à mon aise* if my pony had not a great mind to

¹ Lord and Lady Carlisle.

² Mr. Vernon married Lady Elizabeth Bingham in May 1815.

run away. He set off with me once. I tugged and hollowed to Granville. He would not come, but bade me hold my tongue and tug on, which succeeded. The pony has no vice and one is *quitte pour la peur*. I like him, for he is perfectly safe and sure-footed; his faults are all spirit and play.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : September 29, 1815.

The Beauforts come here on the 11th, and we all migrate to Chatsworth. Do you know if we are likely to find Hart, for go I will at all events?

I know of no very new books. I have been reading an old one in two volumes, two tiny ones, 'Voyage en Italie,' par Dupaty. It was strongly recommended to me by Mr. Ward, and I can only say that it is as clever and as ridiculous as himself, and therefore very entertaining.

'Fazio,' the new tragedy, is in parts very fine and in others as bad. It is written by a young Mr. Milman, son to the physician. It is well worth sending for. Some people think it beautiful. Lord Lansdowne brought it to Saltram and said it was one of the finest things he had ever read, so do get it. The woman's character is very interesting.

By-the-bye, I believe you can get by this time 'L'Ambassade de Pologne,' par l'Archevêque de Malines. I would almost go to Paris to fetch it, it is so very curious. God bless you, dear Sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : October 1815.

The ground is covered with snow to-night, and yet I have been walking and driving all day with Mrs. Huskisson. She is—but do not say so—a sort of harbour from Lady Barbara's society, which is to me like that of a tiresome child to whom one must not say, 'Don't do

that,' 'Don't say that,' or say 'Take her away.' William, however, seems very fond of her, which is *l'essentiel*. He is agreeable, talkative, and evidently very happy.

We are going, after the next week, a round of visits to Trentham, Sandon, and Ingestre.

I hear Charles de Flahault is at Woburn. Poor Madame de St. Leu¹ will sing all the romances about eternal constancy with a heavy heart, but a French ex-queen can never be long without consolation.

Good night. Is it possible that this can be better than nothing?

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : October 26, 1815.

We arrived here yesterday. There are only the Huskissons and Lord Francis.

I would have written last night, but was really palsied with cold and dulness. There are about three fires lit in the house, and those small and black and carefully blocked up with screens. Mr. Huskisson makes a few feeble attempts to speak, I try sometimes, and the darkness and silence are such that it gives an air of mystery, and we look as if we were performing some awful religious ceremony.

I think the Macdonalds are in disgrace, but I endeavour to get on with smiles and sounds, avoiding committing myself in conversation.

On Thursday we go, as from a seven years' transportation, to Sandon. The Huskissons go there for a night also.

Elizabeth is really beautiful, and so much improved in manner and so sweet-tempered and attractive that I sometimes feel astonished why I am not fonder of her, and sometimes think myself unjust.

¹ Queen Hortense.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : December 31, 1815.

We are again reduced to a very small number, Mr. Nugent and ourselves. I do not know whether some people might not think the life we lead here wanted incident, but to me it is really luxury. Comfort is the word for it, and except practical jokes, expeditions, and *secrétaire* there is a possibility of every sort of enjoyment. Lady Harrowby is delightful. She is losing every day the shades of I do not know what to call it that ever darkened an understanding and character in fact almost superior to any I know. But I am improving, dearest Sis, at least I trust so. I think time and happiness must rub off many of one's angular faults; they teach indulgence and shame selfishness. But I will not write all my moralising, you will have enough of it when we meet.

Lady Talbot has been at Woburn, and I am rather curious to know what she says of it. I have only heard of her being charmed with Charles de Flahault and horror-struck with Lady Holland travelling with a train of sixteen people. If that was all. God bless you, dearest.

1816

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street: February 1816.

Dearest sister,—I have been sorry to hear Mr. Brougham's speech very much abused. It seems to have been thought coarse and with little to recommend it. I understand his friends are much annoyed, his reconciled ones particularly, at a notice he has given for a motion about the Spaniards on Thursday, without consulting or even mentioning it to any of them. I do not think the peace between him and Lady Holland will be lasting, in which case it had been better not made. If he gives himself out as upon friendly terms with them, he should not act exactly as he would have done if he had continued to be as independent of them in society as in politics. Lady Holland has taken up a line of civility and sweetness. To Mrs. Lamb I find she has been really licking the dust under her feet to get at the chestnuts. But it is not only when she has an object; she ran to open the door for Berry, which little event has not missed its mark, for Miss B. repeats it every five minutes. Lady H. had an assembly in Savile Row last night. Granville went there and to Madame de Lieven's, who has soirées and suppers every Sunday.

All the Ponsonbys that ever lived are in town. Fanny very amiable and not at all troublesome.

Your children all drank tea here last night. Blanche is too great a darling; she is shy in general, and I suppose it is from some likeness in voice and manner that she forgets with me that I am not you, calls me

Mama and is full of jokes and animation. How pretty she is! Granville thinks Georgiana beautiful and very like my mother.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Badminton: 1816.

Dearest sister,—I heard yesterday from Hart, his letter dictated to Mrs. Lamb, as his eyes are bad. He tells me the new joke, that the Allies have made so good a peace, ‘qu’ils n’ont laissé rien à Désiré.’¹ They also call him, instead of Louis Dixhuit, ‘Louis deux fois neuf.’

I cannot tell you how I long for Tuesday, though I shall be very sorry to leave the Duchess. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: 1816.

Madame de Lieven, whom you enquired about, is become famous for civility and *empressemments* to everybody. Her manner is much softened, and, as far as the most perfect propriety in all one sees and the most amicable terms with her husband and greatest *égard* for him go, a great change has taken place. We dined there on Sunday. It was a dinner quite unrivalled in the records of dulness. The Archdukes—who scarcely utter, though the eldest looks intelligent, but the youngest is without vivacity, and it is said they are just as much bored as they look—Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Bathurst, nearly as silent, and Fernan Count Münster, and the Marquis d’Osmond, who was all the time whispering with his neighbours. Esterhazy crowned this flow of soul. He is silly and tiresome to the supremest degree.

I went from thence to Savile Row,² which always

¹ Louis XVIII. was so called.

² Lord Holland’s London house.

looks as if there was to be a revolution the next morning. Lord Kinnaird whispering, gesticulating, and prophesying. Flahault, who is discreet upon politics and *dévoué aux dames*, jesting with Corise about *un bonnet du temps de ma grand'mere*.

I was distressed at meeting Lord Alvanley.¹ He is all but worshipped in that society, and was received with shouts and acclamations. He had the grace upon seeing me to be quite petrified; he did not speak or smile, and I saw a general astonishment in all their faces. God bless you, my dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Leamington : August 9, 1816.

We arrived here yesterday in fine weather. The place is very pretty, but so full that we cannot have a house till Monday, and are in a clean but very small room at an hotel. Excepting Lord and Lady Henley, whose house we inherit, there is not a soul here I ever heard of.

You ask me about the Princesse Esterhazy. She does, perhaps, well to be as coquette as possible, and she is all but ugly and quite foolish, and without great painstaking runs the risk of a most dull and easy course of conjugal happiness with Paul. She sings pretty odd Tyrolese airs with no voice, incessantly rolls eyes with but little expression in them, talks the veriest German nonsense, and by dint of all has a lover or two, *par ci, par là*. Lady Aberdeen² gained upon me. She is dull, but I do not think her silly, and appears the best and most amiable person possible. She would be beautiful if she had one grain of countenance, and she

¹ He was supposed to have led Lord Worcester into some money scrape.

² The widow of Lord Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's son, and the second wife of Lord Aberdeen. She was the mother of the first Duke of Abercorn.

winks and does her mouth about in a disagreeable manner. He gives me more the idea of excessive attention and *égard* than of any great love, but this is not at all the version of it at the Priory.¹

Lady Charlotte Campbell's daughter,² who is just come out, is decidedly, as far as one day's experience of a person can go, the girl I should prefer Hart's marrying. She is beautiful and *dans le meilleur genre*, with the sweetest manners I ever met with. She is really quite enchanting.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: 1816.

Dearest love,—Lady Harrowby and Susan are arrived, and I repose my cares upon them, knowing that to Messrs. Standish and Montagu at least they are everything. They are all in the library reading out loud and shouting with laughter over the two new reviews. I had rather read and, like Mary Bennet,³ laugh by myself. Good night, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: 1816.

Lord John Russell is the nicest little man that ever was, and his dog Witty the nicest dog. Did you ever hear that Lord William was very much in love with Miss Rawdon and that they would marry if they had *de quoi*? I know it upon no good authority.

Lord Talbot came to see us to-day, and filled me with horror with details of discontent, poverty, and ruin. As to us, we are singing our sweet dying notes, and shall soon beg at your hospitable doors.

Fanny is very French in her toilettes and more infantine in her manner than ever. She walks out and

¹ Lord Abercorn's country house.

² She married in 1819 Lord Uxbridge.

³ In Miss Austen's novel, *Pride and Prejudice*.

meets fearful objects, and falls down and hurts herself, and laughs and starts and looks unutterable things.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: November 1, 1816.

Dearest G.,—I was indeed very much shocked at hearing of poor Baron Tripp's death. There are various reports. One of pecuniary distress; one that he was in love with that pretty little Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a Miss Chichester, and that he sent to her husband to borrow the pistols with which he destroyed himself; and another that upon Mr. Capel sending to tell him he no longer would oppose his marrying his daughter, he avowed a secret marriage and said he had a wife and five children, and then, unable to reconcile the difficulties of this situation, shot himself. It was on returning from a party. His servant heard the report of a pistol and found him lifeless. How horrible!

We shall be in town I hope on Wednesday. How I long to hear the tenth squall! I trust I shall be in time.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: 1816.

Thank you, my dearest sister, for your letter. I have not seen your girls again. The weather has been so terrible, a mixture of snow and yellow fog, that I have not liked to ask them to come out, and have not left the house myself.

Granville went to see Miss O'Neill last night in 'Measure for Measure.' Monsieur de Flahault and Benjamin Constant¹ were there. It is a bad play for foreigners to see, and he says they seemed terribly wearied. Benjamin has brought over a novel which he is going to read to a select few in Cavendish Square

¹ The well-known author and politician, and devoted friend of Madame de Staël.

next week. I mean to be present, and I have begged C. W. Lamb may, to cry and make sensation for us.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

London : December 15, 1816.

I went yesterday to Whitehall, followed the page and Lady Asgill through the dark and winding passages and staircases. I was received with rapturous joy, embraces, and tremendous spirits. I expected she¹ would have put on appearance of something, but to do her justice she only displayed a total want of shame and consummate impudence, which, whatever they may be in themselves, are at least better or rather less disgusting than pretending or acting a more interesting part.

I was dragged to the unresisting William, and dismissed with a repetition of embassades and professions. I looked, as I felt, stupified. And this is the guilty, broken-hearted Calanthe who could only expiate her crimes with her death. I mean my visit to be annual.

We went to Drury Lane, Granville, Lord Harrowby and myself. I admired Kean extremely and Mr. Wallack. How magnificent Kean's countenance is! Sometimes he looks like Lord Byron, sometimes like little Lord Johnny, and sometimes like Mr. Luttrell.

To-morrow we go to see 'Love and the Toothache,' and Liston, I trust, a martyr to both. God bless you.

¹ Lady Caroline Lamb.

1817

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Chatsworth : January 13, 1817.

Hart is quite well again. His eye is still bloodshot, but nothing to signify.

I went yesterday morning to Edensor Church. Mr. Smith preached an excellent sermon. He has persuaded Hart to have a stove in the Chapel, which will be a great point gained, as the distance from the Church makes it often, from weather or hours, impracticable to many people here.

Yesterday evening we had no whist, and the evening passed rapidly, a great deal of reading, talking, and some music. The whole difference to me is Hart's no longer having habits of doing nothing, and his library here facilitates everything. The dinners are very good, the rooms well lit, no appearance of *re-tranchement*, and much more consistent appearance in everything than at the time there was extravagance and profusion, with much that was *manqué*.

Mrs. Cavendish¹ is agreeable, clever, and even rigidly good. I imagine her a very religious person, and she appears very fond of Henry.

We go to Tixal Thursday. The Army and Navy, as Rogers always calls Frederick and Bob,² *font mes délices*. I have no more time, dear.

¹ Wife of General Cavendish, Lord George's second son.

² Ponsonby and Spencer

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

February 26, 1817.

Dearest brother,—I write not to lose a good habit, but I have nothing worth telling you.

I saw Lady Harrowby yesterday, but as I found Lord Ebrington chirping to her, I staid but a moment. She is going to Claremont the week after next. I hope she will be able to inoculate the presumptive with some good sense, and she will not shrink from so sprack an adviser.

I read some more of the letters yesterday evening and came to dear G.'s birth. Also to Mr. Faulkner's advertisement for the beautiful English terrier, especially the reward: 'To be thanked by the Duke in as few words as possible, and to receive any sum of money he may think fit to ask for.'

It makes me laugh to think of sweet Lieven's surprise when she hears of your pilgrimage with *mon Grand Duc*. If it was possible, she would go as far the other way.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

London: March 25, 1817.

I received your letter from St. Omer the day before yesterday, and I have just been reading one from Maubeuge at G.'s. Both the viscounts¹ were present, and *les deux Jeans*² were pleased. If you can please both laughing and crying philosophers you are safe. My blessing to the Grand Duke for behaving as he ought, and I wish you joy of the perfect answering of your expedition³ as far as it has gone. I admire you at the Review, and envy you Poitier. I envy you also the variety of people you will get acquainted with. Narish-

¹ Lords Granville and Morpeth.

² 'Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit.'

³ The Duke of Devonshire made a journey to Russia, where he formed a friendship with the Czarewitch.

kin is the hero of foreigners, and was very much liked by the English who knew him. Woronzow is more highly thought of than almost anybody.

I went last night with G. to Lady Abercorn's. The Regent was there, with Lady Stafford in yellow velvet, and Lady Elizabeth Palk in fits of respectful laughter as his supporters. Madame de Lieven with the ends of her mouth drawn down; something had discomposed her. I do not believe they have as yet got the Emperor's permission to go to Paris. Lady Morpeth was received with acclamation on her first appearance. She is going to-night with me to the Duchess of Cumberland. It is said that the Princess Charlotte is certainly with child.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Dover: May 12, 1817.

As the wind is against us to-day, we are not to sail¹ till four o'clock to-morrow morning. The ecstasies of Mlle. Eward and Susan quite repay me for any regrets I may have indulged in upon this expedition. They have seen every inch of Dover, and Susy writes a journal, which is quite perfect, out of her own little shrewd head. Even Georgy is more *gentille* and amiable than you can conceive. The brown room, the visits from Mr. Simpson, describing his taking you over many years ago, and the interviews with our Captain are the least exhilarating moments we have passed.

Granville is uncommonly well. God bless you, my dear, dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Amiens: May 15, 1817.

Dearest G.,—Our journey has been very pleasant and prosperous. We slept at Montreuil last night,

¹ Lord and Lady Granville started with their children on a foreign tour, first to Paris and then Switzerland and Northern Italy.

in tolerably good rooms. To-night we are lodged magnificently, a *salon* and bedroom like those at Paris.

We found Lady Oxford and daughters living in a lodging at Calais, which seems to have become a sort of purgatory for half-condemned souls.

I have been walking about, looking at the Cathedral here, which is, I think, the finest I ever saw.

This would not seem to me worth sending, if it was not that I think you would like to hear that we are well—neither gout, toothache, or colick.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Chantilly : May 16, 1817.

We are within five-and-twenty miles of Paris, dearest sister, where we shall go after seeing the Palace here, which the Duc de Bourbon is repairing, and, if we are to believe the lady of the inn, making superb. The family will do better if they will take that line. The journey has reconciled Granville to the idea of Switzerland. He had no idea of children being no incumbrance. They are neither troublesome, sick, or dainty, and have never made him wait a minute, the exact reverse of what he expected. What an encouragement for the mother of countless babes ! The road we have travelled you know, but though it is in itself ugly, the beauty of the weather and the quantities of trees in blossom made it look gay and almost pretty. I saw some lilacs in full bloom yesterday, and thought of you on the terrace of Chiswick, where I trust you are at this moment.

Paris, Wednesday.—Here we are, lodged in the most delightful manner, the prettiest *salons* for ourselves and children, with a large garden in an hotel at the end of the Boulevards nearest the Tuileries, as quiet as Chiswick, and making one feel a wish never to stir beyond it into the rattle, strife, and *tourbillon* of Paris.

Charles Ellis was here yesterday, and we dine with

him to-day. Eliza¹ has been very ill again, but I hope not alarmingly so. The boys are very handsome men, the second like his mother. Lord and Lady Morley came to us last night. She tells me there is no society amongst the French. English drums, of which Jack Thompson and her nieces form the chief ornament; scarcely any difference of dress between French and English women, and that a cheap bonnet or two will set me up, for that it is not the season for *grande parure*. She was at the Opera last night, dull and empty, and she felt quite ashamed of being *en cheveux* and smart. Miss Mitchell's² trousseau is the lion of the day, and Madame d'Osmond having chucked the Prince under the chin the great scandal. Poor Madame de Staël is in the most terrible state. Paralytic, dropsical, and dying, she sees people and talks of it, which must be very painful. The Duchesse de Broglie is always with her, and very unhappy. Madame de Souza is discreet, and pretends to know nothing of her son's marriage. Poitier would be more amusing than Lady Hervey to-night, but I hope to see him soon. God bless you, my own G.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: May 1817.

I could not write yesterday, my dearest sister. My darling Susan has been very unwell with a smart attack of fever, but Charles Ellis's Doctor Streeter is a treasure and has almost cured her.

I have seen Mr. Nugent, who is very much reduced but well. He says Paris was never so much deserted by the French; but Puységur, that essence of France, was here yesterday, gay and very gracious and very young. He is ultra beyond measure. Lord Morley

¹ Daughter of Lady Hervey, wife of Mr. Ellis and mother of Lord Howard de Walden.

² Married to Monsieur de Nadaillac.

has been dining with Monsieur Decazes.¹ He says he is the image of Mr. Becket, with very English manners. His sister, Mme. Princeteau, does the honours of the house, and those who like to laugh at the King say he is desperately in love with her. She goes by the name of *la coquette bourgeoise* or *la coquette royale*. She has neither beauty nor manner. Sir Charles Stuart is all graciousness. He was here yesterday and very entertaining, *le moins mari que possible*, afficheing the worst company and lowest connections, but I understand has *des égards* for Lady Elizabeth, with which she is perfectly satisfied. He lent us his box at the Opera, and as Susy was much better I went to see the ballet. Sir Charles and Lord F. Somerset were with us. It was the 'Carnaval de Venise,' very gay and pretty. Bigottini acts better than she dances. I do not think her very handsome; her petticoats are about five inches long. I have as yet distracted myself with no shops and only one visit to Lady Morley. My little Susan is going on as well as possible, and she is an angel of goodness and patience. Mlle. Eward's² *dévouement* to her is unwearied, and with such kindness and judgment that I think more highly of her than ever.

Monday.—My little Susan continues very unwell, but I am assured I need not make myself the least uneasy about her. Doctor Streeter is really the only person I like much to see, and he has just been telling me, in his broad Scotch, that she will be well presently.

I have seen no French people. I scarcely go out in the morning. Saturday I saw Mlle. Mars act delightfully in 'L'Heureuse Erreur,' a *petite pièce*.

¹ A distinguished French statesman. He was on very friendly terms with Louis XVIII., but was opposed to the ultra-Royalists, who falsely imputed to him a complicity with the murder of the Duc de Berri, and he was then sent by the King Ambassador to London, but was recalled a year after. He adhered to Louis Philippe, and from 1834 to 1848 was Grand Référendaire. He died in 1860.

² Her governess.

Lady Morley dined yesterday with Mme. de Staël. She met there Mme. Récamier in great beauty and Mme. de Broglie.¹

God bless you. A letter from you will be *le bonheur suprême*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: May 1817.

My Susy is recovering rapidly, but how much less easy it is to practise than to preach! I am still in a state of agitation I shall not attempt to describe, and the idea that she has not had calomel enough, and that a black rim under her eye is not languor, but fulness, works me day and night, quite as much as the fear of too much did you. I have a doctor who abhors physic. He laughs at me, and, having had Lady Morley here preaching calomel, I told him of it, and he only said, 'I wish you would talk to the ladies of Madame Mars and Monsieur Fleury.' Lady Morley is a great comfort to me. She came last night looking beautiful, in a white hat and feathers, with a Marie Stuart ruff.

Granville dined yesterday with Monsieur Decazes, near St. Cloud. He found there a number of the Députés. He says they were very unlike Frenchmen, and that it put him in mind of a dinner at Brompton:² great discussion, no talk of dress or women, though Madame Princeteau did the honours. He says these un-ultra men have neither the *petit maître* or grand polished manner of *vieille cour* Frenchmen. Puységur, who called here yesterday, with eyebrows and hair as black as jet, passes his life in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français, abhors Decazes, and mourns over the *décadence* of Frenchmen and *galanterie*. 'Aussi les

¹ The daughter of Madame de Staël.

² Mr. Canning's residence.

pauvres femmes sont d'un ennui ! La galanterie n'existe plus. Les maris jouissent d'une sécurité. Il faut aller en Angleterre pour chercher un séducteur ! Mais voyez donc ce Standish, formé par M. Montagu, il a une affaire Proctor. A présent il doit se croire homme parfait, il est au pinnacle !'

Granville went to a ball five nights ago. It was very splendid, like an English one in dress and dancing. The two brides, Mlle. de Gontaut, who was married the day before, and Mlle de Rohan, were doing the honours.

When Mlle. de Gontaut was proposed as a wife to Monsieur de Chabot, brother to the Duc de Rohan, he said, 'Fort bien,' and when he was asked which he would rather it should be, herself or her sister : 'Oh, cela m'est absolument égal.'

Madame de Staël continues, I fear, in a dying state, but she gives dinners, and is as *agissante* as ever. She received me one morning last week very kindly. She sits in an arm-chair with the Duchesse de Broglie, very thin and pretty, Benjamin Constant, and a Miss ——. This Miss —, whom Doctor Streeter with reason calls 'a most peculiar crater,' lives always with her, an immense, fierce-looking girl, with a head of straight black hair, all standing on end. Madame de Staël was very eloquent and touching on illness and death, very absurd on *amitié* and Miss ——. 'Voici un trait frappant du pouvoir de l'amitié.' Miss — 'me porte d'une chambre à l'autre avec la même facilité qu'on porterait un enfant.' This trait analysed is that Miss is like a grenadier in petticoats, and poor Madame de Staël can hardly weigh an ounce. This Miss — narrowly escaped being hanged for forgery. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and forged two bills to the amount of 500*l.* each. How she got acquainted with Madame de Staël I do not know. Lady Morley knew her, and was distressed what

countenance to make, but as Miss was not, she got over it. Do not mention this.

Lady Elizabeth Stuart called here to-day. I think her manners very pleasing, and she looks sensible. Mr. Nugent was here. He urges me to begin being a little dissipated. I suppose I must. Susy is quite delightfully.

Eleven o'clock.—Madame de Broglie has just paid me an evening visit. She is grown excessively pretty, very clever, more of her mother's manner than she had. She is rather grand, but I can conceive her being excessively admired. I have just heard a droll speech of Talleyrand. He says: 'Le Roi se sert de sa charte comme de son parapluie: il ne l'étale que quand il fait mauvais temps, il le garde sous son bras quand il fait beau.'

Madame de Souza came to-day, and interested me about her son and Miss Mercer. Good-night, my own sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

The dinner at Mr. Abercromby's¹ must have been very pleasant, and I am sure of what you say, that a little dissipation to those who do not make it a trade is a good thing. I am all the better for having been to see 'Joconde' and 'Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village' last night. It is really beautiful, so gay, and Martin and Mme. Boulanger delightful. Puységur and Mr. Nugent came to us. The former acts to the life the part of the *ci-devant jeune homme*. He talks of nothing but beauty and intrigue, dresses like an *incroyable*, and is very proud of having had an *affaire* with Mlle. Goslin, a *figurante*, though she jilted him for the

¹ Third son of the celebrated Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was elected in 1835 Speaker of the House of Commons, in opposition to Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards first Viscount Canterbury. In 1839 he resigned and was created Lord Dunfermline.

first singer at the Opera. Mr. Nugent is in tolerable health, and as good-humoured and friendly as ever, and entertaining chiefly from the repetition of some very good jokes of Mr. Luttrell, which come to him by every post.

I called on Queen Beau¹ to-day. She is grown immense and ugly, curls her nose, and *grasseyes* more than ever. Mr. B. looks like a man of sixty. Peggy Hunloke rushed panting into the room yesterday—‘But many are the difficulties of four unprotected females.’ Four strapping ones, however: herself, Charlotte, Lady Hunloke, and Miss Sydney.

Granville drank Russian tea last night with Mme. Bagration and a *dame d’honneur*. She talked to him of Sir Charles Stuart’s unpopularity, of the Emperor’s admiration of Lady Jersey and Mrs. Littleton. Lord William Russell, with his demure look, is a gay deceiver. Emily Rumbold was taken from a ball the other night in despair upon the news being announced,² and there is a French married woman in equal sorrow.

Dearest G., I have said little of the anxiety I have gone through, but I must expatiate upon my happiness. I have been taking Susan round the garden. She is quite as much reduced as your Willy, as thin, but, like him, a good colour, and I never saw her look so pretty.

We had a little neat Duc de Rohan at Mr. Ellis’s last night warbling about *ruisseaux et les premières amours*. Horror of Mr. Montagu and Monsieur de Flahault and a very reasonable share of self-approbation seem his leading characteristics.

Remember to say everything that is kind from me to Caroline. Where will she be when I die of joy driving into London the beginning of September?

¹ Mrs. Beauclerk, the wife of a son of Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson’s friend.

² Of his engagement to Miss Rawdon.

Wednesday night.—I have been dining at Pozzo di Borgo's, between Sir Charles Stuart and Monsieur Decazes. The latter is as handsome as a very *commun* look admits of, fine-looking eyes, a rapidity of utterance that defies comprehension. His manner is brusque and short, and I got on but little with him. The Duc de Richelieu¹ is a fine, courteous-looking *seigneur*, with a grey frizzled head and eagle eyes. Ladies Hervey, Mansfield, Morley, E. Stewart, and Dalrymple Hamilton were there. Sir Charles talked of nothing, could think of nothing but the Farinis and Anatoles at the Opera House. Fernan Nunez looks low. His Spanish Duchess bullies him, and he regrets England, Mme. de Lieven and the Downshires, etc. Good night, dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

Friday.—I was very dissipated last night at the Théâtre Français to see Mlle. Mars in 'Tartuffe' and 'Les Fausses Confidences' and then to a ball at Mme. de Biron's. I think Frenchwomen are grown uglier and less than ever. I suppose the descent of the heads is against them. They wear little Mrs. Bunting-looking turbans and small round gauze-looking hats and feathers. The *élégantes* in little round heads with flowers upon their noses.

Lord Ebrington may well look *rayonnant*, for if ever there was a perfect person in this world it is Susan. Lady Harrowby's long letter puts me at ease on every point. I do not think Susan desperately in love, but I am sure she must become quite enough so for happiness, and I think never marriage promised so brightly, they are both so delightful. I think it does Lord and Lady Harrowby so much honour to let money

¹ Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1815 to 1818, and from 1820 to 1822.

and politics never cross minds in the notion of happiness. *Ce n'est pas de ce monde* and deserves a better. Lady Harrowby says you have been so kind, so warm about it that you replaced me to her on the subject. How I wish I was amongst it all! I will write when I have taken breath, but *j'étouffe*.

Lady Harrowby must be in a very agitated state of mind, for to part with such a daughter, however much she has sought the marriage, must leave *une épine dans la rose*. Lady Morley has been here and talking with rapture of it, of Lord Ebrington, and the regularity and strong religious opinions and practices of his family, which will not be the least of Susan's happinesses. Lord Morley says he has no fault but being too young for her, that there ought always to be twenty years difference of age.

Saturday.—Mme. de Coigny called upon me last night and was entertaining. She says Lord Gower is dying for the Princesse Pauline, that she is 'jolie comme une petite princesse de conte de fée: mais elle est bête, mais bête. Elle vous demande si elle est aussi bien coiffée que le jour avant, ou si c'était encore mieux un autre jour. Mais non, ce jour-là il y avait quelque chose de moins bien dans une natte, dans un pli. Oh, mais cela plaît aux jeunes gens, c'est si jeune tout cela.'

I have been to the 'Exposition des Tableaux.' It is the ghost of what it was, but a ghost that has got sixteen Raphaels, some of the best little Flemish pictures, 'Titian's Mistress,' all the Claudes and Poussins.

The Duke of Wellington comes here to-day, and we are going to meet him at Sir Charles Stuart's.

Sunday.—It was a dull little English rout. Rumbolds and Aldboroughs in abundance, one or two hideous Frenchwomen, and one or two stupid loyal subjects to

Louis XVIII. *Le roi* has been painted in all ways at the Louvre, but the *chef-d'œuvre* is a full-length of him *en habit de voyage* at the moment of his quitting the Tuileries at the return of Buonaparte. He looks like puss in boots. The subject is said to have been chosen by himself, but the factious say it is a malice of his ministers. I have been to Mme. de Coigny and out-Heroded Herod, for I screamed *pour me faire entendre*, and am quite hoarse with my exertions. Lady Hunloke called here yesterday. She looks very handsome, and has a Marquis de la Garde very much in love with her, but she dislikes Paris and Frenchmen. We have but a fortnight more to spend here, and I shall be very content to go. I have seen Mlle. Mars in her best parts, and I hope next week to see Mlle. Duchesnois act Phèdre and Poitier 'Le Solliciteur.' I am half ashamed of not liking Paris better; it would give me no pain never to see it again. I am lazy about society and even about amusement, and in every other respect it is in my opinion deplorably inferior to England. The idea of a reunion at Chatsworth or Tixal is too much for my understanding. Madame de Souza is in a great agitation about the Brazils. Monsieur de Flahault has just sent in his *démission de Lieutenant Général*. I met some more Ultras at dinner yesterday at Charles Ellis's. They are very violent and more ill-judged—so much hatred and abuse can never be of use. There is much jealousy and suspicion. I will give you an instance of it. Some Frenchwoman, not in *très bonne odeur*, I forget who, has a beautiful child, and had him painted the other day with a basket of flowers, in which the painter introduced, full only of his tints, the little blue flower called Vergissmeinnicht. An alarm was instantly given that this was a portrait of the little King of Rome, and it was not till a deputation had been sent to examine the child, and pronounce that the picture

exposé was a striking resemblance of him, that any of the loyal could sleep in peace.

Pray, my dearest sister, continue to write. Your letters make me so happy, that I must be *exigeante* about them. If I am not political enough, do ask me some questions.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

Tuesday.—Yesterday was a very busy day, dearest sister.

I went to Court and was very graciously received. The King looks ridiculous in an arm-chair, and the Duchesse de Berri nearly as much so in another. She is ugly, not much bigger than your Harriet, and ungracious in her manner.

I went from Court to a small party at Madame de Chatenay's. A little room with scarcely any furniture but chairs. No English but myself and Lady Mansfield. Mme. de Broglie looking beautiful but making *tirades dans le genre de sa mère*, with a head *pas assez forte* for so much *besogne*. Pozzo di Borgo, Marmont,¹ a black, treacherous-looking man, and about a dozen more people whom I did not know, all screaming at one another. The Brazils² and the denial of permission to Lucien Buonaparte to go to America are the great subjects of discussion. The people in power here seem much annoyed at the official notes concerning these matters having been published. They marvel about everything finding its way into the English newspapers. Sir Charles Stuart is furious at the Duke of Wellington's name being put among the signatures; but the fact is that he seems to be to all intents and purposes am-

¹ The famous Marshal who in 1814 brought about the abdication of the Emperor.

² The Brazilian army had just invaded Uruguay, and taken possession of Montevideo. The province of Pernambuco revolted.

bassador here. Sir Charles must resign himself to play second fiddle.

Wednesday.—We went to see ‘Bagatelle’ after I had written. The day was delicious, and it is a pretty little quinet-looking *château dans le genre du Petit Trianon*—a garden all full of little surprises. Bridges, rocks, turrets, cottages, *souterrains*, and pinnacles every minute. There is a beautiful Marie Louise octagon *salon*, and little, fringed, *or moulu* bedrooms that must have put Lord Sefton to the torture when the Duc de Berri lent it to him, for the beds and heights of the rooms seem as if they had all been taken according to Son Altesse Royale’s measure.

We dined at Madame de Staël’s. She was too ill to see us. Mme. de Broglie, Mme. de Gréfuhe, and Mme. de Girardin did nothing but compliment each other, and die of laughing over their own little jokes and *demi-mots*, so that I felt *fièrement embarrassée*. The men were partly occupied in a discussion whether a large wreath of natural *bluets* on Mme. de Broglie’s head became her or not, and partly with criticisms upon plays and pamphlets I had neither seen nor read, the whole carried on in a scream.

Thursday.—We went last night to Sir Charles Stuart’s christening¹ and ball. Lady Mansfield stood for the Queen, and I never saw anything so ridiculous as her entry with two of her little boys in Highland costumes holding up her train. It was very grand and very dull. The Duchesse de Berri has a very sweet countenance, but she looks terribly insignificant. Mme. d’Aguesseau and Georgine were there, the former very touchy and provoking about my not having yet been to her, and Mrs. Lamb’s having seen so little of them. Georgine *très embellie* with a great deal of

¹ Of Miss Louisa Stuart, who married in 1842 the Marquis of Waterford.

rouge and looking happy. I am to go and see them to-day. The husband was at Versailles.

God bless you, my dear G. This is a very shabby little letter, but I have had my time quite taken up these last three days.

Will you tell Lady Harrowby that I have been to Mme. Hypolite, and that she has nothing to show? She says her husband used to *coiffer* Miss Rawdon and she used to *habiller* her, but that she was quite in the dark about her marriage and trousseau.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

I have been at two great dinners since I wrote, at Lady Mansfield's and Sir Charles Stuart's. The Duke of Wellington is here with one American branch, Mrs. Hervey, but he has neither love nor hatred to display, his wife being at Cambray, and his loves dispersed over the earth, so *il se laisse* admirer as a great hero with very simple, unaffected manners. Lady E. Stuart is very agreeable and amiable, and by dint of rouge and an auburn wig looks only not pretty, but nothing worse. Sir Charles praised her to me with enthusiasm, and, as she does not seem to mind his theatrical career, I am sure I do not know who should. Mme. d'Aguesseau and Georgine have recovered from their touchiness, and were very gracious. The latter is grown very handsome.

I have seen to-day four pictures of Raphael, those which belong to the King of Spain, and seem all the better for having swum about in the Mediterranean—you must have heard of them at the time—to which I could almost have knelt. Our Saviour bearing the Cross, a Holy Family which belonged to Charles I., the famous 'Madonna della Pesce' and Elizabeth's salutation to the Virgin. I cannot describe them, but the first and last are almost divine.

I hear from the Duchess of Beaufort that Susan is the happiest of human beings. She amuses me by telling me that at the French play, where they went, not a man but James Macdonald went near them. The dandies kept aloof the whole night, and well they might, for to marry Lord Ebrington was a sort of satire upon the whole race. What do 'les Wig' say, as they are called here? Do they hope Susan will rat, or fear he will? I am all for the woman going over, upon the same principle that made me take to green tea.

Sunday.—I have been at church and am now come to rest in my pretty garden till four, when I set out for a great dinner at Monsieur Decazes', seven miles from Paris. Imagine me in a chip hat with white and red feathers and a tulle gown, flounced and ruffed, looking dragged and weary, making smiles and civilities to a number of little black starred and ordered Frenchmen.

Ten o'clock.—Now see me dragged and weary, stripped of my finery, in a white bedgown, just returned from St. Cloud. The drive there and back was very pleasant. I went with Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth, as Granville dined at the Duc de Richelieu's. They are both very agreeable, and, though there is no sentimentality between them, they seem the best friends possible, and I believe half his bad behaviour is put on, and that he is *mauvais sujet par air* more than anything else. Mme. Princeteau, Decazes's sister, is a little, gentle, dawdling woman with *une très petite santé*, extremely civil, and doing, as Mr. Hill would say, her little possible to oblige and amuse. Madame la Maréchale Moreau, Pozzo di Borgo's new love, was there in the most *recherchée demie toilette*, talking as if by clockwork without one distinct pause of a second. Lord Mansfield with his sleepy manners; Lady Mansfield a *maîtresse femme*, talking of education and compara-

tive views of the French and English characters; their mathematical daughter, who puzzled the American boy. Lord Morley, she not being asked, which is, she declares, because he *affiche* being *garçon* at Paris as more convenient. The Duke of Wellington with a suite of aide-de-camps, and Mrs. Hervey.¹ I must tell you what amuses me. I have met his great Grace several times, and, with the weakness I have about great people, treated him *du haut de ma grandeur*. I suppose he was pleased with the *rareté du fait*, and to-day Mrs. Patterson² could not have seen him more devoted. He called me to sit by him and was quite *à mes pieds*, which made Fernan Nunez, who has been present at all our meetings, wink his eyes out and exclaim twenty times in a breath: 'Mais voilà ce que c'est que les femmes.' The fact is that I really believe the Duke finds so few women that do not kneel to him, that he must feel a sort of respect for any who do not make up to him. Granville, who has rather suffered at seeing us sit through two dinners *dos-à-dos*, will be rather pleased to hear of my successes, obtained *d'après ma façon*, for an ugly good sort of woman to be attended to by a man into whose good graces beauties force themselves by dint of *bassesse*. Pray forgive my virtuous exultation.

We are full of the paragraph in the 'Morning Chronicle' about Mr. Canning and Mr. Peel. The latter has, we see, put himself into Mr. Perceval's shoes, and I think they will be good wear. He is, I believe, clever, and I know he is prudent, and I am inclined to think that prudence in politics is the one thing needful. He has a sort of plodding, successful look.

The shades of political opinion here are infinite. The Ultras make themselves odious. I believe Puy-

¹ She became in 1828 the wife of the seventh Duke of Leeds.

² She married his brother, Lord Wellesley.

ségur would willingly act the part of Guy Faux. They quote many things against him: that after Ney's execution he went with Monsieur to the play. There was some applause when he entered, upon which Puy. patted him on the back and said, 'Encore deux ou trois petits pendus de plus, et la France est à vos pieds.' When he was one day wishing for good old times, and somebody said he was afraid *les abus* would creep in along with them, he exclaimed in an ecstasy, 'Et c'est surtout les abus.' I am glad my letters amuse you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

Now, my dearest, I shall proceed with my 'Mercure de Paris,' and tell you first that I went last night with Lady E. Stuart to see Poitier act 'Le Solliciteur.' It is quite perfect. He contrives to make every limb and muscle act the part, and the way in which he insinuates himself into the inaccessible presence of a reluctant great man, with his thin body and anxious face, ought not to be attempted to be described. Sir Charles Stuart has no peace till he hears how Georges,¹ as he calls her, is received in London. I have not yet seen Mlle. Duchesnois, the only good tragic actress here.

Thank Mrs. Lamb for writing, and Caroline William. The Duke of Wellington talked a great deal of the latter. I see she amuses him to the greatest degree, especially her accidents, which is the charitable term he gives to all her sorties.

Saturday.—I have been spending to-day with my children at Epinay, a *campagne* at about six miles from Paris, where Mr. Ellis has established himself. It is excessively pretty, clean, and cool. Eliza is much better; she looked very handsome, and is amiable and engaging. The Duc de Rohan was there. His vanity

¹ The celebrated actress admired by Napoleon.

is like a farce. Somebody was complimenting him one day on his having an expressive countenance. He said, 'Oui, mais il faudrait me voir quand je prie.' He sang to us almost as well as he thinks he does, *et c'est tout dire*.

We were surprised by Lord Gower's walking into the room this morning. He looks very well and very gay, and seems glad to return to England. He did not mention the Princesse Borghese, and I had not the face to do so. He says the Duchess, Cardinal Consalvi, and Souza are digging *à qui mieux mieux*, and that they rout up great curiosities, that the Duchess is adored, as she protects all the artists, employs them and pays them magnificently, and that all the way on the road the innkeepers ask, 'Connaissez-vous cette noble dame?'

Lady Jersey is at Lyons and is to arrive at Paris on Monday, to remain a month. She stays at all the towns, dines with the Préfets, and enjoys the tumult. I think I begin to hear her.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: 1817.

My dearest G.,—After waiting anxiously for the courier, he brought me no account of you, and I should not have known a word about you if those dear date-minding, accurate Cavendishes had not sent me word that Lord Morpeth on Friday had given a very good account of you. It is lucky for Mrs. Lamb that I have not time to write and scold her.

I have been dining at Sir Hugh Hamilton's, with the Jerseys, Morleys, Stuarts, Charles Ellis, Pozzo, Ducs de Gramont and Rohan, and Lord F. Somerset. Lady Jersey had been with me some time yesterday morning. She is very kind, cordial, and amiable, looks very handsome, though she is tanned almost purple. Lord Jersey

looks old and careworn, and has evidently been making love to La Princesse Borghese. 'Pauline is Villiers' friend. He says she is clever and delightful, but I do not know her. He was a great deal with her, is very fond of her,' etc. She is a noble, innocent, unsuspecting creature, and I love her quite. Is it like Mrs. Candour to add that she bores and fatigues me? It is true, and to you only. But she gives life to society, and everything is more sprack, and we all are the better for her presence. It says up and be doing, she looks so reviving with her black hair and coral beads. I long to leave Paris, and mean to consider Switzerland as in the way home, which will gild the mountainous pill. Never was there such a Bull as I am, except Lord Hinton,¹ who goes about like a caricature with a coat that sweeps the ground, complaining that he cannot pronounce their crack-teeth names. He complains of the universal cheating, and told Lady Morley that he could put her up to a wrinkle or two. He asked her what she paid for silk stockings, and when she told him so many francs, exclaimed, 'Then you are diddled.' Think of the effect of this slang upon *incroyable* ears!

Mme. de Staël has been much worse for these last few days. Mme. de Souza is in a great fuss, as it is reported here that her son's marriage is put off, that Monsieur de Flahault has written to Lord Keith that he never will force himself into any family. Lord Ebrington has written to Granville with enthusiasm about his happiness and Susan's perfections. I am happy to find that she is to go to Holland House. Lord E. wished it very much, from his affection for Lord Holland and the obligations he says he has to them both.

I wish you joy of Lady E. Campbell's boy.² I hope grandpapa Caw. is amiable.

¹ Son of Lord Powlett.

² Mr. Campbell, who was afterwards Lord Cawdor, married Lord Morpeth's sister. Their son married Lady E. Thynne.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : June 1817.

Yesterday's courier brought me lots of letters, but Anne Cavendish's the only one I cared for, as she talks to me of you. She tells me you are much better, dearest sister, and that you want nothing but some bracing air to set you quite up again. Do not write yourself if it is a worry to you, but make one of your girls send me a bulletin by each opportunity. Harriet, by-the-bye, did write by the last post, but she only says 'Mama is better,' and I want details.

I am afraid, my dear G., that you *écoutez* all your pains and feel too much, which is in itself a disease, and grows upon one like the hair on one's head. I wish you would force both your body and mind into some strong active exercise. Study, dissipation, anything but speculating upon blood and bile. For the last month I have found Latin exercises and great dinners drive away thick-coming fancies, which, since my Susy's illness, have been at my elbow at every gleam of heat, sour bread, or unripe strawberry ; but I have called to my aid every help from God and the world He has placed us in to rescue me from this malady of the mind. I have a right to preach, for many a tough battle have I fought with nervous terrors, and well I know what dominion they might have exercised over me. I believe exertion to be the secret of happiness, but I also know that it is of all others the habit of mind most difficult to acquire. These are of all sorts.

And now let us talk of the indefatigable Silence.¹ She is really wonderful, and how she can stand the life she leads still more so. She sees everybody in her own house, and calls on everybody in theirs. She is all over Paris and at all the *campagnes* within ten miles, in

¹ Lady Jersey was so called by her friends.

all *petites soirées* and great routs, and has already done more than I have since my arrival. We all dined at Saint Mandé yesterday, and went to see the Château de Vincennes by moonlight, two by two, with Lord Morley at our head. The weather was delicious, but Lord Jersey and Lady Hervey fell to my lot. I sat between them at dinner and walked with him in the evening. The bore of Lady Hervey, the languor of poor Lord Jersey, *qui ne sait à quel saint se vouer*, the heat, the order of battle, etc., made me so flat that I am really ashamed to think of it. I laboured in vain to be naïve and to cut little jokes, and came back to my bed in quite a deplorable condition. You should have seen Lord Morley giving us this little rural treat, and when once we were fairly off for the expedition, 'J'ai tant fait que ces gens sont enfin dans la plaine,' he could not contain himself for joy, shouted, congratulated us.

We all set off for Epinay on Monday and for the Duchesse de Raguse on Tuesday. I think these sort of things do so much better when there are a few lovers in the case. I mean when there must be a great deal of pairing off together. Now as things go, poor dear Lord Jersey will probably have to lead me about and sit by my side two whole hot days running, and how he will be able to bear it I do not know. He is shy of talking of Pauline, but not so Lady Jersey. 'Villiers says she is cold to Lord Gower, Villiers says her foot looks as if it had never had a shoe on.'

I wish I had anything to tell you, but I do but little. The oppressive heat has made me give up all dissipation. The theatres are intolerable and the drums almost entirely composed of English with a wretched old ultra or two, such as the Duc de Castries or Monsieur de Mesnard. My history almost every day is to sit in the garden till nine or ten. The nights are heavenly. Of course dinners I do, and I like them better than

anything. They are very short, at six, in cool rooms with open windows and coffee out of doors after them, as every Paris house has a garden.

Saturday evening.—I went this morning to the Louvre, where I met Lord and Lady Jersey. Poor little Villiers is suffering terribly with bad eyes. I have been dining with Sir Charles Stuart, where I met the usual pairs of English, and was very comfortable between Lord Morley and Mr. Nugent. I went from thence with Sir Charles to see ‘Les Deux Précepteurs,’ in which Poitier was excellent, and ‘Les Anglaises pour rire,’ which is too exaggerated to be very entertaining. Sir Charles stays almost always behind the scenes, and winks and nods are going on all the time between him and the actresses. Lady Elizabeth is not more romantic than is to be wished, so that I do not think anybody has a right to object to anything but *le genre* of his infidelities, which I think deplorable. Lady Jersey goes on calling Lord Morley Boringdon,¹ and it entertains me to see the half-affronted, half-simpering consciousness with which he endures this misprision. Lady Hunloke was at the play, looking very handsome. She is just as childish and harmless as ever. ‘Now I say I don’t like the French, now I can’t help it. I always say what I think, Lady Harriet, now they are not well-bred. Now I am sure you laugh at me, but I can’t help it.’ I think Hart is quite as well without her, weighing women and wives.

We had last night a thunderstorm, which burst on a church near here. It was very violent, and the last clap louder than I ever heard. I was alone and not at all comfortable, and my children asleep in their little travelling beds, which are in metal frames. Granville was scandalised when he found me half an hour after it on my bed with my eyes shut, expecting a fresh storm.

¹ He was created Earl Morley in 1815. His first wife, from whom he was divorced, was Lady Jersey’s sister.

I have had a visit from Mr. Agar Ellis. He is a very nice man, gentlemanlike and sensible, and I think will marry your Caroline, as he will probably not object to you as he does to Lady Stafford. Lady Jersey told me she found her way in to Mrs. Hope. I never heard of such misery, her eyes streaming with tears, unable to resist in the slightest degree her grief. I heard of William Pointz from Lady Hervey. She meant to praise him to the highest degree when she said, 'Just the same odd, comical creature as ever.' She told me that he gives little balls, and waltzes himself at them. Is it an exaggerated feeling that makes me look upon this with the greatest disgust? ¹

Do you know Lady Hervey disgusts me too? She is everywhere, and full of dress and gossip, and never scarcely with Eliza, who at best is in a very delicate state of health. I think Charles Ellis is quite insensible to her demerits, and does not seem to mind her intense bore himself, or to feel for others under it.

Good-night. I never mention to myself that there is such a place as England.

Sunday evening.—I am just returned from a dinner at the Château, where Lady Jersey was much disgusted at being cut by the ladies and their knights. *Cela ne vaut pas la peine*, and if there had been a glass near, she might have consoled herself, for she looked like a sunflower amongst double daisies. Lady Elizabeth Stuart, Mme. de Coigny, and I sat about her, less lovely than her English ladies-in-waiting, but as assiduous; and Humboldt ² rather made up to her for her slights, as he is *homme célèbre*, and is a little like Sir James Mackintosh, enough to *faire illusion*.

Monday.—No, I am too happy, and how I shall

¹ Alluding to the loss of two sons, his only ones, who were drowned when boating with him at Bognor only two years before.

² This is Baron Alexandre Humboldt, the German naturalist and philosopher.

behave myself at Epinay, where we are going to pass the day, I do not know. They all tell me you are so well, and your nice long letter.

We are really broiling, but Susan is well. Little Villiers is worse, in a terribly nervous state, and his eyes very bad. I love Lord Jersey about him. He shows so much feeling. God bless you, my dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: 1817.

Dearest sister,—I have been dining at Mr. Ellis', where I met Lady Aldborough, who is *la femme la plus respectable* here, asked and admired beyond anybody; Miss Rodney, a very pretty girl, but with rather too much rouge and *naïveté*; Sir Hugh and Lady Hamilton and Humboldt. I was obliged to get up from dinner to go to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who receives at eight. She was very gracious, and is much gayer than she used to be.

Lord and Lady Morley have been here since. He is as rich as economy can make him, and the reports about Saltram are without foundation. They have taken another house at St. Mandé, chiefly, I believe, because French and English think it the height of absurdity to do so. It is cheap, inconvenient, and unaccountable, *trois choses assez de son goût*. The Lansdownes arrived here to-day, and go at four to-morrow. Mrs. Hope is here, half-distracted by the loss of her boy. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. They say he was killed by seven Italian physicians. There is death in the very sound. To-day's post brought me a very entertaining letter from Mme. de Lieven. She tells me 'Les Anglaises pour rire' has been acted with great success. 'On retrouve dans cette pièce des rapprochements frappants avec Cleveland House.'¹

¹ Then the residence of Lord and Lady Stafford. It is on the same site as the present Bridgewater House.

Cela a beaucoup amusé les connaisseurs.' I wonder how my relations liked it.

Wednesday.—Yesterday we set out at two o'clock to go to the Duchesse de Raguse. It is a beautiful little *campagne*, quite à l'Anglaise. We found there the Morleys, Aldborough, Mme. Augereau, now Duchesse de Castiglione, a Russian woman, and many men I did not know, the Duc de Gramont and Mr. John King.

The Duchesse de Raguse, divorced à l'aimable from her husband Marmont, is daughter to Perregaux, the banker, who left her all his property. She is a little, round, good-natured woman, in looks something between the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Liston, with a good character. She is a violent Buonapartiste, and fed all his troops at her gate when last they were at Fontainebleau. She thinks now of nothing but her place. She has the most beautiful farm, a dairy, and *basse cour* kept by two Swiss people in the full costume of their country. Madame Augereau, a very young widow, going to be married to Monsieur de St. Aldegonde, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, whom you may have seen dancing quadrilles in London, is almost the prettiest woman I ever saw, with immense black eyes and black hair, and the most beautiful expression in her mouth and smile, a countenance exactly like your Georgiana's, and a figure with a particular grace I never saw in anybody but Mme. Zamoyska.¹ Her manner is as delightful. She is very naïve, without the least appearance of folly or affectation, and she is the kindest and most amiable person. The Kensington family lodge in her hotel, and when Lady K. was ill she made herself quite a slave to her. She is so gay that whenever the children have their dancing-master she comes and dances with them, and yet so very gentle and shy that it makes her look grave in society. To

¹ A beautiful Pole.

complete all this, she is very entertaining. Lady Morley and I are enchanted, but our husbands! As she says, 'If we do not look after these boys, there is no knowing what they may do.' Lady Aldborough was as coarse in her conversation as usual, and more ill-tempered. She evidently had a corn, which is not pleasant in a long romantic walk, and she limped up hill in a tight-laced boot and an ill-humour not to be described. The Duc de Gramont¹ is the only one of his family not very ultra. He keeps his politics at dinner pitch, so that there is no society in which one has not the advantage of meeting him. I have been to-day seeing all the goods in Paris in my room, buying things for Susan Ryder. I am in an agony lest I should have chosen ill or ruined Lord Harrowby. God bless you, own dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

On Monday we had another violent storm, from three to six, which prevented our going to Epinay. I went in the evening to Mme. de Châtaigneraie's. It was formal and very hot. Yesterday was the day of our dinner at Mme. de Raguse's. The fifteen miles drive there was broiling, but once arrived it was delicious, as there is a great deal of shade-rooms kept as cool as cellars. In the evening from seven till ten we walked and sat out of doors, and came back to Paris in open carriages by moonlight. Lord Jersey is so gay, so like a bird who sees his cage door open, that we got on famously together. He looked radiant and beautiful, and I felt deep compassion for those 'lured by smiling eyes.' You would laugh to see us. 'Come, Lady Granville,' and off we go together, as playful and happy as possible. Sir Charles was wretched, *voué* to the little fat Duchess, and Lady Elizabeth after him to

¹ Father of Lady Ossulston.

prompt civilities, which he performs like a pug-dog just going to snap. Lord and Lady Morley, 'economy's my plan' never being lost sight of, toiled there in a heavy chaise and pair, but he is not happy when he cannot be master of the ceremonies.

We leave Paris this day week, and do you know we shall be in England in about ten weeks? Is there any chance of your staying late enough at the sea to be in town on your way to the North, when we are there about the 10th of September? My little girls are both well, and we mean to travel so slowly and cautiously that I do hope it will not heat them. Our plan is to go straight to Geneva, which will take us seven days, to leave them there, whilst we go to Chamouni; to go from Geneva to Lausanne, when we shall again leave them to stay there a week and the rest of the time at Neufchatel, whilst we make a tour of three weeks or a month to Milan and the Italian lakes. We shall then meet them at Basle, do the Rhine, stay two or three days at Brussels, and home.

Wednesday.—My day has been very like yesterday. My varieties were Mme. de Coigny with a sick headache, a thunderstorm all dinner-time, and Mr. Agar Ellis, whom I invited, carried there, and gallanted about. A sensible, very young man, with a careworn, expressive Spencer face,¹ hating Lady Stafford *con amore* and admiring Elizabeth *de même*. Lord Jersey goes to England to-morrow. Villiers is better.

Thursday.—This is a day to which all the others have been cool. I shall stay at home all the morning, and this evening we are going a large party to the Tivoli Gardens.

I went to Mme. Moreau the other day. She is not agreeable, but is very good and sensible. She knows

¹ He was the son of Lord Clifden, who married Lady Caroline Spencer, a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough.

Madame de Lieven thoroughly, and puzzled me by asking me how it was possible that *une si grande amitié* could exist between two persons so different as Mme. de L. and myself, between whom there was not one common interest, one sympathy of opinions, whose principles and opinions, she was certain, differed as wide as day and night on every essential point. I talked of my *reconnaissance* for her affection, and admiration of her understanding. ‘Eh bien, Miladi, nous dirons donc que, Mme. de Lieven étant aimable, vous êtes obligée de l’aimer. Si elle ne l’était pas, vous y étiez condamnée.’ The Maréchale has certainly hit the right nail on the head.

Do you know, I think we ought to establish it as a strong principle in our children’s minds never to form intimacies where essential points of feeling and conduct are not clearly established. I know none that would guard them more from harm and misery.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : June 1817.

At two o’clock yesterday morning Lady Jersey called for me, and we never stopped to take breath till eleven o’clock at night, when she set me down here more dead than alive, she going to end her day with the Hollands.

We began by a bonbon shop, where she spent much time and money. Then to a china shop, ditto. Then to St. Mandé, where we found the Morleys in great spirits about Henry, and giving an account of him that does incline me to feel sanguine. Our next move was to the Cadran Bleu, where we found Granville and Lord Jersey waiting for us, and where we had an excellent dinner, which being swallowed, we ran across to the Théâtre de la Gaîté, saw ‘Le Bouquet des Poissardes,’ a gay sort of *melodrame*, and then got in time for the

ballet at the Opera, and Lady Granville said, 'Can this be I?'

I think Lord Jersey perfection in his temper; he makes no secret of his dislike of the life they lead. He undergoes a degree of *ennui* that is quite painful to think of. Their departure is delayed from day to day in spite of his entreaties and undisguised vexation at it, and yet he never betrays one feeling of impatience or ill-humour.

We all dine to-day at Roberts', with a few hints from Lady Holland as to fresh-water fish, etc.

I have been interrupted by visits from Mrs. Rawdon, Lady William Russell, Puységur, and the Duc de Rohan. The two former do nothing but sigh. This sounds brutal, but the fact is there is a great deal of affectation and selfishness in the sort of display of grief they never cease detailing to one. Lady William's turns chiefly upon the dulness of Cambrai.

The soirées at Lady Holland's are very agreeable. Do you see them? Mr. Allen¹ getting furious behind his spectacles about members not being elected till they are forty, and turning to Granville and Lord Holland, 'A man to be sent into this Assembly at the moment he becomes incapable of belonging to it,' and Lady Holland saying, 'Come, come, Mr. Allen, for the sake of a coarse epigram making the most brutal remark.'

Sunday.—It is the day the 'Fête du Roi' is to be kept, and it is very fine and propitious. We dined yesterday at Roberts'. The Hollands, Jerseys, Madame de Coigny, Lord Morley—she never leaves the boy a moment—Charles Ellis, and a little, dark, old-looking Mr. Lambton. Lord Holland was adorable. When Lady Holland, in the middle of dinner, got up, and only

¹ Dr. Allen, a highly cultivated gentleman, was devoted to Lord and Lady Holland, with whom he resided for a great number of years. He survived Lord Holland, but continued to live with Lady Holland until his death in 1843.

beckoned Mr. Allen away to go to the Théâtre Français, he absolutely shouted for joy. He says now he has dined at Roberts' he shall certainly stay a long time at Paris, and when she got up to go, he exclaimed in an absolute ecstasy, 'My aunt Ibbby¹ shall dine here as sure as her name is Ibbby.' There is something so very delightful in the artless, almost childish simplicity of his character, when united to an understanding and mind like his.

The Jerseys go to-morrow. If I was handsome, and he not frivolous, we should certainly have a little affair together. 'La sympathie, doux lien des âmes,' would unite us, but as it is we flag amazingly when left to ourselves. He has a mind composed of *ennui* and jokes, to me the most wearying of all compositions. They both like me as much as they can the person in the whole world who suits them least, and I am sure we feel at moments equal remorse at finding our affections towards each other so cold and dead in the midst of so many efforts and acts of kindness. I would risk my life for them rather than spend a week with them; but this is only to you, and is compatible with regard, and even affection for her. She adores Lady —, thinks her the most captivating, the cleverest of human beings, and, as her warm and generous heart in talking of her friends always takes the bull by the horns, the best wife.

She has been with me, and I can truly say that I love her, she is so kind, affectionate, and so good.

Good-night, my dearest love.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: June 1817.

To-night our pleasures have been rather flat; a party of about nine people at Lady Elizabeth Stuart's, the Tivoli Gardens in a storm, with the fireworks all

¹ His cousin, Miss Vernon.

blown different ways, and my escort, Lord Jersey, more bored with me than ever. He has put off his journey till to-morrow, and, having screwed up his courage to a given number of amusements, he found this little extra *fête* quite too much for him. Silence, leaning on Sir Charles' arm and shoulder, kept up her spirits and our own, and I really believe if it had not been for her we should have all fainted away.

I am glad I like Mr. Agar Ellis, as we shall have a great deal of him; he is going the same tour we are at the same time. He gains upon being known, and is very agreeable.

I have been made happy by the post to-day, with a long letter from you. I delight in Charles'¹ fidelity. Give him a kiss, and a promise of future toys to make it steady.

The Morleys have quite disappeared from the world, and I envy them at St. Mandé, out of everybody's reach. As I wrote 'reach,' in rushed Lady Jersey and Lady Hamilton. They have been, however, very agreeable, and poor Lady Jersey is a case of compassion, for she finds it difficult to fill her days, as nobody has the courage to toil with her, in this heat, in the pursuit of pleasure, and she is obliged to make up her time in visits. She wanted me to go with her to the Salon and to the Théâtre Français to-morrow, but I am going to lay my weary limbs at Epinay, where we are to take the children to take leave of Eliza.

Saturday.—I am just come from a drum at Sir Charles Stuart's. Lady Jersey was there with a violent pain in her head and face, having taken laudanum. Anyone else would have been in bed. We carry Mme. de Coigny in turns in our carriages. I talked a great deal to Charles Gordon, a slow, reluctant, smiling brother of Lord Aberdeen, who on his road here, near

¹ Lady Georgiana Morpeth's son, three years old.

Nancy, had a musket presented at his chaise window, but it was in the dark, and my fears are scouted. I have made acquaintance with Lady Kenmare, who is one of the prettiest, most pleasing people I ever saw.

Miss Berry is at Genoa. She has had a violent quarrel with William Hill. She complained of his rudeness, and upon it being reported to him, he said, 'Lord bless the woman, what would she have? I am sure I'm very ready to have her to dinner.' Upon hearing this, she stormed. 'Mr. William Hill have me to dinner, ready to have me!' The Genoese States rung with her larum. It is said here that Mr. John Gréfuhe is to marry Emily Rumbold. He is immensely rich, good-looking and gentlemanlike, and quite English in his manner and language. I hope he will, for she is a good girl, I believe, and she has tried all Europe in vain for a husband. God bless you.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Liège :¹ August 10, 1817.

We parted from the Morpeths yesterday morning at Brussels, dearest brother, and went to Antwerp. It is a very fine town. We drove all over it and went to the wet docks, a magnificent work of Buonaparte's and climbed to the top of the cathedral, whence we saw all the world, I believe. On our way to Louvain we saw Lady Harrowby, very smart and shopping in the Grande Place of Mechlin. Lord Harrowby and Susan were on the top of the church steeple.

To-night we have been walking on the banks of the Maas, upon which this town stands. It was like a pretty Flemish picture which you have somewhere.

The Grevilles write word that Spa is very dull.

¹ Lord and Lady Granville were there on their way back to Paris.

They have taken a house at Brussels for a year, where they can educate their young absolutely for nothing. The expensive masters take half-a-crown.

We dined at Lord Lynedoch's¹ on Monday. I sat by the young Prince of Orange, who seems very happy and charmed with Miss Capel, and indeed all the English, to whom he is excessively gracious.

We went to the play after dinner.

The slow travelling and the indefatigable beggars would drive you wild. 'Votre charité, Madame,' or 'I say, you give me one sous,' to adapt themselves to the meanest capacity.

We have only twenty-five miles to go to-morrow, but that is six hours with six horses.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: August 25, 1817.

Here we are, my dearest G., children and all. We found them last night as well as possible in very delightful rooms at the top of the Hôtel de Paris. The Hollands in those we had at the bottom. I have just been with her and found her enthroned in the corner of a green and gold room, looking very well, a little discomfited with the mistress of the inn, who will not let her own cook even look into the kitchen. Lord Holland, an angel, has been with us since, but was sent for just as he had got quite comfortable, owning himself delighted to warm himself over a fire on the coldest, dampest day I ever felt, the rain pouring without ceasing.

Now let me tell you that I have had the happiness of receiving four long letters from you, two at Mann-

¹ The celebrated commander in the Peninsular war, who as General Graham achieved the memorable victory of Barossa. He was created Lord Lynedoch in 1814.

heim and two here. A thousand thanks for all your entertaining news.

Lady Jersey is here, worn to the bone. She begins the day with a dancing-master at nine o'clock and never rests till night.

We hope to be in town, my own G., about the 10th. I rather dread the gaieties of London. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: August 1817.

I must begin this evening, as I dread becoming lazy in the bustle of Paris life and in the delightful hope of seeing you so soon. Lord Morley arrived here just after I had written. I never saw stronger traces of suffering in any countenance. He talked like a person endeavouring to persuade himself of what he dared not believe could be true. Everybody seems to think ill of poor little Henry,¹ and I do not know how Lord Morley will bear it. I hear she never leaves Henry for a moment.

I saw also Mr. Vernon and Lady Elizabeth. She is skin and bone and her cheeks like parchment. He goes to England for six weeks to-morrow and returns to fetch her before the winter. The Hollands mean to be here till the middle of October, and his account of her is—'My lady is terrified in a carriage and will only go a few miles a day. She cannot stop at a bad inn, she cannot eat a bad dinner, and she is very fond of travelling.'

Wednesday.—I lead a very pleasant life, but my impatience to be in England redoubles in spite of it. I have been twice to the play. We have all been to see Talma and Mlle. Duchesnois act in 'Andromaque.' I do not like him much, but I am delighted with her. Her acting is magnificent.

Lady Holland dined the other day with the Stuarts,

¹ He died on November 1. Lady Morley was his stepmother.

and was very much pleased with Lady Elizabeth, but there was a very great man there who chose not to acknowledge her or Lord Holland. This has caused much discussion. The great man says they would not bow to him, and the welkin rings with the different versions of the story.

Monsieur de Lafayette, Denon, Mme. de Coigny, the Jerseys, Russells, Lord Auckland, some black-headed *ultra-libéraux* make the soirées here look exactly like Holland House.

Lady William Russell is very pretty, very pleasing ; Lord William looks quiet and pleased, but a little small between his accomplished bride and *exigeante* mother-in-law, who talks all the time as if Lady William was dead. 'From the time I lost my poor Bessy.' It is clear Lord William will not love Mrs. Rawdon.

We shall set out on Thursday, the 4th. *Au bonheur de vous revoir*, to talk over many things that interest me.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Trentham : September 1817.

I long to hear of you from Compton Place. Do you remember a description in 'Marmion' of 'a life both dull and dignified?' I hope you will stay there as long as you can. It is good for your health, will repay them for the kindness they really have invariably shown to us all, and for the rest, I will only hope you will be able to say, as Madame de Sévigné does, when she is living with some tiresome people, 'Dieu me fait la grâce de ne pas les écouter.'

I enjoy being here to the greatest degree. Lady Stafford is as agreeable and entertaining as it is possible to be, without caprice or *humeur*. She professes great kindness to me, but would hear of my death to-morrow with the most perfect composure. When I do not care for a person, I prefer this, as it frees me from all

scruple and remorse in not returning very warm feelings for very warm words. The only thing she seems to love with enthusiasm is Lady Elizabeth, who is insupportable, with quite beauty and cleverness enough to make a dozen pretty agreeable people; but her *persiflage* and pertness delight Lady Stafford, and entirely subdue poor Lady Charlotte, whom I found doing problems in Euclid instead of flirting with Lord Ilchester.

Do you correspond with the Duchess,¹ and have you carefully avoided pressing her to be much with you, or giving her any hold of that kind upon you? My fears are on your part the difficulty of ever saying to her 'No, you shall not,' and the conviction that short of that she will encounter anything. 'How I long for five months' quiet at dear Chatsworth!' is a speech in character for her, and difficult to be answered by anything but harshness, which does not belong to your nature.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Lilleshall: September 1817.

I am delighted with this place and could pass months here with the greatest delight. The house is an enlarged farm with substantial airy rooms, large beds, and a commanding view, to talk like a tourist, of a very rich and fine country. Lord Stafford's *maître d'hôtel nous comble de ses bienfaits* and makes us live upon venison, game, and the produce of all the Trentham hot-houses. Granville is, like any steward, all day at business and accounts, till I wish there was no such thing as coal or a sixpence in the world, and to-day he is gone out to shoot, which I bear with still less resignation. However, 'Hermione y sera,' in a chariot and pair. I am going to set out for Lilleshall Hill to superintend the sport. You cannot think how strong and *degni di te* in these matters I am grown. Yesterday I got

¹ Of Devonshire.

up soon after eight, went to church, walked home, set out again at three, drove about ten miles in the curricule, walking occasionally through the most beautiful lanes, woods, and ruin of an abbey. You must fancy the ruin seen in all the glow of this delicious hot weather, with quantities of ivy shading all the arches and the Wrekin for a background. God bless you, my dearest G.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Badminton : September 22, 1817.

I have this moment sent back to G. the last of your delightful letters, with an account of Moscow. I cannot say enough of the pleasure they have given me, with only one drawback. I find in them that you wished and expected me to write to you whilst I was abroad, whilst in the simplicity of my heart and all the lazy calm of a good conscience I had believed, what you certainly did tell me, that occasionally hearing of my being alive through G. was all you wished to have to do with me during your travels. I will not now make you wish I had sinned on, but will tell you, not of my lakes and mountains—they look so small by yours—but of your friends in different parts of the world.

To begin with G., looking better and gayer than I have seen her for ages, in great beauty, very plump, very smart—Mrs. Lines has an eye to *tournure*—and intent upon panoramas and plays. We found ourselves, I do not know by what process, in your large box at Covent Garden. Silence was with us. She is a dear woman, and Italian and Parisian adulation leave her as free from vanity and pretension as they found her. As Lady Cowper had left London I did not see her. Madame de Lieven is going to Paris till the first of November. The Hollands and Morleys are there. I saw something there of the William Russells. The mother is intolerable, too great a fool.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lilleshall : October 3, 1817.

We are here, much elated at our good iron prospects. Trade is flourishing, and we expect to be very rich soon.

We shall be at Tixal to-morrow, and Lady Harrowby and Lord Gower are coming to us. Mary¹ and Harriet² are now *des personnages* and dine late. Mary is improved, has a *distingué*-looking figure and fine teeth. Susan's letters from Castle Hill are full of delight and happiness. She doats upon Lady Fortescue, and I hear they are all charmed with her. She does nothing but lead off balls and go out hunting. She is with child, and so is Lady Surrey, who is as happy in a different way, working embroidered stools and sitting in state in fine velvet rooms at Worksop.

G. and I are at this moment in a grand quarrel. She will not send me two new letters of yours since the Moscow one for fear of my carelessness. As if I could not be trusted for a day! I think she will be touched at last.

Mr. Loch, Lord Stafford's and Lord Keith's *homme d'affaires*, has been staying with Count Flahault. He says he seems perfectly happy, cutting down trees, planting, shooting, fishing, and only blamed for not drinking enough. He thinks she will be the first to be tired of retirement and Scotland. She has a great deal of honesty about her. She has shown it lately with many good qualities. I have not time for more.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon : 1817.

We are all very much interested for poor Princess Charlotte. I fear it is bad. Lord Gower writes word that there is a difference of opinion. They are uncer-

¹ Lady Mary Ryder, married in 1828 to Admiral Saurin.

² Lady Harriet Ryder, married in 1839 to Lord Charles Hervey.

tain whether she has twins and whether she will have strength to go through the labour.

Mr. Wilmot has been meeting Sarah Lyttelton at Bowood; he thinks her perfection. I hear Mr. Rogers was the terror of a number of youths. He was wholly employed in abuse of them all. Mr. Wilmot says he bore it, but that Ralph Sneyd was nearly dying of it. To give you a specimen. Rogers enquired one day if they were coming to walk with him and Lord Lansdowne, and when he was answered no, was heard to mutter, 'There is a providence.' Good-night, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: November 8, 1817.

My dearest G.,—I feel quite unable to write upon any subject but one. We are all heart-sick at this terrible event. Poor Princess Charlotte. I have seen a letter from Lord Melville to Lord Harrowby. Something in the position of the child was wrong I believe, but from some of the symptoms it is supposed an inflammation within must have taken place. She became restless and agitated. They gave her brandy. She then said, 'If you leave me alone I shall be well,' turned about two or three times, and died.

Many thanks for dear Hart's letter. How shocked he will be!

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

November 8, 1817.

Dearest brother,—I have delayed writing from day to day, and now I can think or write of nothing but the two events that have just happened. You will, I know, be shocked and grieved to the greatest degree at the deaths both of Mrs. Henry Cavendish and Princess Charlotte. It is but a few hours since I have heard of the last. The having seen them lately so happy, so

prosperous, and so attached to each other gives me a feeling about her that my slight acquaintance with her would otherwise prevent my having, and the recollection of poor Mrs. Henry at Chatsworth in all her pride of youth, beauty, and health is one that I most painfully dwell upon. A sudden fulness of blood at her heart is said to have occasioned her death. It is also said that her joy at hearing of the child being a boy, who is alive and doing well, was the cause. Poor Lady Orford¹ is in a dreadful state. She has neither spoken or cried since.

Of the Princess we have no details. I ought to apologise to you for this gloomy letter, but upon any strong feeling being excited in one the thought of those we love is present to us, in this case particularly, and I could not resist venting myself to you.

What a world this is! Is it, my dearest brother, worth living for alone, and do not hopes and fears of a better rush to one's mind with such awful visitations as these? God bless you ever and ever.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: November 16, 1817.

Dearest G.,—I have been hearing a great many very melancholy details of poor Princess Charlotte's death. She bore her whole labour with a patience and courage that were quite heroic. It is true that she never complained, but only held out her hand to him and pressed his when the suffering was great. It is said that there was no cause sufficient to account for her death, but that her whole constitution was in so bad a state that she could not possibly have lived long.

At this moment I am listening to a violent argument upon the probable wish of the Prince Regent to bring forward the subject of a divorce. If he does,

¹ Her sister.

and I suppose he will move heaven and earth to do it, it will, to be sure, be the most tremendous piece of work that ever was made in a country. Good-night.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: November 1817.

Dearest G.,—We are very anxious to hear what you determine to do, and it is Granville's fear of a letter from you saying 'We will decide when we get to Chatsworth' that makes me write to tease you again. Till we know we cannot answer Mr. Luttrell, who has written to propose himself.

Everyone left us to-day. Ralph Sneyd is very entertaining. He has drawn me a head of Rogers upon the body of a wasp that is the best thing I ever saw. At Longleat they played at *secrétaire*. He drew Lady Anne Vernon and wrote—

For wedding King Richard my Lady Anne Neville
'Tis generally thought will be sent to the devil;
If that be her fate, it does really concern one
To think what they'll do with my Lady Anne Vernon.

Lady Bath insisted that the wits should each bring down every morning to breakfast an epigram. She gave the subjects. Mr. Sneyd's one day was the Duc de Berri's child; he brought down:

A pious throng by candle-light there went
To good St. Louis' shrine one sunny day,
By princely Berri's high commission sent
For his young daughter's threat'ned life to pray.
The sceptred saint thrice shook his rev'rend head
When the petition of the crowd he heard—
'You've two Miss Berrys as it is,' he said,
'Nor heaven nor earth can tolerate a third.'

Hart's journal is most entertaining and interesting. What an excellent understanding he has!

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: December 1817.

I think the Derby ball will be a delight to you with your children, an interest greater than oneself is so necessary to one.

I have had a long letter from Madame de Lieven. She is in town, full of the praises of Prince Leopold. She says nobody feels so strongly and bears so firmly. She is also very fond of Humboldt, and tells me if I do not like him, and tell her he is not agreeable, she shall neither believe nor mind me.

My enthusiasm for Lord E. is dying for want of nourishment; others are flat, but he is flatness.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: December 1817.

I have returned to a most rigid strictness with regard to diet and exercise every day. I am convinced I require both. The former is rather difficult with our new cook, who is delicious, to adopt Lord Morley's manner of expressing himself. The cook is a very fine gentleman, borrows French books, and it was not till he had talked some time of *ces demoiselles* this morning that I discovered them to be the kitchen and scullery maids.

I suppose you have heard that Lord Clive is going to marry Lady Lucy Graham, one of those girls who look like our ancestors, with an old-fashioned face and a look of cut velvet and parrots on the finger about them.

1818

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Chatsworth : August 12, 1818.

We arrived here to dinner and found Hart in uproarious spirits. I was in despair at first at finding the Leinsters and Tavistocks with a host of Derbyshire squires, but their harmless, good-humoured faces quite disarmed me. The young Duchess is like Lady Tavistock, with, I should think, more sense and less beauty ; but she is a fine, good-natured, healthy thing, and looks very happy. He is pleasing and handsome, and seems as happy as she does.

Wednesday.—We were up between seven and eight and had a capital breakfast. The Duke and Duchess sitting next each other, *aux petits soins* with the sugar, bread and butter ; Beaumont respectfully assiduous *auprès de* Lady Tavistock, and I affable to Messrs. Hallows and Halton. I am now come to my room to write, to learn ‘*Propria quæ maribus*,’ and make bad translations from German with the alert feel of an early riser or a good child at her lessons.

I am going to drive with the Duchess and Lady T. I have taken Hart’s advice not to be the least sensible, but merry and good-humoured. I have taken the joking line with a good grace ; we light fires where fires should not be, and die with laughing when they blaze. They were all shy of me at first, but begin to think I have some fun.

Yesterday evening Granville, Hart, and I looked

over books. A beautiful edition of Camoens, given him by Monsieur de Souza, bound here in brown and gold, with D. and the coronet inlaid in diamonds. It is like a book in a fairy tale. The Duchess of Devonshire's editions of Horace's journey. The prints are from beautiful drawings, one by herself. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : 1818.

I heard from Mr. Standish yesterday. He has been hunting with the Duke of Rutland, who told him he had seen a letter from Mr. Brummel announcing the immediate publication of his memoirs. He says he sets everything in it at defiance in revenge of his wrongs, that he discloses to the world every anecdote he has heard, everything that has come to his knowledge in the intimacy of friendship, and that those who have thrown him off he shall treat with the utmost severity.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal : November 11, 1818.

I am so sorry to have lost a very interesting letter of Macdonald's. He tells me by all he hears the fatal moment¹ might have been prevented, although he thinks from what he hears he was in a state of body and mind that must have ended ill. The night of Lady Romilly's death he wrote a codicil to his will, with directions in the event of his losing his faculties. Macdonald says that, owing to the incapacity of poor Doctor Roget, even the most common means were neglected. When Babington was called in, he desired that he might instantly be shaved, have ice applied to his head, be bled and blistered. All this was unaccountably delayed till the evening, and in the interval

¹ Suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly.

was the fatal act. The Hollands are all kindness to the children, who are with them.

You have seen the 'Courier,' and as there may be nothing to-morrow, I will tell you what we know. Charles Greville is just arrived, having left London at twelve last night. No confidence has been reposed in him, but he says there is every appearance of something very wonderful. Lord Liverpool, Sidmouth, etc., walk about, whispering, gesticulating. But this is the pith. D'Osmond¹ came to Lord Bathurst's office yesterday evening. Charles was alone. Thinking him in the secret, d'Osmond said: 'Grand Dieu, quel événement fâcheux! Dieu sait comment il terminera.' Charles held his peace. D'Osmond continued: 'Et ce qui est le plus étonnant c'est que dans les dernières lettres de M. [I forget the name], il dit qu'il² était dans le jardin en uniforme, où tout le monde pouvait le voir.' Here Charles' honour, or, as he candidly owns, his fear of detection, came across him, and he let d'Osmond know that he knew nothing. Now, my dear G., we conclude he is off. What would there be surprising in his having been seen by everybody in uniform in the garden, if he was not now missing?

My boy Granville lives downstairs; *il fait les délices* of all beholders. He is a great love, not the least shy, and as he proclaimed to-day at breakfast, he 'loves all the people,' which makes him very popular.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: November 18, 1818.

Lady Stafford sent a most gracious invitation to us all to adjourn to Trentham, but when this was broken to Mr. Luttrell, he walked about the room in an agony. 'I cannot, upon my soul I do not think I can.' At last

¹ The French Ambassador.

² Napoleon at St. Helena.

it was determined that I should write an answer, which Jeanie Deans would not have written.

Charles showed us a letter from an official correspondent, who says that ‘there has without doubt been and there is still existing a plot in favour of Buonaparte, but the most profound mystery exists, not a word of it transpires.’ God bless you, my ever dearest G.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : November 1818.

I went on Saturday to Mrs. Lamb. Brougham was with her, looking like something just dug up. He says he has never recovered Sir Samuel’s death and the shock of attending his funeral.

I dined at Cavendish Square yesterday.¹ It was rather a mournful ceremony; *les convives* were all *tristes*, the room looked funereal, and Rover howled and whined without intermission.

A dinner the day before at Mr. Canning’s was somewhat more *lugubre*. She was ill and he was silent, and the people all thin, grave-looking men whom I had never seen before, with the exception of Lord Henry Howard, a fat *bon vivant*, an accumulation of many years’ turtle and venison. Bless you, dearest G.

¹ With Lord and Lady Bessborough.

1819

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Tixal: January 1, 1819.

Many happy New Years. I am so happy here that I feel low at the thought of its being our last week of this place.

I hear of an immense party at Althorp, *savants* and dandies of the respectable class. I hear also of the arrival of Lord Milton at Naples, stopping his equipage at the entrance of the town, and walking up and down it, saying to everybody, 'Ho bisogno d'una casa,' never having thought of securing himself a *gîte*.

They are telling a story that amuses me. Lord Kinnaird and Lord Alvanley were playing at whist, when the former scolded the latter in the most violent manner. Lord Alvanley got up, saying very quietly, 'Not being blessed with your Lordship's angelic temper, I shall retire for fear of losing mine.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street: July 19, 1819.

Dearest G.,—I am longing to hear how you are and that your journey has done you good instead of harm. What delicious weather, and how I envy you, living out of doors, unlike your worn sister, hanging calico, and planing floors and seeing her lank, pale face reflected in endless mirrors which Mr. Orchard has the goodness to put up all over the house *pour rien*, in

the style of Madame Dessart, who has just sent me in a bill of 42*l.* for a dress which is worth 20*l.* !

I have had few opportunities for collecting scandal for a friend in the country, but, such as it is, you shall have it.

I dined with the Duchess of Beaufort on Saturday, with the Cannings and some wits, but *malgré cela* we were as dull as we were innocent. Mr. Ward looks at Mr. Ellis with a mixture of interest and amusement in his little intelligent phiz, and the other flourishes and squeaks most obligingly to enlighten him. But like Lady Bath I love Mr. Ellis, for this is but a weakness and he has a hundred good and attaching qualities to make up for it. I went from thence to Lady Charlotte Greville's. Lady Grantham was there, and displayed all the weakness that possesses her. She talked loud and long of men and love; told me and several who were round me that she could hardly keep from crying; that it was not 'leaving London, for she hated dissipation, it was a something she could not explain or account for; that she believed she had a great deal of love in her nature, that she did not know what to do with its overflowings; would I have any of it, or Lord Jersey, who was an old gentleman and the world would not talk,' at which the galled Earl winced.

Yesterday I walked with Granville in Kensington Gardens, where I saw most of the little affairs, with no difference but sun and shade upon them. The Miss Fitzclarences all but astride upon the wall, with the young practitioners Sandon, Greville, and Villiers at their feet; poor Lady Grantham, as green as the grass, with Seymour Bathurst; wretched girls pacing after their chaperons, and the dandies on horseback gazing at us. I don't know why, but follies are more glaring by daylight, and I felt like a clergyman or Miss

Trimmer, and held tight to Granville and the unsentimental Punch, as if it was catching. I have not poured forth since my early youth such a tide of ill-nature, *mais c'est toi qui as voulu*.

Mr. Chichester has fallen deeply in love with Lady Harriet Butler, and it is supposed will propose at my ball. Edward Montagu whips up a little love and despair upon the occasion, which will do none of them any harm.

I think the same of the first canto of 'Don Juan.' There is a description of love by moonlight that beggars all praise. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: July 22, 1819.

My ball was as pretty and successful as possible. My front room was as light as day and the back all pink muslin and flowers. The two large rooms below were filled with little round supper tables, and all the flirtations went down to back their sentiments with soup and entrées. They danced with spirit till six o'clock, when Colinet said he could play no more.

I was so much obliged to you for your letter. Bowood must be very enjoyable, and your weather, to judge by ours, must be delightful.

I think parts of 'Don Juan' more beautiful than anything he has written, some wit and a great deal of bad taste.

I will write you an account of Leopold's ball to-morrow, Friday. I believe Lady Sophia Keppel¹ is a delightful girl. I hope he is as happy as he says, which must depend upon the degree of affection he felt for the other whigginer. We went to Grosvenor Place yesterday. Lady Carlisle seemed much pleased at seeing us, but terribly low and desponding about him.

¹ She married Sir James Macdonald.

In the evening we went to Marlborough House. The Regent was there, but in the midst of fat and thin women, and the heat was so great that I never went beyond the first two rooms. Prince Leopold was extremely civil to everybody, and looked pleased at having so many people.

Miss Berry is just arrived, and has written to me a 'good soul' note to beg me to go to her Sunday evening.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bolton Abbey : August 17, 1819.

We are very happy and comfortable here. The new drawing-room is a great comfort, with excellent couches and a good little pianoforte.

To-day we all got up at six. The men are gone to the moors. The weather is delicious, and I walked yesterday to the Strid with Granville and Hart. 'Chemin faisant' Hart called out to us, 'Get out of the way, I am afraid the dog is mad,' and *en effet* the sweet little creature began howling horribly, and foaming at the mouth. He darted round us in this state, and we were expecting a bite every minute. I underwent all the pleasures of imagination, dipping in the sea, bits of our flesh cut out, painful death. At last he shot off in a straight line to the house, and we followed. I expected to find Lord Russell¹ bitten, and shook so I could hardly get along. He had, however, retired to my brother's room, upon whom we have with difficulty prevailed to let us forego the pleasure of his society. He is to be shut up whilst we are here.

The Tavistocks are as quiet and good-humoured bodies as can be, and when we are left she goes to her room and I to mine, and we only meet to walk.

F. Lamb is not yet arrived to d——n us all; but

¹ Lord Tavistock's son.

we expect him every hour. Lord George Cavendish is to come after the Derby races.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bolton Abbey : August 28, 1819.

The Tavistocks went early this morning. Hart talks of going to-morrow. F. Lamb stays with us till Tuesday.

Hart bids me tell you that he would write if he could do anything but pull a trigger, but that he shoots, and eats, and remains, when he does neither, in a state of torpor. He is in the most perplexing uncertainty about his plans. He cannot as yet find out what are those of the Grand Duke, upon which his must in great measure depend. Lord George has failed at the Derby races, and he writes to him that he cannot go to the Chesterfield ones, begging him to be there to prevent the county being exasperated. The Bedfords have sent him word that they are coming to Chatsworth on their way from Scotland. His whole heart is bent upon getting you there, and as he cannot believe in anything not happening as he wishes it, it is in vain for me to talk of what I imagine will be your difficulties in doing it.

I admire F. Lamb perhaps more than I like him. I think him uncommonly agreeable and clever, but he sees life in the most degrading light, and he simplifies the thing by thinking all men rogues and all women —. He looks old and world-beaten, but still handsome. He seems to enjoy being here, and sport, food, and sleep fill up his time. At any spare moment he reads the ‘Heart of Midlothian,’ of which he says : ‘Why, if you wish for my opinion, I think it the worst novel I ever read.’

They are just set out for Rylstone, and I am alone, save when Mr. Carr¹ bothers me with questions, and he

¹ The clergyman at Bolton Abbey.

is in and out like a child and a dog, but submits to the same rebuffs. God bless you. Castle Howard is my *terre promise*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bolton Abbey : August 31, 1819.

We set out to-morrow, dearest G. We had a long and very pleasant evening yesterday. I think F. Lamb very agreeable. Living abroad and seeing a great variety of people, with the necessity of exertions, have given him a sort of rude polish which his brothers want. He is less like an animal, does not roll about and snore as they do. At meals the real Lamb breaks out, but at other times he is civil, gentlemanlike, and gentle. He likes Hart, though I dare say he does not spare him any more than his fellows. He says, 'He is an odd chap, and tells one what another would conceal; but all those Cavendishes have at bottom a deal of sense about them.' What we have at the top, I conclude, he reserves for less partial ears than Granville's.

I have been so happy here that I should be sorry to go to any part of the earth but Castle Howard. As it is I count the minutes.

The bull, G., the bull. I read it ten times over with a sort of shuddering horror. They have been tossing to the right and left, and even the cows, those disgraces to their sex, have taken to it. Promise me not to take me out of Ray Wood, not over the grass to that melancholy building, not round the lake, not to any gills. I confine myself here to the kitchen garden, and the length of the house backwards and forwards. Mr. Carr urges romantic projects in vain.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Stanhope Street : September 1, 1819.

We have just arrived, dearest G. Granville found a letter from Charles Ellis to say that Lady Hervey is

dead, and that Eliza, after the very great shock it was to her, was better than he had hoped.

The Lievens and Neumann¹ are to be at Trentham on the 12th. I suppose we shall set out on Saturday.

Let me warn you of Alconbury Hill, that is, of a horse there who will not back. Off we pelted from the middle of a hill with a curl at the bottom, and could not stop for ages. In short, Granville owns that we were run away with. I never met with such a dreadful danger before.

We met Lord Petersham in something between a *vis-à-vis* and a sedan-chair. He put out his head like the flower called 'the devil in a bush,' and for a moment one might have taken him for a large monkey going to some fair. Good-night.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Badminton: September 3, 1819.

I cannot let you forget me, and therefore, with but little to say, I must write.

We are here with nothing but the family, nine women and four men.

I thought you low at Middleton under the tree, my dearest brother, and feared you might mistake my silence for coldness. Believe me it is not indifferent to me to see you so, but you know I dare not venture upon subjects which might seem like a wish to extort the confidence which, very likely most wisely, you have decided not to bestow. How far it is necessary or right you alone can know. Only be persuaded that affection, interest, sympathy, indulgence, all wait your bidding as far as I am concerned. How far in a world like this it is happiness or duty to exchange them for concealments, conversations where the thoughts are not, is not

¹ For many years Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in London. He married, in 1844 a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

even a question in my mind, but may be conviction in others. The purport of all this is to let you know that I am attached to you, interested in you, anxious about you under a mask of indifference, worn under the belief that it is your wish it should be so.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Trentham : September 18, 1819.

My dearest love,—Yesterday and this morning have been very severe. We set out at ten yesterday morning in a drizzling rain and draggled about the various potteries till past five. This morning we have been two hours walking in procession through the hot-houses, vaults, stables, offices, and during the little time I had the Marchioness sat with me in my own room.

I received a letter from Hart yesterday desiring to know about the Grand Duke, and I have written to tell him that the Lievens are going to town to receive him before the 24th, and that he will only stay till the end of the month, when he is to hurry to his Imperial Mamma at Brussels.

Lord Stafford is in a perpetual titter. We played at whist last night, Lord Stafford, Fagel, Madame de Lieven, and I, and we were so noisy and merry that the room rang with our little effusions. Elizabeth says that when alone with her father sometimes says how pleasant it is when people are here, but never before Lady Stafford.

Now I will tell you a great secret. Grandpapa¹ and Lord Stafford fell out here, and the consequence is that the latter declared he would never go to Castle Howard again. I cannot make out from Lady Stafford's account which she thought was to blame. She did say grandpapa was very sneering and provoking, but she

¹ Lord Carlisle.

seemed to think Lord Stafford had also worked himself up into a great rage. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Sandon: November 2, 1819.

We went this morning against my earnest entreaties to Tixal. I knew how it would be, but Granville and Lady Harrowby overruled me. I prefer Wherstead, but I spent seven of the happiest years of my life at Tixal and I was so terribly overcome that I could not command myself, and so ashamed, for the men seemed to think me crazy.

I am come to my room to confess unto thee, who will understand me better than they do.

Granville is going to the Lunatic Asylum to remind himself of his old pursuits, though not like me to weep over them. Good-night.

1820

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 19, 1820.

Nothing could do better than our Grandeurs. The Duke¹ appears very happy and they had an excellent *chasse* yesterday. Madame de Lieven plays beautifully, and Pahlen² and Neumann sing. The Duchess of Bedford is *outrée* at their all coming here. She was so indignant at the Duke leaving Woburn, that she wrote him the following characteristic letter when he got to town. He had told her it was business in the Cabinet obliged him to go. ‘Dear Duke,—For Cabinet read boudoir. Yours, G. B.’

The Lievens go to-morrow, and the Duke on Thursday. Chevassier *se surpasse*, and the house is even hot, so that I have no anxieties.

Excuse my shabby, hurried letters. I have so much *besogne*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 1820.

Dearest G.,—The Duke and the Lievens being gone, I shall have more time to write. We are now only ten, Lady Harrowby, Messrs. Neumann, Montagu, Standish, Ellis, Lord Gower, and Pahlen. Most of them go on Monday, and will be replaced by Messrs. Huskisson, Canning, Wilmot, and Hay.

¹ Of Wellington.

² Count Nicholas Pahlen was a general favourite in the various capitals of Europe. He spent most of his life out of Russia, because he resented the murder of the Emperor Paul having been, as he thought, unjustly imputed to his father, who was at the time Governor of St. Petersburg.

I quite love the Duke of Wellington. He is neither an agreeable man nor in my eyes a *héros de roman*, but he is the most unpretending, perfectly natural and amiable person I ever met with. We had an old admiral from Ipswich to dinner yesterday, whom he had known very early in his military career, and you never saw anything like his kind and cordial manner to him. The shooting and the dinners have been as good as possible. The Duke and Madame de Lieven played at whist, so we had no want of occupation.

How I long to see you, my beloved G.! Granville says my going to Brighton will depend upon the length of time you stay there.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Wherstead : January 21, 1820.

I only write now to tell you how happy I am that you are to be in town the end of February. We shall be there on Friday, and without the prospect of finding you or G. I have more regret than usual at leaving this place. Lady Morley will be in town, which is a great delight to me.

Punch Greville left us yesterday, Mr. Hill and C. Ellis this morning, and we have Mr. Montagu and Augustus Ellis remaining. Mr. Hill has been a source of perpetual amusement. He is an odd specimen of his species with his faults and peculiarities. He is invariably amusing ; without them he would be simply a bore.

Mr. Montagu is more improved than I ever thought it possible he would be in the points that required it. He has not been overpowering as to quality or quantity. He talks less and lower, and his whole manner is softened and respectful. I have a sort of second sight of him at forty, everything one could wish.

I have heard twice from Govero since his arrival at

Vienna. He is evidently provoked with Pahlen. We have seen him in his happier hour, but I can conceive his being an *enfant difficile à baptiser* when all goes wrong with him, which seems to be the case at the present moment, and poor Govero talks of him as a discreet and painstaking tutor does of a spoilt child. He hates 'the good Germans,' is bored to death at Vienna, is only kept there a few days longer by compulsion, though his next move is Russia.

He has sent a large packet of music to Lady Ebrington. To me he does not vouchsafe even a message, which I see grieves the civil Govero, who says in his letter from Munich: 'I have desired Pahlen to write a line to you, but he says he will some other time.' This time never arrives. I imagine that his last sentiment has gone so deep in him that it has embittered his whole existence, and one must allow for a situation where, when immediate enjoyment is taken away, there is nothing but hopelessness and Riga left in prospect.

Govero in his last letter had seen Lady Selina.¹ He says: 'One is struck with no beauty, but her manner is uncommonly good, *posée* and sensible.' The *posée* must go to his heart. He is in anxious expectation of Lord Clanwilliam's arrival. I wait for the *dénouement* of this steady romance with no small share of curiosity and impatience. I will tell you what I expect, that it will be like the servants in the keeping company *genre*, that he will go every autumn to Germany to make a leg, but that it will end in an old Earl and an old maid. I am sceptical as to much love or any matrimony.

I always see the Wherstead portion of my existence close with regret. I like society as some politicians do the Government short of the taxes it imposes, and the difference of it in London and the country turns exactly upon that point.

¹ Lady Selina Meade, Lord Clanwilliam's sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 21, 1820.

Think of waking this morning to look at piles of snow again upon everything ! I am glad it happens after the Duke's departure, as Mr. Montagu and Mr. Standish are both men who can stay at home, and I do not suppose it would have been possible for him.

Mr. Canning comes Wednesday, and I hope he will be a degree less flat than he usually is, for, agreeable as he can be, he is much the most difficult person to get on with when he is not at his very best.

I do not give up the hope of going to Brighton. I do not know exactly why, but I feel when you are in Yorkshire I can more easily reconcile myself to being a long time without seeing you than I can when I think of you at Brighton, and more so when as in a few days I shall be within so short a distance from you.

I do not think I have news of any sort to tell you. I do not send you a list of the slaughter because Mrs. Lamb and yourself are probably perfectly indifferent to it. If Lady Carlisle could know that I have not myself the remotest guess of it, her contempt of me would know no bounds.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

London : April 22, 1820.

I have been confined to my room from the day I returned from Claremont. I regret it only because I have seen or heard nothing worth telling you. On my own account I am quite satisfied with my fate. My new room, in which I am now established, is so pretty, so comfortable, so quiet. I enjoy in it so much that I like and avoid so much that I dislike that I feel no wish beyond it. It hangs out in the sun like a great green and gold cage. It is as full of *or moulu* and

Sèvres china as if it belonged to Lady Jersey, and I see all the dandy men and women redouble their regard for me when they find me in a room with four looking-glasses, clocks that sing and *breloques* on the table.

London always talks of one or two subjects at a time : the trial of the Cato Street people, which is going on prosperously, with full and strong evidence given, and Lord Francis Conyngham's appointment.

How are you, my dearest brother? Where are you? Have you seen Poitier? Have you heard 'Tancredi' or 'L'Italiana'?

Thistlewood was convicted to-day.

Granville is to move the address in the House of Lords. If I had the same confidence in his nerves that I have in his understanding I should feel quite happy, but he feels very nervous about it, which makes me.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

London : May 10, 1820.

Though you say Paris is gayer than ever, I envy you nothing but the perfect opera. G. is quite resigned about the gowns, *vu* the impossibility, however desirable, of an Englishwoman looking like an eau-de-Cologne bottle. She has no regrets upon the subject.

London is raging, but I am grown terribly lazy. I have been occupied since I last wrote with delight at Granville having spoken extremely well, horror at the accounts of the execution of the five wretched men at Newgate, and the pleasure of seeing and hearing Lady Morley again in higher spirits, and more entertaining than ever. She falls upon the flatness and *ennui* of London society like rain upon a parched field.

G. is as well as possible, Lady Jersey not well but *tout comme*; Lady Cowper thin, pale, nervous and bored; Madame de Lieven furious at being obliged to amuse herself. The Duchess of Bedford in Devonshire,

Lady Grantham giving assemblies, but looking as if she wished to be hung at them. Lady Sandwich runs about at all the things and contrives to have only the *désagrémens* of youth and vivacity.

The men of the world are in a bad way. Poor Mr. Nugent confined to his house with all sorts of ills, Mr. Montagu with an inflammation in his eyes, Lord Clanwilliam in love with nobody and feeling therefore like a servant out of place or a tradesman out of employment.

Your Prince de Lichtenstein is not arrived, but I believe I am to meet him at dinner the end of this week.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Bruton Street : July 30, 1820.

I believe I am the only fashionable in London to-day, except Punch, who drove by in a gig and was amused at seeing me and my sons contemplating his namesake. The world is at Cray, where the Castle-reaghs have a breakfast.

I have been nowhere but to Burlington House. You need not be jealous, for though it is magnificent and in very good taste, it is not to be compared with Devonshire House. Its fault is the great darkness, notwithstanding seventy-two candles which the painstaking Lichtenstein counted for me in the large room, but *vu* the colour, or something or other, it looked very sombre. Aunt George was perfectly happy, an added *or moulu* border to the Polonaise, another roll to the turban and another erect black feather. As an assembly its merit was space, and its fault innumerable old maids running about and several families from the provinces, not such as Gell or Mundy, but curates, land-surveyor-looking people with wives hanging on their arms.

To-morrow, if I am better, I drive with Mr. Charles Ellis to his father's villa at Roehampton. Thursday we all trundle to Wherstead.

I am so hipped about the 17th and very much afraid of the mob.¹

We had a tremendous storm yesterday. It came on at Holland House, where we dined. Georgy² arrived in the midst of it galled at the Duke of Gordon's marriage.³

The breakfast at Cray was brilliant, and a water-party yesterday finished the gaieties of London. We go to-morrow. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : August 16, 1820.

Here we are, my dearest sister. I see it will be good for my nerves in one way. I shall live in a coffee-house, and not have time to think if I am ill or well.

Lord Morley has seen Major Bowles, an officer of the Guards. He says nothing ever equalled the zeal and discipline of the troops, that the only fear is lest their anxiety to show their loyalty should make them act too much, if there is any occasion for it.

Lady Bessborough, heaving with laughter, bids me tell you that no two people are in the same mind except as to the extreme peril we are all in, but if there is *une idée dominante* it is that the Queen will be carried through in triumph. Lady Spencer says there is an English sea-captain who can prove everything. Lord Westmorland says so also. There is an unhappy Madame Pignaletti, an aunt of Sir John Shelley, come to England and settled in Berkeley Square. They have

¹ The day on which Queen Caroline's trial commenced.

² Duchess of Bedford.

³ To Mrs. Christie.

put it about that she is a witness, and a weary life she will have of it. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 17, 1820.

I have excellent accounts from Wherstead; so far good. I walk about the room a good deal, draw very long breaths and sometimes say out loud, 'It don't signify.' After I had written yesterday Mr. Greathead called, a wise old man and a Whig. He doubted the Guards, blamed Ministers, dreaded consequences, hipped me to death. Charlotte Greville, Harriet, and a little dog followed and rather altered the scene. She was intent upon having me at her drum this evening, but I would not be taken in. It is with the utmost difficulty that they have persuaded Lord Castlereagh to leave his house and sleep at his office. There is to be a cordon of military, preventing the mob penetrating beyond Charing Cross on one side and Abingdon Street on the other. If the Guards are steady, nothing can be safer. There has been a sad *petitesse*. They have forbidden her going in at the royal entrance to the House of Lords. Urged by me, Lords Granville and Morley and Hart mean to get up when she enters. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. I breakfasted this morning at a quarter before eight with Granville and Mr. Wilmot and saw them off, armed with hard biscuits, and have this moment seen William Hissey, who went with the carriage and says that nothing can be more peaceable than the mob. Darlings they are. I am considerably happier.

One of the jokes is that the witnesses are to give their evidence *en récitative* and the Duke of Hamilton to interpret.

I really could not go last night. The thoughts of that sort of society require motive or habit. I like to see people here, but not to dress and dandy just

when we turn upon an 'if,' which is the real state of the case.

I have just had the following note from good-natured, tumultuous Lady Bessborough, all the happier for the barricade and the cock: 'They are all safe in. I saw Lord G. get out, the place quite clear, not a soul near. Some mob broke in with the Queen but not much, and the soldiers have cleared them from the door steadily and gently, so I hope all will be quiet. I have not slept a wink, for, though our habitation is perfection, they chose to put up the barricade all night, and worse, *un coq matineux* has been crowing since three o'clock.'

I am so glad I have to write, as all these early hours must necessarily be passed in solitude. I cannot help looking out of window and spying out for ill-looking men. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 18, 1820.

If I had not fancied a large hot buttered roll at breakfast I should be happy. My fears are subsided and my health is good. London is as quiet as a mouse and the mob cut their jokes even upon the Queen. Yesterday her carriage was for a moment followed by a stage-coach and a dray-cart, and some one called out, 'Mighty respectable carriages bring up the rear.' The Queen said to Sir Tommy¹ as he led her into the House, 'I am sure you would have much greater pleasure in leading me to my coronation.' Archibald² sat by his sister Anne and insisted upon her repeating to him all that was going on, which put this amiable virgin into somewhat an awkward predicament.

There have been gay doings at the cottage at

¹ Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt.

² Lord Archibald Hamilton and his sister Lady Ann Hamilton.

Windsor. His Majesty, Lady Conyngham, Princesse Esterhazy, and Lord Francis. This latter I hear makes a great fool of himself and is always showing off his favour with the King, displaying watches, snuff-boxes, and rings which he receives from him. The King is in outrageous spirits, discussing as we do. Amongst other subjects, they one day talked of the advantages and disadvantages of royalty, whether it was on the whole desirable. Another day they went upon the water. The King was in ecstasies until one of the subalterns, *soit* blunder, *soit* malice, said, 'One might almost fancy oneself upon the Lake of Como.' I long to hear from you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 19, 1820.

The accounts of political proceedings are that the mob were as quiet as possible yesterday. The Queen as before quite tranquil and unmoved, retiring to sleep during a great part of the day, upon which Lord Holland has made a very good epigram. I did not hear it, but the point is that the nature of her crime is changed. Instead of sleeping with Bergami, she sleeps with the Lords. Lord Morpeth must forgive me, for impropriety is the order of the day.

Mr. Wilmot came home, raving of Mr. Denman's speech. The sensation it has made amongst the country gentlemen is not to be described, and with the very bad replies yesterday decidedly went against the Government.

To-day there is Lord King's motion;¹ you will have the debate in the papers. Lord Grey and most of them will be with him, and if they have a majority, Ministers will I suppose go out. This seems the general impression.

Adieu, my beloved sister. I am going to read

¹ For the rejection of the Bill.

Hume. Nothing is safe in these days, not even one's ignorance. Love to Lord Morpeth.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 20, 1820.

Lord Liverpool's speech was, I believe, universally allowed to be excellent in itself and as to its effect. The Attorney-General made sad work of his opening. He will finish to-morrow, and they will begin examining Mlle. Dermont. She is a Swiss, and lives with Countess Munster, and was the Queen's maid. They say F. Lamb has obtained for them the strongest evidence, but also that his means of obtaining information will not much redound to his honour.

Monday.—Mr. Ellis came to me after a pleasant dinner at Holland House. Lord Erskine excessively entertaining. He began abusing the bareness of the soil in Scotland, and said that some Ayrshire sheep coming to London were terrified at the sight of the trees when they arrived in England. Lord Archibald, who instead of sheep heard men, exclaimed, 'They were impostors, depend upon it they were impostors,' and irritated by the shouts of laughter, and never listening to Lord Erskine bawling out, 'Sheep, Lord Archibald, sheep.' Lord Holland's epigrams,—That the lords who upon this occasion are come to town will all be knocked up if they are not knocked down, and that nobody will profit by the call of the House but peers' eldest sons, law advisers, and grouse. The Duke of Wellington was again very much hissed yesterday by the mob, who in other respects are perfectly good-humoured. They were brutal to Lord FitzRoy Somerset.¹ 'Well, you who have lost a wing, what do you say to it?' The Duke of Beaufort's pocket was picked of his spectacles and visiting-cards, the offence as harmless as the man.

¹ He lost an arm at Waterloo.

How true is Mr. Luttrell's observation in his poem that no interest can long be kept up in London! When I wrote my first letter, everybody and every mind were on the full stretch, the servants brought one's notes quicker, even a bore was a godsend. Now the only danger is dulness. I ask the people who call on me, 'Well, what news is there?' 'Oh, nothing, what should there be?' 'No, but is all quiet?' 'Quiet, to be sure.' 'What is going on in the House?' 'I'm sure I don't know, it is so hot and so tedious, it is impossible to stay there.'

Let me see if in writing I can make you enjoy a story of Lord Holland's that spoken and acted amused us extremely. It seems that the man employed in looking after the Italian witnesses is a dandy. He went to them after Denman's speech, and as he entered, *selon l'usage des dandies*, settled his cravat, pulling it up and running his fingers along the bottom of his chin between his throat and the top of the neck-handkerchief. The Italians, aware of summary proceedings but not of the niceties of dress, understood this as a *significatif* gesticulation to intimate to them that their throats were to be cut. They set up a horrid yell and plumped down on their knees, crying 'Misericordia!'

Now I will try another story. It is said that Mr. Fazakerley is much in love with Pamela Fitzgerald, and Punch was all eagerness, hoping he would marry her. A discussion ensued, in which her cleverness, accompanied with great freedom of speech, was canvassed. A story was told which illustrates both. Mr. de Ros, one of her admirers, is in the habit of making use of that *demi-jurement*, 'Ah, peste!' when anything strikes him. One night at Almack's he was looking at the dancing with Pamela, when their attention was attracted to an enormously fat woman in a bright blue gown, leaning against the rope that separates the dancers from

the lookers-on in a manner that, cutting her large person in two, made the most prominent part in front present itself to the view. Mr. de Ros as usual exclaimed 'Ah, peste!' upon which Pamela immediately answered, imitating his voice and manner, 'Ventre bleu!'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 22, 1820.

The witness examined to-day is a man who travelled all over Greece and Italy with her as courier, a very shrewd, intelligent man, perfectly undaunted, and giving his strong evidence without embarrassment or hesitation. It remains to be seen what discredit can be thrown upon him. I hear Sir William Gell says he was turned away for robbery, and that he perjured himself to-day the third question he answered. Granville says that when he was brought in the Queen stood up, threw her head back, and put both her arms akimbo, and looked at him for some time with a countenance which those who saw it said was quite terrific. He returned the gaze with the most unmoved composure. She then exclaimed, 'Ah, Theodore,'¹ and trundled out of the House, some say surprised and thrown off her guard, others, astounded at his ingratitude after the kindness she had shewn him. Alderman Wood told Mr. Ellis he supposed she was taken ill, for she could not be surprised, as she knew he was to appear against her, and in fact it was in the papers some days ago.

Mr. Ellis begs to be most kindly remembered to you. He is charmed with London, opera buffas in the morning, and discussions *chez moi* in the evenings. He proposes having the Royal Family tried by turns, one every August. The maid from Carlsruhe is sent by F. Lamb. They say she is the most beautiful creature ever seen.

¹ According to some she exclaimed 'Traditore!'

The mob have taken the turn of being angry with the Duke of Sussex. 'Shabby fellow, who won't vote either way. Why don't he come forward like the Duke of York, and do his duty?' The cry is Frederick the First and the Dowager Queen.

Adieu, my dearest. Tell me if there is any point on which I do not satisfy your curiosity. I am not used to be newsmonger and perhaps I leave out Hamlet.

The Queen announced to Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt her intention of going down to-day. Mr. Hobhouse told somebody it was wonderful how much the public feeling for her had subsided.

The interpreter is the man that delights them all. His name is Spinetto; he is an Italian teacher at one of the Universities, as quick as lightning, all gesticulation, and so eager he often answers instead of the witness. Between them they act all the evidence, and at times they say this is so irresistibly comic that the noble lords forget all decorum and are in a roar of laughter.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 23, 1820.

You will see that yesterday was entirely taken up with Theodore Majocchi's evidence and cross-examination. There is but one opinion of Mr. Brougham, that he did it ill and in bad taste. I have collected opinions for you. Government people say that nothing can be more convincing and condemning than his evidence, that it has not left her a square foot of ground to stand on. Brooks's says that she is redeemed by it, that he broke down and exposed himself, that if there is nothing better to be produced against her, she must be acquitted. Others that, though slightly damaged as a witness, he is not essentially so, that though 'Non mi ricordo' comes too often, and that it was rather suspicious his

remembering the passages and doors of the Villa d'Este, and not remembering two large wings that were added to it and his forgetting whether he had asked to be readmitted to her service, yet that much is to be attributed to fatigue and over-caution not to commit himself. You may think what you please, Lady M.

Verity gives a good account of Lady Ebrington, whom he has quite set up again. I hear old Charles Greville,¹ who had put himself under his care, says, 'He left me in perfect health, but without a farthing,' and that he thinks upon the whole he had better go on with a bar in his stomach with *de quoi* to provide for his family.

Now listen to what happened yesterday to a nervous person ; but I must preface my story by telling you that I was *quitte pour la peur*, and that the hero of my tale is doing perfectly well. As I was turning into Berkeley Square I met four soldiers carrying a litter covered with a sheet. I asked Samuel what it was. He said they were carrying a dead man home. I tried to avoid it, but the people got round me and I was obliged to stop whilst they passed quite close to me. I asked one of the crowd how it had happened and he said he had been squeezed by a mob in Pall Mall. A sort of nervous horror made me scarcely able to get on, when I saw Granville Somerset galloping up to me. He said, 'You must have seen Worcester.' 'No.' 'You must, they were taking him this way.' 'What do you mean?' 'They say he has had a dreadful accident, and I am going to my mother.' I leave you to imagine with what feelings I almost ran to Brook Street. Here I found the lobby full of soldiers and servants, the men standing by the litter, and the Duke of Beaufort above, leaning his arms and head on the banisters. To end my story, they found him on examination only stunned, and severely bruised, but not dangerously hurt. I staid

¹ Father of the writer of the Journal.

whilst they shaved and probed the head. He had been bled on the spot eighteen ounces by a surgeon who fortunately passed at the time. My first account was incorrect. His horse took fright, ran away and threw him out of his gig against a door-post. *Adieu, chérissime sœur.*

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 24, 1820.

Lady Harrowby says truth lies nowhere, not even at the bottom of a well. I will give you an idea of the difficulty of forming opinions from what one hears. I sat at dinner between Lord Holland and Lord John Russell. The former told me that the evidence of the new witness, Paturgo, has been most favourable to the Queen's interest, Lord John that it had made decidedly against her. The fact is that he disproved part of my jockey's (as the mob call him), my eye's (as the punsters call him) evidence, but at the same time gave such conclusive details of his own, with such a stamp of truth and with such perfect carelessness whether his testimony made for or against, that it is agreed he has established the case as far as familiarity goes. But it remains to be seen what effect his having disproved the former evidence in two or three cases may have. The dinner was pleasant, Lady Holland radiant, Lord Holland gayer and happier even than usual, Henry putting in his *petit mot* very well. Mr. Tierney a love, Lady Gwydir impressive, Monsieur de Coigny elegant, ugly and, it is said, a bore, Duke Johnny¹ and Lord Albemarle very sprack, Johnny Russell smiling because he has made a little book, 'Sketches of Life and Manners by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings.' They say it is good. After dinner there was a good

¹ Duke of Bedford.

deal of talk, but small according to Lady Morley, and I do not remember a word of it.

I went to Lady Worcester in the morning. He is going on well. I found Lady Jersey, her face all drawn into strong lines and fifteen years older. She takes on sadly about the Queen and cries real tears all the time she is talking. Her Majesty is not so low. They say that when she withdraws to the room prepared for her, she talks incessantly and bursts out into such intemperate fits of laughter that the people with her are in an agony lest she should be heard in the House.

The Duke of Wellington is at home to-night, but soirées would bring late hours and destroy what I really do enjoy—very early rising and breakfast and several uninterrupted hours for writing and reading. But the truth is I pine for Wherstead.

TO LADY G. MORPETH

London: August 25, 1820.

After I had written yesterday morning I walked to Lord Worcester's and found them quite easy about him, though still confined to his bed in a dark room. I then walked with Granville in the fashionable bit of Hyde Park. There I met Lady Caroline Macdonald and her sister walking, and the Earl shortly after, his very horse looking shy, prowling about; Lady Charlotte Greville, nervous and bilious, perched upon a war-horse, heading a detachment of girls with their respective dandies and then a mixture of Tierney, Dowager Lansdowne, fye-fyes, and venerable peers.

The morning's work has been an examination of the captain of the polacca, who confirmed the evidence of the mate and added some strong facts, and the beginning of the evidence of the cook, an assassin-looking man, whom they say they could not look at without shuddering. Their noble minds are much occupied with a magnificent

luncheon Lord Gwydir gives every day in his room adjoining the House, and much of their discourse is of salmon pies and cucumber sandwiches. They all seem worn, as a blackguard of the mob seems to think, who, being found asleep under a lamp-post, said, 'Leave me alone, I'm tired—tired as a peer.' Denman went into the Queen the day he spoke with his wig in his hand, begging her to excuse him on account of the heat and fatigue. 'I do not know what to say, my good Mr. Denman. Will it not be construed into improper familiarity?'

I received a note from the Duke of Wellington, so kind and so pressing that I had nothing for it but to set off for Apsley House. I certainly never was at so dull an affair. The different Embassies in a circle, like a Court. Frank Russell and Mr. Standish the only men I knew, Lady Lonsdale, with her eyes and mouth closed, stepping about like a *somnambule*, Frederick Bentinck and Lady Mary Lowther,¹ the only thing to spy at.

Mr. Wilmot leaves town to-morrow, and we shall miss his *intarissable* gaiety and good-humour very much.

I send you a list of new books. Chalmers' sermon, preached after the disturbances in Glasgow, very good.

'Sketches of Life and Manners,' clever and entertaining, supposed to be by Lord John.

'Nouvelles Lettres de Madame de l'Espinasse.'

'Mdlle. de Tournon, Roman,' by Mme. de Souza.

'Lettres à Monsieur Malthus par Jean Baptiste Say, sur différents sujets d'économie politique.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 26, 1820.

The fashionables go about begging for soirées, like beggars for bread. Hart is enthusiastically cheered by the mob twice a day on his way to and from Chiswick.

¹ They were married on September 16.

They ask Lord Holland for news, on account of his good-humoured communicative countenance I suppose. They hiss the Duke of Wellington, Lord Anglesey, who makes them speeches about his duty, and the Bishops.

Lord Worcester is much better. I have but one anecdote for you. Granville asked Lord Clare who a young man was he saw in the House. He told him Lord Sondes, of whom all he knew was that when undergoing an examination in English history at Oxford he was asked who Jane Shore was, and he answered 'The Maid of Orleans.'

I called on Lady Mary Lowther. She was very agreeable, and her look of conceit and triumph quite vanished. It must be a painful check to high opinion of oneself to be going to marry Lord Frederick.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : August 27, 1820.

To-day I have been at church with the Duchess, and in Kensington Gardens with Granville. I have seen no one else and heard nothing.

The Queen said to Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, 'I begin to believe your people as fickle as your climate,' and Mr. Standish heard three of the most blackguard-looking men in the mob say, 'Well, I think she is done for now.' On the other hand, I heard Granville say yesterday, 'I don't see our way out of this.'

I have just come up from dining with the two very young Lords. I declare, dear Lady Morpeth, I think these thoughtless young creatures wish her to be acquitted. At least they say that if she is, there will be an illumination, that she will try to have a Court, fail and go abroad, and that it will be the deuce and all if the bill is passed in the House of Lords and thrown out in the House of Commons, which is what Lord Grey says will happen.

Monday.—I went to Lady Harrowby after I had written and found there Lady Charlotte Greville, who told me a story which woke me *en sursaut* several times in the night, and which I afterwards heard was true. An accoucheur who lives in Argyle Street was woke the night before last by a ringing at his door-bell. On opening the door he was stabbed in three places, his house plundered and then burnt; there is nothing remaining but the wall. One man is taken and confesses to be one of a gang of fifteen who are going about amusing themselves in this manner.

Lady Harrowby is violent against the Queen, certain of her being condemned—*onta eterna*, if she is not.

Where do you think I am going? To sit at Cleveland House with the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester, Princesses Augusta and Sophia. And this all because I cannot say no when confronted by the person who asks me.

Somebody said yesterday that the proof of our safety is the dulness that is come over us all. *Je m'ennuie, elle s'ennuie, ils s'ennuient*, in short *nous nous ennuyons*.

Life is fear in some shape or other, and despair of ever being easy should make one so. A mad dog went pleasuring up and down St. James's Street the other day; a hornet flew into my window yesterday; Granville went in a boat from the House of Lords to Child's, and was nearly upset by a man unable to guide his sailing vessel; Newhouse left a hot pan of coals last night in the dressing-room, which was luckily discovered after it had burnt a large hole in the floor, just as it was about to blaze; Lady Louisa Thynne was thrown from her horse last week; Mr. Quintin Dick has just been thrown out of his gig and nearly killed; a large rat came just behind Lady Harrowby's ear as we were wrangling about the Queen last night. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : August 29, 1820.

I have been doing my duty, reading the debate. I suppose it would not be easy to find an act of that sort so devoid of pleasure. The Lords seem to me to flounder deeper and deeper, and never was there a *marche* so *embrouillée*, so unsatisfactory, so interminable. You will see that Copley attacked Brougham, whom he affects to despise as not being what they call a close lawyer. Brougham flew into a passion, was flippant and insolent, and uttered the most unjustifiable falsehoods as to the conduct of government. This gave Lord Liverpool an opportunity of stating on his honour flat contradictions to the assertions of the learned counsel.

The mob direct all their violence against the Duke of Wellington. They tried yesterday to pull him off his horse. The police interfered and some of the mob were knocked down, some hurt in the struggle.

What an extraordinary man Brougham is ! How do you think he was occupied the greatest part of Sunday morning ? Playing at leap-frog with Duncannon's children at Roehampton. They say the Queen looks cross and pale, is blooded every morning before she comes to town and scarcely returns the bows made to her as she passes.

I am happy to tell you that the accoucheur is strongly supposed to have told a lie and burnt his own house ; one rogue is better than fifteen.

I have almost forgot to talk of my royal morning. I spent two hours at Cleveland House with the Duchess of Gloucester, an amiable and good soul, who talks of Trimmer and Mr. Hodson ; the Duchess of Clarence, ugly with a good *tournure* and manner ; the Duchess of Kent, very pleasing indeed and raving of her baby. 'C'est

mon bonheur, mes délices, mon existence. C'est l'image du feu roi.' Think of the baby. They say it is le Roi George in petticoats, so fat it can scarcely waddle. Augusta, good-humoured and jolly, stuffing *filets de sole* and veal cutlets, and Sophia very clever and agreeable. I had to go with each of them the usual course. 'How many children has Lady Georgiana Morpeth?' 'Eleven, ma'am.' 'God bless my soul, you don't say so, it seems but yesterday,' etc. They all seem to doat on Lady Stafford, and I have no doubt think her the most exemplary of women.

Lord Bathurst, when asked what course he thinks it will be best to pursue, rolls himself about and says, 'Entirely a matter of taste.' I think this must have been made for him, as he and the Ministers I have seen look not at all in a jocose mood.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 30, 1820.

Granville says that Lord Erskine's motion was more hostile to the Queen than Lord Liverpool's. The result is that Brougham may ask what he pleases and as he pleases.

I went yesterday to Lady Cowper's, and found Lady Holland the only really undisputed monarchy in Europe, sitting in a corner, throne and footstool, courtiers and *dames d'honneur*, all *dans les règles*. Lady Jersey quite insane, a tear in either eye. I irritated her violently by an opinion, given incautiously I own. When the Queen's counsel walked into the room, I ventured to say that he looked ugly, incited perhaps by hearing Milly Cowper exclaim, 'Dear me, what a fright!' 'Good God, I think him at times quite beautiful!' She then, seconded by Lord Auckland, poured forth a volley of nonsense. I kept my temper till Agar Ellis chimed in with them. I concentrated all my emotions in an attack upon him. He only laughed, but Silence got up and

walked off. Lady — came into the room, looking more ridiculous than ever. She has grown enormous, with a red face, and has taken to make odd grimaces. I said to Luttrell that it was a pity. She had improved in her look and manner, and now it was worse than ever. 'Yes,' he said, 'with people in general it is *reculer pour mieux sauter*, with her *sauter pour mieux reculer*.'

One end of the room was black with Whigs, Allen, Brougham, etc., quite distinct from the fashionables. The ottoman was occupied by Lady Harrowby, Messrs. Standish, Montagu, and Russell. I took up a sort of middle position with Lady King, Lord Cowper, Messrs. Luttrell and Ellis.

I am glad that your opinion of Govero improves. He is all you say of him, and your one criticism, the justice of which I admit, does not balance his great merits. And after all, as his little pretensions are without boasting, envy, or any one bad feeling, it is but the sort of thing which makes Charles Howard, Granville, L. Gower, and a few more such distinguished characters, look conscious the first time they appear in breeches.

Brougham told Granville during yesterday's debate that he did not care one farthing which way it was decided. That the whole thing was as if, when a house was afire, Lord Erskine was to step forward and civilly ask permission to pour one small bucket of oil upon it.

Addio, carissima. Everybody says it cannot last a week longer, and then Wherstead, the chicks, and a portion of sea air.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: August 31, 1820.

Mlle. Demont is very smart and shrewd, but she is to have two more days' cross-examination and we shall know more about her.

We had yesterday an uncommonly pleasant dinner. Lady Harrowby and Messrs. Ward, Ellis, and Montagu. The first course was taken up with Lord Clanwilliam, a dispute whether his having been seen yesterday morning, leaning out of his window without a neck-cloth and with his shirt open, was a proof of personal vanity or not. Mr. Montagu began the subject by saying that his sight was so good that he can see from one end of the House of Lords to another if the said Lord Clanwilliam had shaved himself or not. Mr. Ward said this proved nothing, for one elegant watching another would have his perceptions keener, that *jalousie de métier* would make each particular hair a study, and consequently more distinct to the naked eye. He then gave a droll description of himself as old and fairly yellowed out of the service.

Granville is not sure whether he shall vote or not. Lord Auckland (George Barnwell as he is called, and he does look like a penitent apprentice) exasperates me with his violence. Somebody said the only reason he wished for a revolution was the hope of seeing Lord A. sweep the streets. Sir Robert Wilson would admire it. He says he can bear anything but those nothing-arians. The word is a good one.

There is a line taken by some women in London which I hope is not necessary to our reputation. Lady Derby is at the head of it, as if there were no such things as Queens and newspapers. A sort of 'anon' when they are asked how the business is going on. Mr. Wilmot writes me word that a distinguished female in Staffordshire says: 'For my part I know nothing about it. I am aware that there are such people as Bergami and Ricordo, and that is enough for me.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : September 1, 1820.

Miss Trimmer was with me yesterday. I took her a royal and loyal junket, to leave my name with all the princesses. Do you not see her look of calm approbation during our anti-radical progress?

They say Mlle. Demont has added less than was expected, but confirmed a great deal, that she is very sharp and shrewd and stands Brougham's cross-examining countenance, which is on her all the time, without flinching.

Granville laughs at me so much for all the things I tell you, yet, in spite of my knowing he will ask me, 'Did you write that to G.?' and the ridicule that will ensue, I will tell you that Lord Glengall¹ asked Mr. Raikes if he was going to a grand masquerade as Phœbus, 'Yes, if you will go as my lyre.' I think this comical enough.

In the enthusiasm shewn by the mob for the Queen, they give amusing proofs of the refinement of their ideas and the measure of her popularity. They call after Billy Austin, 'God bless you and your mother,' and call fruit about St. James's Square, crying Bergami pears and Caroline apples. They say she is getting dreadfully bored, and dying to go to Ramsgate.

Lady Conyngham is getting much abused, having been seen driving about in a carriage without arms and the royal undress livery. It is not true that she has been living all this time at the cottage. The King is reported to be getting terribly nervous and irritable. Mr. Montagu told us at dinner the other day that his two brothers met the King as they were riding through the park at Windsor; that the next day an order was issued forbidding any one to enter it. Mr. Ward de-

¹ Mr. Raikes was very ugly and Lord Glengall extremely inaccurate.

fended the King warmly, saying in a contemptuous tone that it would be very hard if he might not have one spot in his dominions from which he might exclude a Mr. Henry This and a Mr. John That.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : September 2, 1820.

Mlle. Demont was damaged by yesterday's examination. Her candour in avowing that she left the Queen's service for having been detected in a falsehood is said to have disguised the fact of having robbed her. Lord Kenyon was held down from getting up to ask her if she thought the Queen mad; but it is said he is to put his question to-day in a milder form—if she had ever any reason to doubt her being in the perfect possession of her faculties. The Lords are all tired and suffocated, some ill, Lords Wellesley and Hardwicke among the number. Lord Portsmouth takes to the late but desirable task of strengthening his mind. Granville, anxious to ascertain the nature of his studies, looked over his shoulder and saw he was deep in the list of fairs in the Red Book.

The Staffords, the Archbishop, and Lord Morley dined here. Upon Granville talking in a moderate strain and saying he had doubts as to the result, Lord Stafford flew into a fury. Such language was very well for the immoral school, but did not do for the moral one, that even Cobbett was deserting the Queen, that she would soon have no champion but Granville. He sat in the House of Lords as a judge, and judge he would. The Archbishop is much calmer; he will not vote without a clause against divorce. They are all agreed that the Attorney-General has done incalculable mischief, that Brougham is the Queen's Attorney-General, but he is the Queen's man.

To-day we dine at Chiswick, and you shall have

an account of it, of a morning junket to hear Mr. Reynell preach at Kensington Church and a dinner to-morrow at Cleveland House. The two last heads do not promise much amusement.

I heard to-day from Mr. Wilmot, riding with the Master Wilmots, 'reading, pondering, and prospering.' He says he had just questioned an apothecary, whom he crossed on his round of death, as to the change, if any, produced on the Staffordshire minds by the evidence, and that he says it has produced a salutary one, but he also says he heard one countryman say to another: 'Now only listen to me. They wanted to give her fifty thousand pounds, and she would not take it. Does that not prove she is a virtuous woman?' 'Aye, God bless her, so it does.' They then shook hands, and drank porter upon the strength of it.

Few birds and standing corn will be calming news for Granville. Bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: September 3, 1820.

Mlle. Demont turns out to be as clever and good-for-nothing as it is possible to be. She evades all attempts to make her commit herself. Facts are against her, but nothing that her own intelligence and presence of mind cannot save her from.

I have been looking over Granville, who is writing to Mr. Canning, and there I spy, progress slow, result uncertain, not sufficient evidence to carry the bill through the House of Commons. The Bishops will insist upon the divorce clause being left out. This would reconcile the saints in the other House, but the majority would be for her, not on the ground of her popularity, but of his unpopularity. The answer to 'Is she bad?' is, 'He is as bad' in the mouths of the country gentlemen. The Crown lawyers have conducted

the business infamously, letting Brougham, etc., go on without interruption when they were irregular and insolent in their proceedings, stopping and interfering with them when there was no occasion for it.

These are the heads of his lordship's letter, and mine having no head at all, I have ventured to avail myself of them.

At Cleveland House, where I did not feel equal to go, there were only Lord Morley, the Archbishop and his son Henry, an evident Queenite. Lord Stafford, upon Lord Morley giving him some answer he did not approve of, said it was wonderful what arguments fools will make use of.

You must not expect such long affairs, dearest Sis., when the trial is over. I shall return to note-paper and a list of the game.

The Archbishop is happier than the happy. Lady Stafford drives him about in her barouche to air him after the House. He continues not to squabble with the Marquis, as he says he always rows ashore when he sees the storm gathering. A prudent plan in all cases, and I recommend the same course to Granville.

Addio, carissima sorella. I have delightful accounts of the chicks.

To LADY G. MORPETH.

London: September 4, 1820.

Hart came to see me on my return from a Dowager drive. He was charmed with his Chiswick, says Lady Jersey was very amiable when she forgot, as she frequently did, her despair about the Queen. Granville has been riding in the Park with the said Countess and Mr. Tierney. They met the Marylebone dames returning from their address, covered with feathers and white cockades, escorted by the mob. Silence made the welkin ring with her admiration of them. It was

refreshing and delightful to see such feelings in the country. Yes, Tierney said, one feels for the first time proud of being an Englishman! She took it good-humouredly, only laughed and said nobody but herself thought properly on the subject. Tierney told Granville afterwards that he was more and more convinced that the Queen is mad. It is said that to-day's evidence has been more against her than any other day.

Madame de Lieven came to me at nine, and was very agreeable. Lord Clanwilliam and — had been with her, she *folle de lui*, and he giving into it. 'Ma chère, elle est une coquine pire que votre Reine.'

Madame de Lieven gave me a very droll account of a trick they played Lord Clanwilliam at Camden Place, the whole company in the plot. He must be very good-natured to have borne being *joué* in his most weak point, *et aux yeux de sa belle*. When he arrived, Neumann took him aside. 'Mon cher, j'ai eu une aventure unique. Je viens de rencontrer une jeune personne, seule sur le grand chemin, charmante, comme il faut, de la tournure la plus élégante, qui me dit qu'elle a une affaire de la plus grande importance à me communiquer, et me donne rendez-vous pour demain matin à onze heures, à l'entrée du petit bois à un quart d'heure de la maison.' Thereupon Lord C., all anxiety and eagerness, implores Neumann to let him go with him. He stoutly refuses, enjoins secrecy, and they return to *la société*. The next morning, Neumann hastily swallows his breakfast and disappears. Lord C. sits upon thorns. Mme. de Lieven proposes a walk, they set out; *elle s'achemine vers le petit bois*. Lord C. tries to *detourner* her, complains of dust, heat, fatigue. At last they perceive at a distance *une demoiselle avec son cavalier* walking in one of the alleys. Madame de L. says she must see who they are. Lord C. urges her

not; the rudeness, the indiscretion. She persists. Lord C., *poussé à bout*, says, 'Eh bien, comme il vous semble, mais je vous avertis que c'est Neumann: une jeune dame lui a donné rendez-vous ici.' The Lievens affect astonishment, anger: 'Il aurait pu mieux choisir son terrain,' and return home. Lord C., having landed them, flies to the *petit bois*, where he finds Neumann *et sa belle*, a thick veil down, beautiful dark eyes, *très piquante*, large feet *mal chaussés*, but on the whole very admirable. He lays himself out to fascinate her, compliments, exerts all the powers of his understanding, offers to teach her German. She gives her direction, and the knights errant return home. The Lievens receive Neumann with the most chilling coldness. Lord C. in an agony implores them not to resent what seems to him so innocent, speaks to the Comte apart, and at last goes to Neumann and says, 'J'ai fait la plus grande vilenie du monde: je vous ai trahi, les Lievens sont indignés; je me livre à vous. Dites, que voulez-vous que je fasse pour réparer cette sottise?' Neumann, hurt but benignant, forgives him, and Lord C. goes into the drawing-room, and begins writing ('pour ne pas perdre son temps') a note to *la belle inconnue*. The door opens, he is too busy to look round, somebody is at his elbow. He looks up, he sees *la demoiselle* still veiled, leaning on Madame de Lieven's arm. She says his look was *impayable*. He did not know whether he was to apologise, to laugh, to speak, or to run out of the room. At length the demoiselle modestly raises her veil, and Paul Lieven presents himself to the bewildered Earl. He took it in the best part, laughed at himself with the best grace, encouraged Neumann to describe the scene in the *petit bois*.

I am not sure of the *genre*, but it must have been very amusing. God bless you, my dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : September 5, 1820.

Yesterday's evidence was dull and neither one way or the other. The Lords say they never were so bored and consequently exhausted. It is true that Lady Harrowby is to be called. The object is to prove the King's having forbidden his Ministers to let their wives associate with her. Ministers are much charmed with the last two days, so much so that I heard the Duke of Wellington say to Madame de Lieven, complaining of his fatigue, 'Mais, vous savez, les grands succès fatiguent autant que les grands revers.'

My visit to Brentford was bracing at ten o'clock in an open carriage. Miss Trimmer does not know where to shelter her morality, and her comments are for the most part groans. She told me, in answer to me as to my surprise at English people not being staggered by some of the facts that have come out, that their firm belief is that the King had sent a number of people for the purpose of assassinating her, and that Bergami was her only sure and tried protector, and that consequently if he had been half an hour absent from her, she would have been murdered. They are now keeping up the same impression by Alderman Wood and his sons actually walking up and down before Brandenburgh House armed with pistols and telling the people that without such precautions she would not be safe an hour. Miss Trimmer's brother had the curiosity to enquire of the scavenger of Paddington if his wife had been up with an address. Yes, he said, he was against it, but she would go, and that she kissed the Queen's hand several times. Another woman on the top of a stage-coach, a better sort of housemaid, told him she had been, and that it was a very gay sight. She was not tired or faint, for plenty of gin and gingerbread

was sold on the lawn. A man came out and read something, she could not say exactly what it was, all she knew was that it was exceedingly improper. So much for the present Court of Her Majesty.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: September 6, 1820.

You have been two days without writing, Lady Morpeth. I only mention the fact.

Sardi, the courier, has stated the strongest facts of all, but Trimmer and the young lords say it is of no use what is stated when people are resolved not to believe the staters. Lord Morley says nothing will induce him to vote for the bill if it comes to a division now, and I see both he and G. are anxious to have the thing knocked up in the Upper House. They think that without the divorce clause the proceeding is nonsense, with it quite unallowable. Ministers hold a different language. 'What is to be proved if this is not? What would you have more, no two witnesses contradicting each other? The Queen, the disgrace of her sex. How can anyone pretending to morality, decency,' etc. The fallacy of all this is that what we want is not belief, but proof; witnesses, but credible ones—ten Englishmen instead of a hundred Italians. John Bull looks upon them as so many bugs and frogs, and there is a Lieutenant Flynn coming on her side, who will be their demi-god. The real grievance is its having become, as everything does so much in England, a violent party question. Granville says there is a Ministerial mountain headed by Lord Ellenborough, as well as an Opposition one, and that both have been, and are, absurd beyond measure.

You will see we are coming to an end, though still unsatisfactory and tedious. Lord Holland says he is so tired of the subject that he shall go and live in Hatton

Garden with the witnesses, who, it appears, in their evidence do not talk of the Queen. They are debating to-day whether there may be a pause to give time for the arrival of the Lugano witnesses. I hear it certainly will not be granted, in which case we shall be off on Monday.

William de Ros has just been here. He is very clever and agreeable and has great originality in his ideas. He found me spying at the eclipse, and amused me by saying he hates practical jokes, but most of all those played by the sun and moon, there is no knowing how they may turn out.

I have had a letter from Mr. Wilmot. He says Mr. Parish is as well as the incubus of radicalism will allow him to be, and 'God bless the dragoons, I love them man and horse,' may be taken as one of those specimens of pure Tory benevolence in which he abounds.

The judges say it is impossible to wait. The Solicitor-General is summing up, and they say it will be over to-morrow.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: September 15, 1820.

I cannot endure the thoughts of Monday fortnight. I am so happy here. My health also seems to profit by every mouthful of air, and the misfortune is that there is scarcely anything in London to weigh against all I enjoy here. Breakfast by candlelight in a fog, no interest strong enough to make society piquant, no time for air and exercise, away from my chicks. I declare, I believe the only advantage is the being able to write you letters that are unlike those I send from hence.

Nos messieurs are very agreeable. I see nothing of them in the morning, in the evening they are very

gay and conversable, and after tea and an hour's discussion they play at whist. F. Byng's conversation is all in the style of a word to the wise : let him heed who hears, how it is better to buy tea at the India House in chests, silks to be had in the Regent Circus as good as French ones for six shillings a yard, French silks stain, English ones do not. Mr. Montagu is quite another *paire de manchettes*. He makes us live assemblies over again. 'There is a peer who makes a great sensation, a Lord Duncan. He seemed to me to be making up to Lady Georgiana Bathurst, as also Lord Ellenborough, who is evidently in search of a wife.'

I have a letter from Neumann to-day. He says : 'Le pauvre Palmella,¹ dont je viens de recevoir des nouvelles, se trouve dans une terrible position, c'est-à-dire entre son penchant pour les idées libérales et son devoir d'obéissance passive pour son roi ; le dernier a cependant prévalu, et il devait partir incessamment pour le Brésil afin d'ouvrir les yeux de son maître.'

We are all at 'The Abbot.' I have only read the first volume. I delight in even the faults of his novels, 'Ivanhoe' excepted.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: October 5, 1820.

There never was anything like the admiration excited by Brougham's speech. Lord Harrowby, G. Somerset, Mr. Montagu, and Granville told me it was in eloquence, ability, and judicious management beyond almost anything they ever heard. The House seemed electrified. They bet high at Brooks's that the bill will be thrown out in the House of Lords. Granville fears not. He thinks it would be much the best thing for

¹ A Portuguese statesman, who had lived some time in England. He was a Liberal, and contributed to the establishment of the throne of Doña Maria. He was twice President of the Council, a post he occupied at the time of his death in 1850.

the country. Mr. Standish told me he went into Lord Gwydir's room after Brougham's speech and found him looking quite exhausted, but talking and cutting his jokes just as if he had been the only person there who had not been exerting himself. Williams, they say, is clever and a good lawyer, but full of bad taste and law terms, sounding particularly ill coming after Brougham.

I am happy to hear we shall see George. Tell him we can lodge and feed him. Let me know his day and his room shall be ready.

I have had a long and entertaining letter from Mr. Sneyd. I am sorry that he says, 'Is this letter to your taste, weak and serious like Lord John Russell's book.' He tells me, 'I met a masked procession in Newcastle-under-Lyme to-day. A mockery, as it appeared upon enquiry, after the manner of the Abbot of Unreason, of the election of a new Mayor, that recently chosen dignitary being a Wilmotite, and consequently highly unpopular. Upon the right hand of his travestied representative appeared a Cardinal in full canonicals. I asked the meaning. "Why, to be sure, Wilmot is a papist, and his Mayor must have a popish chaplain, you know."' This taste for waggery was unknown to the worthy burgesses of Newcastle under the Trentham and Buffy dynasties. Poor Wilmot!

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow
And help'd to plant the wound that lay thee low.

I am expecting Granville every moment with tidings of to-day's work.

Only a moment. Lady Charlotte Lyndsay did it well. The Attorney-General very offensive in his manner to her. To-day for the Queen, as far as it goes.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: October 6, 1820.

After I despatched my letter yesterday, I walked in Hyde Park with Granville. We met the Argylls, fat and lazy, and Mr. Ward, closely buttoned up in a long shabby *redingote*, mounted on a wretched pony, asking news as if he had been living in another world. I do not believe Brougham's success is ever music to his ears, and he left him quite out in his conversation upon the state of things.

Madame de Lieven came at half-past nine, *outrée* with England for refusing to take a part in this new dish of Continental troubles.¹ Agar joined us, and I felt quite vexed at seeing him look so ill and suffering. Mrs. Lamb came to us, also in a poor way. It is wonderful, when one enquires into the stomachs of one's acquaintances, how little domestic happiness is to be found in any of them. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: October 7, 1820.

Do you know the agony and bustle of a London morning? In my bedgown, Mr. Wilmot having dropped in like a bomb into our early breakfast, on his knees for news till eleven, when young Scanner, sixty at least, arrived and kept me till twelve. Mrs. Wyatt tapping at the door with caps and bodies, Mrs. Villiers with all George Villiers' letters from Russia to read to me. And now see me, when my destined day is half done, still in my bedgown, with the carriage harnessing for Chiswick.

Yesterday was even triumphant for the Queen.

¹ Revolutionary movements in Naples, Spain, and Portugal were going on, a state of insurrection in Turkey, and Greece the scene of outrages and butcheries.

'Viva Regina,' with accompaniment and a full band. Sir William and Keppel Craven, God help their souls, giving the most entire and cordial testimony in her favour, confuting much of the previous evidence against her.

I dined at Cleveland House. Lord Stafford, like the noble Leonatus, *outré*, bursting with rage, for there is nothing else for it. The Archbishop sat on the other side of me. He looks upon the thing as over, and says that it is better the bill should be thrown out, with the moral conviction in the higher orders that she is guilty, than carried with the moral conviction in the lower orders that she is innocent. Very sensible, and my own view of the case.

Mr. Wilmot is furious, and we suspect him of an early preparation to rat. Ministers are in a nice kettle of fish, to be sure. They have still hopes of Mlle. Demont, her own maid, breaking down. Lady Jersey is in a phrenzy of delight. Lady Harrowby more moved than I ever before saw her.

The Archbishop raves of your daughter Harriet. Think of his asking me in a loud voice, before Lord Morley, His Grace of Norfolk, Tom Grenville, and divers other venerable sparks, if the visit of the Exeter 'Change elephant to the Chiswick one was one of friendship or of *galanterie*! Tom told a *leste* story or two. In short, the morals and decency of the age are at a low pitch.

Elizabeth looked beautiful, Charlotte good and amiable. The husbands seem cordially to despise each other.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: October 8, 1820.

I must begin by telling you that George dined here upon chicken and partridge, in perfect health and

looking better than I ever saw him. He is more improved in manner and conversation than I can say, and, in short, he is a dear, delightful creature.

Hart, Agar, Punch, and Lord Morley came in the evening. Our conversation was very slightly political. Lord Grey's visit to the Queen is the only new event. He called, intending only to leave cards, with Mr. Lambton, Mr. Bennet, and Lady Louisa.¹ Her Majesty begged them to come in. The men obeyed, leaving Lady Louisa in the carriage, a proof of the wish these noble Whigs have that their wives and daughters should cultivate the acquaintance.

Madame de Lieven's dinner last night was the great subject of discussion. Lady Elizabeth Vernon was there, looking beautiful. '*Princesse Esterhazy*² *faisant la pluie et le beau temps.*' She is to be, Mr. Ellis assures us, 'the woman of the year.' Madame Frias,³ taking off her gloves, and shewing the company her hand and arm, as a man does his snuff-box, and then saying, '*Les Espagnoles ont aussi des jolis pieds,*' and pulling up her petticoats and shewing hers.

Hart is in a most amiable humour. We dine there on Thursday before the drum. You will sympathise with me as to a new acquisition he has made, a sweet little pet, called an *ichneumon*, the size of a large rat, with a nose like a weasel, so tame that it springs up into one's face, gets into one's plate at dinner and when one drinks tea, runs rapidly up one's back, over one's shoulder, and puts its nose into one's cup. Its peculiarity is, I believe, a delight in sucking human blood.

The only news I know is that Mrs. Lines is in the third heaven, having begun her course⁴ at Devonshire

¹ A daughter of Lord Grey and wife of Mr. Lambton, afterwards Lord Durham.

² Austrian Ambassadress.

³ Spanish Ambassadress.

⁴ As housekeeper.

House. Hart says he feels as if he was giving orders to the Duchess of Gloucester.

Tuesday.—To-day I perform alone upon a roast chicken, and mean to devour ‘Kenilworth’ with it. There are different opinions. Charles Greville told me last night that he did not stir out or go to bed till five in the morning the day he begun it. God bless you, dearest G.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : October 9, 1820.

I went to Chiswick. Granville and Hart arrived five minutes after me. They had not been doing much. The gentlemen’s gentlemen and two impudent Englishmen had been examined, and poor Lady Charlotte¹ much tormented. To-day Doctor Holland and the naval heroes, Hownam and Flynne. I think I observe a change of language on both sides—Ministerial people less violent, and Lady Jersey and Co. bearing their honours meekly. It is said that there is much squabbling in the Cabinet. Five times a day I listen to the same discussion, whether or not Ministers should resign.

Hart is improving Chiswick, opening and airing it; a few kangaroos, who if affronted will rip up anyone as soon as look at him, elks, emus, and other pretty sportive death-dealers playing about near it.

Have you seen the very severe, at least the very mortifying review of Mr. Luttrell, rather than his book in the ‘Quarterly’? Rogers carries it about under his arm as other people do their cocked hats, ejaculating, ‘Poor Luttrell, it’s all over with him, he never can look up again. He never can stand it, not being blest with a particularly good temper.’ Mr. Luttrell, however, does look up, and is preparing another long poem for

¹ Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the daughter of Lord North.

the press. I have not seen him, but hear he is not apparently distressed. They say the article is Gifford's. God bless you, my dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: October 14, 1820.

You do not know the pleasure it is to write to you, the happiness it gives me to believe that it is in my power to interest and amuse you.

I cannot understand the state of the case, therefore you must excuse my making any comment upon it. Lord Holland was in a great passion, as you will see in the papers; very personal in his language to Lord Liverpool, so much so that at the end of the day he said to two or three people that he regretted very much having been so, but was led away by the heat of the moment.

Nobody knows what will happen to-day. The alternatives are, a division upon whether the Lords will proceed, Brougham's refusing positively to proceed, in which case he cannot be compelled. But there will be a Ministerial clamour that he is glad of a loophole and mistrusts his other witnesses. Of course, as to the question of Mr. Powell having sent Rastelli away, with passports granted by Lord Clanwilliam or Mr. Planta, there is a decided difference of opinion. Some say it must have been a measure, *vu* the odd reason alleged for sending him; others that it was really done *de bonne foi*, with an understanding that he was to be here again by October 2. At all events, it gives an impression to the public not to be got rid of, as, even if he returns now, they will say he returns prepared, which makes the whole difference.

I do not think there is a person who now believes that it will pass the House of Lords. I suppose, however, that we shall be at it for nearly ten days longer.

What will happen if there is an acquittal Heaven only knows. But I think it will be safer than any other course.

I called upon Lady Grantham yesterday. I do not think her in spirits, which makes her more pleasing, as she looks more interesting and talks much less. She told me, but begged me not to repeat it, so do not, that Lord Grantham¹ is decidedly against the bill passing in the House of Lords.

They say that one of the Queen's habits, to be proved by ocular demonstration every evening, is that of excessive drinking. If you dislike to believe this, dearest Lady Morpeth, you need not. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: November 3, 1820.

The town rings with Lord Lauderdale's speech. Great oratorical guns are to be fired to-day. Ministers expect, poor loves, a majority of fifty, but you shall have politics later in my envelope. Yesterday morning Lady Grantham brought me a beautiful ring, a turkey stone set in gold with her hair behind. There is no describing her kindness to me. She sits crying and kissing my hands. I love her for her merits, and almost for her faults. She was at home yesterday evening to Lady Bath, the sisters and some men. I preferred staying in my own den, and was surprised there in a state of *déshabillé* scarcely proper. Madame de Lieven, Neumann, Govero, and William Ponsonby. We mixed up our politics and were very eloquent and agreeable.

The sun shines and I must go forth. I hope to have tidings for you, but Granville says the debate may be prolonged, in which case *à demain*.

I know nothing of to-day but that the friends of the

¹ He voted against the Bill.

bill are dissatisfied with the Chancellor. Lord Lauderdale was heard to say, 'I wish the devil had him.' They thought him too short, and that he omitted so many important points of which he might have made great use.

Lord Harewood stuff, Lord Grosvenor¹ *à mourir de rire* about setting suns and faded stars. Lord Grey sublime, Lord Liverpool tired.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : November 9, 1820.

They are only debating to-day, to-morrow they divide. Early on Monday we set out for Wherstead. The night before last Mr. Ward came to my soirée and was very entertaining. They talked of Italian witnesses and the want of truth among the Neapolitans. He told us the story of one who, being examined as to his knowledge of persons concerned in some plot, always answered in the affirmative. 'Conoscete Paolo?' 'Sì.' 'Conoscete Pietro?' 'Sì.' 'Conoscete il Concilio di Trenta?' 'Sì, sì—piccolo, piuttosto bruno.'

Last night we went to see 'Twelfth Night.' It is well acted and magnificently got up. Miss Tree sang beautifully and looked very pretty in her page's dress. Between the acts Lord Castlereagh, who was in the King's box, leant out of it to speak to somebody in the next. The audience began instantly hissing and groaning. He drew back and they were quiet, till the words 'To thy defence make what thou canst of it' roused their noble natures again.

Lady Jersey and the Duchess of Somerset went together to Brandenburg House yesterday.

¹ Lord Grosvenor, created Marquis of Westminster in 1831. Grandfather of the Duke of Westminster.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: November 10, 1820.

I am waiting most impatiently for news from the House. Some expect a majority of twenty, some of ten. Lord Clare and Charles Ellis have called here. It is delightful to see this last in such good spirits again, and if esteem is the measure of one's affection, there can be no bound to that he inspires. I think more highly of him than of anybody I know, and sometimes the *cri de mon âme* is to live with none but those I can respect as much as admire.

Half-past three.—They divided, a majority of nine for the bill, upon which Lord Liverpool withdrew it. To-night we shall all stick lights in our windows and there will be an end for the moment. Lord Harrowby did not vote. His brother the only bishop that voted against it. Bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: November 11, 1820.

Dearest G.,—I can hardly believe in liberty, or that I shall really see my darling children on Monday.

I had a soirée last night: Madame de Lieven, Lady Harrowby, Lady Grantham, who proposed herself, Lord Clare, Lord John Russell, Messrs. Montagu and Standish. Of course we discussed but one subject. Lady Harrowby is *aux anges*; she has been for a long time dying for them to throw out the bill. Opposition ditto, but with the hope that three parts of the question yet remain, and that upon the questions of Liturgy, establishment, and money they shall still *pousser au bout*, if not beyond. Lady Harrowby only calls it 'settling her matters,' and does not allow it will be very difficult. The people who are *outrés* are those whom Ministers have led on to support the different stages and then dragged them through the dirt (that is

their phrase), with having the grace of giving up confined to themselves. This is awkward, as when Parliament meets they cannot weather their task without warmer and firmer support than ever.

Lady Stafford came to me after it in a stew. Did I think Lord Stafford¹ had done right?—a sort of ‘Who’s afraid?’ question. She should have voted for, but in fact some people say to vote against it is most flattering to Ministers, as most likely to keep them in their places. I was near crying, ‘Bravo.’ She is afraid of Lord Harrowby wanting to resign, ‘some strange crotchet, as he is a man of honour and all that sort of thing.’ She was really better than Farren or Liston. God bless you, own dearest Sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : November 12, 1820.

The Ministers found the King in a dreadfully nervous and irritable state, so much so that they had thought of sending the Archbishop of Canterbury to him to calm his mind. He shuts himself up, will see nobody, and is having new keys made to all the gates, to prevent the neighbourhood having access to the park and *alentours*.

Madame de Lieven says that Lord Grey’s ‘*façon de penser est tout à fait noble*,’ that Tierney has made up his mind but would not say another word about it, and that Brougham alone seemed all gaiety and ease, as if he had nothing to do or think about. Hart means to stay a week longer at Chiswick. He will not hear of Wherstead. Excuse this shabby letter.

¹ He voted against the Bill.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: November 13, 1820.

This is my last London day, and I celebrate it with the worst cold I ever had.

On Saturday we drove down to Chiswick, where we found Hart, who will write to you about Hardwicke for the beginning of December. If it can be achieved what happiness it will be! The lawn was beautifully variegated with an Indian bull and his spouse, and goats of all colours and dimensions. I own I think it a mercy that one of the kangaroos has just died in labour, *vu* that they hug one to death.

I returned home and went to see the 'Confederacy,' well acted at Covent Garden. From thence to Drury Lane, to the 'Maid and the Magpie.' Miss Kelly was perfect; but every sentence was interrupted with political applications. The Baillie they called the Lord Chancellor; but the activity was nearly confined to the galleries. Mrs. Brougham was in Hart's box, looking really very handsome. Lord Grey in another, recognised and applauded by the audience. We dined at Holland House in London. Lady Holland was good-humoured and agreeable. Lord Holland as merry as a grig, though begging in vain for one glass of Johannisberg. Lord rascal Lauderdale, as he says half his letters are directed to him. Brougham next to him, whose nose, either from fatigue or triumph, twitches twenty times more than ever. He told us he had received an anonymous letter beginning, 'You two-faced and rascally Whig;' I felt quite distressed and did not know how to look. Lady Holland is really *outrée* with you for returning to Castle Howard for Christmas, and uttered seditious speeches against your Government.¹ They seem on the best possible terms with Lord Lau-

¹ Lord Morpeth.

derdale. Is it the extreme of honesty or t'other thing that makes him always hold his ground on every question?

I have the following effusion from Silence to Granville: 'You never saw anything like the universal joy of the country. All the way we came people of every rank cheering, and in the towns the most respectable persons came to shake hands with Lord Jersey and thank him for his vote. The Queen was in every one's mouth, in every one's hat, upon every cart, and in every house. They drew us through the towns, and there was not one person drunk.' Oh, what a journey for a Vig! They propose themselves for the 20th. *Addio*, beloved sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: November 15, 1820.

We arrived here at six yesterday, and, though I am confined to my room with a bad cold, what happiness it is! They are all as well as possible. Granville, an *élancé* little man instead of a perfectly round ball, as I expected. The two girls have been with me for the last two hours. Georgy is as shrewd as she can stick together. Edward like a new shorn lamb, and all so happy to have me amongst them again. Then the rooms are so airy, the view from my window so pretty. And what a comfort it is, for my reasons are not all sublime, to have time for a doze, and not to be obliged to put one's hair into eighteen *papillotes*!

The Jerseys come here on Monday. I believe she does not want anything but one or two patient listeners. They proposed themselves, and I am sure I shall be pleased with her when she arrives; but I would have given a great deal to have spent these ten days quite alone.

We go to town on Saturday, the 25th. Granville dines with Charles Ellis to meet Mr. Canning, I at

Madame de Lieven's. On Sunday both of us at Holland House. On Monday we set out on our travels. *Addio, carissima sorella.*

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : November 16, 1820.

After walking alone through the foggy streets for six weeks, you cannot know what it is to me to walk here in weather like spring with the darling children. This place has certainly a power over my health that is quite magical, inasmuch as it acts upon it immediately. It is not that I felt ill in London, but heavy, languid, and old, and here I grow young again. Granville is shooting.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : November 23, 1820.

It has been a bad day, and the shooters and ourselves have all suffered from it. Lady Jersey is good and amiable, with a great deal of quickness and intelligence, much more than I gave her credit for. But it is a perpetual taking the wrong sow by the ear, and at times a *parler sans dire* that gives me a feeling of weariness. To-day from twelve till near four she talked to me of the Queen. The room was hot, her eagerness and vehemence worthy a better cause, and I feel as they say actors do after a fatiguing part, though I scarcely spoke ten words. She was perfectly good-humoured, though these ten words were to declare my unshakeable conviction of the Queen's profligacy. When we talk upon morality in general, as desirable for subjects instead of Queens, she delights and does me good. Her abhorrence of coquetry, freedom from offensive vanity, and her singleness of heart, proved by her conduct, are all admirable.

I have hardly any conversation with him. He

seems in good spirits again, and fonder of her than I have ever seen him.

The Queen has been to church and has had the Leinsters, Mrs. Damer, Lord Thanet, Duncannon, and a good many Italians to dinner. Lord Thanet writes to Lady Jersey word that she was in high spirits, very amusing, giving accounts of her journeys, which prove to him that it was not tender ground.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: December 2, 1820.

I have kept this morning almost entirely in my room; in the evening there is piquet and I crack jokes with Mr. Sneyd. Yesterday he got the print of a sort of monkey called the cagoi, with the features of its race, but enormous human-looking black eyes. His amusement is to declare his conviction that if she had been sent over from some great foreign Court, very well dressed and called Madame la Comtesse de Cagoi, Govero and Lord Clanwilliam would have been *à ses pattes*.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Hardwicke: December 14, 1820.

Dearest Lady H.,—I shall go on writing to you from time to time, and remember I do not even wish to be *payée en retour*. It would be a cruel trick to entail upon you all the horrors of a correspondence, and if about once a fortnight you write me word that you both are well I shall think myself richly repaid. I have been so happy here that I feel a degree of unreasonable sorrow at going the day after to-morrow. I have had the happiness of seeing G. in better health and gayer than I almost ever remember her, and my brother has been as kind and amiable as possible. We have had weather like a fine spring. Granville some good shoot-

ing, Lord Morpeth some curious old books; in short pleasures suited to all our capacities. Agar Ellis is here. He has the most unconquerable sweetness of temper, which gives him the power of rising above digestion, and to see mind surmounting body always gives me a pleasure and respect like what I feel when I see a little dog get the better of a great one. My simile is not sublime, but it expresses what I mean.

If anybody asks you why the Queen is like the Bill of Pains and Penalties, you must say because they are both abandoned. Having furnished you with this easy piece of wit, I bid you good-bye.

‘I have read this letter and am much flattered by seeing that my wife thinks shooting is the occupation alone adapted to my capacity.—Your poor brainless brother.’

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Woburn: December 19, 1820.

The Duchess has not yet appeared. She has seen *toutes ces dames*, but not me. You know I am not touchy, therefore I take the goods the gods provide me and swallow the affront with a grateful heart.

It is very comfortable here, no more nor less. I had yesterday morning entirely to myself; at dinner I am well placed between Lord Jersey and Punch. In the evening the men play at whist or billiards, and we sit in the saloon all very well together, but Lady William Russell is the only one who really likes me. Lady Jersey is too absorbed to think who is for or who against. She sits netting and raving, and it sometimes comes across my mind that she will go out of hers. Her countenance is become so stern and political that it affects her beauty. She occasionally stands up and gesticulates with unfeminine vehemence. Yesterday she

seized Lord William by both sides of his coat, I believe what is called collaring a man, exclaiming, 'Why should we have Germans to reign over us?'

This morning I am going with Tavy and the Duke to see a match at tennis between Granville and Lord Jersey against Arthur Upton and F. Ponsonby.

Addio, dearest loved sister. I think we shall go Sunday. Nothing can prevent my whooping and hallowing all the way to town.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Woburn: December 20, 1820.

Dearest G.,—Will you tell Mr. Ellis that I do not write to him, because you will be able to tell him my Woburn news?

We are new dealt every day at dinner. Yesterday I sat between Lords Thanet and Worcester. The former is very agreeable, and we are becoming rather particular. Poor Lord Jersey is cut short in all his sports by gout. Monsieur de Flahault was the only new personage. His singing is enchanting and made yesterday evening more agreeable than the former ones.

The Duchess appeared. She was to me just what I wish her to be, uncommonly cold and uncommonly civil. Lady Worcester is in great beauty and most amiable. Tavy walks a genius; she has taken up a new *rôle* and would be an able premier to a female Whig administration. Lady William I like better every time I see her. George Anson is prettily cut out in wood and whiskers, pleasing and unaffected in his manners. Punch very entertaining, treating the Duke of York as if he was his *élève*. 'Good God, sir, how can your Royal Highness say such a thing?' 'Ah, ah. Well, I'm sure I don't know. Well, Punch, well, I'm very sorry.'

Do not tell Agar I am not very much charmed here. I declare I do not know why I am not more. I was

very happy at Teddesley and Blithfield, where I had not so much to amuse me. I think very few people as agreeable as Lady William. Lady Worcester is improved beyond anything. She gives herself no airs, looks beautiful, sings beautifully and has quite enough quickness to add *agrément* to society. The Duchess I do not see. Many of the men I like. I have a delightful room and find the day too short for all I have to do in it. The people I have named are all kinder to me, one more than another. Lady Jersey leaves me individually alone as to politics. Why, then, do I count the days till I can go? Why do I feel that I shall not be able to refrain from screaming for joy when I drive off? It is no affront to Woburn. I do justice to its comforts, ease, splendour, and society. It is simply a strong, unconquerable wish to go, and I am inclined to say to everybody with the utmost sincerity, 'Yes, it is delightful, only can't I possibly get away?' Adieu, dearest G.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Bruton Street: December 21, 1820.

My dearest Lady H.,—It is with great regret that I find myself here without you, having once had the hope of finding you in this large, dark, and foggy town.

We left Woburn yesterday, having spent there a week of as much pleasure as is compatible with seeing it end without any regret. The *locale* is itself a great source of enjoyment. There is so much space, so much comfort, such *luxe* and ease. The society generally speaking very good, much to amuse, and nothing to annoy. Yet at the summing up I said 'content.' I believe it was being obliged to dress very smart and sitting often at dinner between the Lords Tavistock and Worcester. These were my grievances; my pleasures were Lady William's society, as much of Charles Greville

as shooting and whist allowed, Monsieur de Flahault's singing. The Duchess herself is very unwell and appeared but four times, only once at dinner, and when she did very *souffrante* and out of spirits. Lady Tavistock did the honours with radiant good-humour in a succession of dresses that looked as if they came out of an old masquerade warehouse. Madame Esterhazy edified us all with her spirits and *facilité à vivre*; nothing comes amiss to her from a *grande passion* down to hunt the slipper, and be it man or slipper, she puts it on or takes it off with the same ease and pleasure. Lady Jersey's Queenism was in some degree overlaid by the presence of the Duke of York. It is a pity to see what the delirium of party spirit will do in perverting mind and feeling, and political madness is the most incurable of all.

I found London full and busy. I dined yesterday at Holland House with Whigs and lawyers, and to-day at Madame de Lieven's, with Decazes and Fagel. This morning my room was quite like yours, Nicholas rather lengthy about Ministers and rheumatism. Neumann telling a story of Lady Stuart having turned her back upon a Count Trauttmansdorf, whose face happens to be as ugly as his name, telling him it was for fear her child should be like him, and her paying a sum of money the next morning to a woman of the name of Marie Branner, of great beauty and celebrity, the Harriet Wilson of Vienna, to come and be looked at by her for an hour. Granville Vernon talking loud and long, Lord Clanwilliam complaining of the entire loss of his spirits, and in rather more buoyant ones than any person besides himself is blest with. His zest in society consists in perpetually going too near the wind, and the satisfaction that people in general find in winning the race is found by him in running out of the course.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: December 21, 1820.

My dearest G.,—I had begun a letter to-day, which I had not time to finish. The journey to town was very bleak, but my joy kept me warm. When I arrived I found I had just missed Lord Clanwilliam, from whom an hour after I received a note, telling me he had come from Cray¹ to see me, and was there again, half perished with his ride and quite out of humour. We went to dinner at Holland House. Lord Holland, in a black velvet cap, tied under his chin with a muslin handkerchief, looked a great grig and a great love. We had Sir William Scott, Sergeant Lens, and Mr. Warburton, a good-looking, scientific youth, and late in the evening Brougham, his hair and beard grown, looking like an orang-outang. Mr. Canning's resignation has made little sensation, I suppose from its having been so much calculated upon. They say Mr. Peel has refused taking office and Charles Wynne is talked of as the successor.

This morning Lord Clanwilliam announced himself for about three. At a quarter before four the door opened, 'Mr. Granville Vernon.' Presently after Neumann. Loud and long did Mr. G. V. talk, till Granville, knowing I wished to be rid of Vernon, cut him off by proposing to take a walk with him. The Baron sat on with us some time, but, as Lord C. kept his post, we had at last an opportunity of talking over our affairs. He is delighted to go, but seems to have little idea that it will end in matrimony.

I have been dining with Madame de Lieven, the Decazes, Neumann, Fagel, and some *attachés*. It would have been too monstrously dull if Madame de Lieven's gaiety and cleverness had not outweighed all the weight of her *convives*.

¹ Lord Castlereagh's residence.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: December 22, 1820.

I have little to tell you to-day. At three Lord Clanwilliam had appointed to come and take leave of me. At a quarter before three the door opened, 'Mr. Granville Vernon.' You will think it is my yesterday's letter, but it is to-day, and, like other jokes, the worse for repetition. He did not stay above an hour.

There is a new paper, which causes great sensation. Its object seems to be to frighten women from visiting the Queen. Its name is 'John Bull.' The first victim is the Duchess of Bedford, giving an account of her attachment to the first Duke, her marriage with this. Lady Jersey next, very abusive. Mrs. Brougham's seven months' child. Lady Ossulston a foreigner married to a weak little lord. It is an odious publication both as to its motive and in its execution.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Chiswick: December 26, 1820.

Nothing can go on better than the play, which stands for Tuesday. Lady Normanby and Miss Fremantle are excellent. The theatre very pretty. The room for audience lamentably small, my brother obdurate with regard to men. He says he shall ask those he meets, and as he has just driven to town, I hope my particular friends will be disporting themselves on the Chiswick road. Of women, Ladies Holland, Elizabeth Grey, and yourself are all I know of. The famous and unfortunate Mrs. Trot is to be expunged from the play. The Rev. Mr. Glenny, Lord Clare, is gone to town for his wig. Mrs. B. Danvers looks beautiful, but is so terrified that it is painful to see and impossible to hear her. *Au reste*, Chiswick is like a madhouse, hammering in one room, beds in almost all. There is young Phipps, who is as good as Emery.

1821

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1, 1821.

Many happy years, my dearest sister. It is very unlucky that the snow is begun and will probably be confirmed by the time our people arrive.

I am expecting Lady Harland. No words can say what a comfortable woman she is. Moreton Eden has heard from Bowood. The Decazes are there, and Lord Lansdowne acts charades with them with a zeal and application very amusing to see.

I had no letter to-day and have one degree less to say than yesterday, when I had nothing. Moreton raves of George and says he is adored at Oxford. He has been at St. Giles, says Lady Harriet is beautiful, Lord Ashley very clever and reading very hard, and that Lord Shaftesbury is so severe that the girls do not dare speak when he is in the room.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1821.

My day yesterday was so taken up that I had not time to write. To-day I have sent Lady Worcester and her Lord, Neumann and Agar to drive in an open carriage, and the men are shooting. The snow is gone and the weather like spring.

Yesterday evening we acted charades and you have no idea how amusing it is. I will give you an idea of it. The society divides itself into two parts. Granville,

Agar, myself and Mr. Montagu, as audience, had to guess the following, which we did. First they put a row of cushions to represent a river, over which Charles Greville handed Madame de Lieven, in a hat and pelisse, with great difficulty. Next came the Duke, happier than when he won his battles, with Lady Worcester¹ equipped like Madame de Lieven, in his arms to carry her across. Next hobbled Neumann and fell, Worcester then, rubbing him dry and wringing his clothes.

This was *gué*.

Next they come in dressed like Turks with turbans, and Neumann with a muff on his head, and they sit in a circle cross-legged.

This is *riz*.

Then Madame de Lieven, sick, in a bedgown, is led to one couch, Worcester with a swelled face in agonies with the toothache to another. Charles comes in, feels her pulse and gives her pills and a draught. He then goes to Worcester and in the most masterly manner draws his tooth. They both jump up from the immediate effect of his remedies and dance about.

Guéris.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1821.

It is scarcely light and we all just setting off. My cold is still bad and we are going in the britschka, an act of rashness I would not perform were I not going to the land of Verity.

The children were off at seven, I quite provoked with them for their rapture at going to London, little geese.

Mr. Wilmot dines with us to-day and we shall have

¹ She was the daughter of his brother, Lord Mornington.

his version of things. I hear Lord Archibald's motion is to be simply an expression of disapprobation upon the omission of her in the Liturgy, the most embarrassing form for Government into which it can be put.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: February 1821.

I have seen and heard a great deal, but everything is so mixed up in my head with a very bad cold that I doubt how much clear matter I can produce for your amusement. We arrived in town at five and Mr. Wilmot dined with us. He went over the debates. You will see that the division on the Liturgy question has been better than was expected, and it is thought that the Ministers will do, as it is called. The poor dear Duke of Wellington has put his foot in it, and the joke is 'that the curtain will never be drawn over that farce.' The Whigs are supposed to have made two great mistakes, pressing the first division and bringing the Liturgy forward before the vote of censure. Their language is that Parliament and the nation are at issue and that revolution must follow, the House of Commons persisting in supporting the present Government. We expect a much larger majority on Lord Tavistock's motion to-morrow week.

Lady Morley arrived last night in uproarious spirits, fresh from the West London Theatre, which Lord Morley protects, and where she told us she had seen the pink of Tottenham Court Road and some young ladies rather too flighty in their conduct.

Hart is in good looks and good spirits, but, woe is me, he begins his Thursdays the very next that comes, and without music. *Addio*, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 6, 1821.

Lord Tavistock did pretty well, and Mr. Lambton very well. Mr. Peel's speech was a useful one for the Government, but not in any way striking. Granville thought Mr. Whitmore's very good, a country gentleman, who had supported Ministers till the Queen's business. They have adjourned till to-morrow.

I was at Madame de Lieven's on Sunday evening. Lady Morley and myself sat on a couch, she saying, 'Now we have nothing to do but to look as fascinating as possible, and we shall be surrounded by all that is exquisite.' The result was the Countess herself, Messrs. Charles Ellis, Greville, Montagu, Wilmot, Luttrell, and Nugent. The reverse of the medal was less intellectual but more beautiful, a pendant group consisting of Madame Esterhazy, Ladies Worcester and Elizabeth Vernon, Messrs. William Russell, Sydney Bathurst, Lords Worcester and Valletort. The rest of the room was darkness made visible. Swarms of small black diplomates, Bathursts in cherry-coloured velvet, Lady Castlereagh covered with diamonds and gold. Lady Davey, who is everywhere, and Lady Elizabeth Fielding, who ought to be nowhere.

I went last night to the Olympic with the Morleys, he, as she terms it, 'the Jove of Olympus assumes the God, affects to nod.' Charles Greville, Mr. Montagu, and Hart joined us and the same party junket on Friday to Chiswick. We had the happiness to be introduced to the ichneumon. You will never stand it, dear Lady Morpeth. I believe it is harmless, but as rapid as lightning, here, there, and everywhere, over and into everything. *Addio*, dearest.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Bruton Street : February 8, 1821.

Dearest Lady H.,—I have been very comfortable since my arrival in town, almost constantly at home of the evening to those I like best, and not having been obliged above two or three times to see those I don't like at all. Lady Morley *fait mes délices*, and after her departure I mean to end my soirées. Madame de Lieven, delightful as she is, comes too seldom and goes too early to make me reckon upon her, and my pleasure in them ceases if I have not some one's brains besides my own *pour amuser mon monde*.

I give you joy of our being the most loyal nation in the world. You will have heard and seen in the papers how we doat upon the King. I witnessed his reception at Drury Lane and never saw anything like it, all that lungs, hats, hands, and handkerchiefs could do in short. This and the division of last night have made the Whigs look rather black.

I like to give you lights about your understanding and the measure taken of it by an intelligent public. Granville Vernon told me yesterday, with his usual stentorian candour, that he had been present at a discussion about you and myself, after the manner of Plutarch, I suppose, and in which Lord Clanwilliam warmly took up your cause. He said Lady G. is an agreeable woman, but Lady H. has exactly twice her cleverness. I can only add that I am not only content, but proud to be exactly one half of you, and being so still think myself double three parts of my acquaintance. *Addio*, my dearest Lady H.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: February 11, 1821.

I must wait till Granville is up to give you an account of the debate.

I heard the other day that the King is more in love with your friend Lady C. than ever, that she is at Brighton, and that he sits kissing her hand with a look of the most devoted submission. I suppose she persuaded him to go to the play. It is very wise and answered perfectly. You would have felt for him as I did. He looked as white as a sheet, but did it uncommonly well. First of all, not like a fine lady behind the curtain of a *cage grillé*, but with the Duke of York on one side and the Duke of Clarence on the other; Lord Cholmondeley, with a handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing *con amore*, other lords behind. Bloomfield, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Lord Mount Charles yelling for joy like a young bull-dog, in the orchestra. Lady Holland opposite, tapping her longest, most Indian fan with energy on the outside of the box. The house was crowded in every part, and believe me, Lady Morpeth, the applause was stunning and thrilling. Hats and handkerchiefs in the air, and shouts almost the whole time. Twice a voice called out 'Queen,' and once, 'Where's your wife, Georgie?' But the hissing, 'Shame, shame,' 'Turn him out,' instantly stopped this. In short, John Bull was pleased and shewed it. It proves the King's folly in shutting himself up. He goes to Covent Garden to-night. I saw him trundle down stairs, and I never saw anything look so happy. He applauded Miss Wilson extremely, and laughed heartily at the farce.

The House lasted till seven. Majority for Ministers 146. Granville was not there. Lord Kensington told him that Mr. W. Pole and Sir Francis Burdett spoke very ill.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 11, 1821.

Lady Morley came here for a moment on her way from Covent Garden, where the applause was as great as at Drury Lane. White silk flags waving from the gallery, with 'Long live George the Fourth' in gold letters upon them. She says His Majesty, though it was evidently painful to him on account of his stays, lay back on his chair in fits of laughing at Grimaldi's jokes, York roared again, Clarence was dull and did not twig them.

Good-night, dearest; my eyes draw straws, and having given you this sketch of Royalty, I go to Bye-bye.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 14, 1821.

I think it prudent to begin my letter to-day, as to-morrow I am going early to the House of Lords to hear the debate on Continental matters, and may not have much time.

Johnny has been here, and says the Duchess is much better. He dined yesterday with the Lambtons, Bennets, Mrs. Damer, and Lord Grey at Brandenburgh House.

The Queen looked old and careworn. She asked him what he thought of the possibility of her name being restored to the Liturgy. He said, 'It ought to be,' 'Well, I will tell you, I am *une espèce de sorcière*, and I know always all that shall happen. It will be restored in a very short time.' She says she shall not go to the theatres or any place of public amusement, that all that is befitting to her in her present situation is to have courage and patience, and that she thinks she has both. She complains very

much of her health, and the injurious effects of this climate upon it.

Hart is full of his next Thursday, which is to begin with a dinner composed of *toute la diplomatie de la terre*, the Duke of Wellington, Lansdowne, and ourselves. The Duc de Frias has written an apology for having come uninvited last Thursday, beginning, like the petitions, 'May it please your Grace.' Adieu, dearest G.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

London: February 26, 1821.

I write you a few lines just to keep you *au courant* of London, dearest Lady Harrowby, though of the gay part of it I have seen but little. We go often in fur coats and snow boots to the play, where Punch, Moreton Eden and Lord Valletort are generally our cavaliers. The latter returned from Paris, having lost his money at the Salon and his heart to Miss Fitzgerald, but, like his kind, perfectly happy without either.

Madame de Lieven left me before ten o'clock this evening, having dined here with the Castlereaghs, Decazes, the Duke of Wellington, Govero, Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Ward, and Agar. They were all very agreeable. How much better I like *chez moi* society than any other! Even when the people are not as bright as elsewhere, there is something in one's native climate that makes them go down better. Punch is *aux cieux*, being made manager of the Duke of York's stud, and he goes to Newmarket to-morrow with a sort of rapture that is not to be described. I am afraid we shall see less of him than ever, as he seems entirely engrossed. He was born for something better than a jockey.

The Queen is entirely forgotten. They have got

up a thing at Drury Lane all full of justice, innocence, spies, and servants bribed to ruin their masters, but not a single hint is taken or applied.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Bruton Street: 1821.

My dearest Lady H.,—You will have heard of the Queen's humble letter to Lord Liverpool. She is forgotten to a degree that is really surprising, and everybody expects her departure very shortly. Madame de Lieven has been at Brighton, where she is in high favour. The King is in a state of perfect felicity and in love like a boy of fifteen. London is becoming very gay. The opera has begun with great *éclat* and I mean to go to-morrow. Almack's and the French play are, I hear, *pitoyables*, not above thirty people at each. The only evening I have encountered since I wrote last was after an enormous dinner at Devonshire House on Friday. We were thirty in the great hall, and it was a fine thing to see. People ought to have had tickets to walk round us, as they do when Kings are in question.

Mr. Montagu promised me a letter from Paris, but he has forgotten it. His gaiety, cleverness, and friendship all leave a vacancy that is not easily filled up, but there is one thing I miss with pleasure. I have heard it lately remarked of him by most of those who know him, by his friends as well as his enemies, and I certainly agree in the censure. I tell it you because I think your unbounded influence over him may do much towards correcting it. It is the way in which he propagates, almost creates, gossip and scandal. He makes it too much of a pursuit to watch whose eyes meet whose, who blushes at one moment, who whispers at another. It is like himself, done without *fiel* or falsehood, but it is mischievous and infectious, for I feel quite differently on the subject myself when I am in the habit of seeing much of him. Even this time before he

left town, I own, I was never a day without hearing of something *qui est, qui fut, ou qui doit être*, and since he is gone I have not been told of one flirtation, and it seems as if scandal was extinct. I hope, if you agree with me, you will speak to him on the subject. I have no objection to being summoned as a witness and promise to back you with all my tongue.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

July 19, 1821.

Dearest brother,—A tribute from your Tory sister may be acceptable. Messrs. Charles Ellis and Wilmot both tell me, one by the evidence of his senses, the other by report, that you performed your part admirably, and as to the Hollands, they are *en ecstase*. I care not a straw for politics, but a great deal for honour and glory, so I wish you joy with all my heart.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: September 3, 1821.

Give my kindest love to the Duchess,¹ and tell her my uneventful history.

Granville met F. Russell and Mr. Luttrell at dinner at George Vernon's yesterday. The former is just arrived from Ireland, where he says the people are absolutely mad with joy and loyalty. The streets of Dublin are so thronged as to be nearly impassable. You can hardly get a shopkeeper to stay in his shop or a labourer at his work. Lady Conyngham appears but little, but that little is high. She was in a box opposite to him at the play, and not content with making her *des démonstrations* all the time, he wrote to her in pencil and sent it round by Lord Mount-Charles. Mr. Luttrell, who detests the Irish, is quite beyond his patience on the subject. 'Royalty has generally some restraint, some shackle upon it; but here is a new case,

¹ Of Beaufort.

a thing unheard of, a King broke loose. There will be no catching him again.' He says the Irish reception of him is like nothing but the Indian worship of the idol Juggernaut, that they would be too happy to be crushed under his carriage wheels.

I am uneasy lest you should not be pleased at Badminton. You must not expect society or much *anima*, but shall you not enjoy the *bella cosa far niente* which Gloucestershire ensures? The Duchess you will admire more and more upon seeing more of her, and I wash my hands of Lord Morpeth in the large and good library. Bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : September 7, 1821.

I have received your two letters from Badminton, and agree with you entirely. Though I know there is no disputing the grounds on which the Duchess acts,¹ I would give anything I could to alter some of its effects. For the eight maiden Lady Somersets² the most melancholy. For herself, her *genre de vie* promotes her happiness now; but for them it cannot be right. How innocent their pleasures might be though a little enlarged! The worst of it is, it will not wear off, but only gain ground, and I should not be surprised were it to end in total seclusion from the world, or becoming unfit to mix with it.

I think we must have the Duchess. Mrs. Lamb I shall be charmed to see. I do not know where we can hang Consalvi.³

¹ She had become what is called Evangelical and withdrew from general society. The Court balls she attended with her daughters from respect for her Sovereign, but they went to no others; they never entered a theatre, and lived almost entirely with the Low Church party.

² The daughters, however, were all married well and happily to husbands who shared their religious views.

³ The Duchess of Devonshire carried about in her carriage a large portrait of the Cardinal.

The King of France told the Duke of Wellington he should lodge our well-beloved in the Elysée Bourbon. Did I tell you his not going to Wynnstay is said to have been occasioned by Sir Watkin¹ saying he should be happy to see him, but not Lady Conyngham? Now list to Lucas's account of Chevassier's² tour. 'He was sent from Dublin to help to make the proper preparations at Slane Castle.³ When he arrived he thought he should have died, not a single morsel of victuals in the house. The cook laid it at the steward's door, the steward at the cook's. Monsieur Chevassier was obliged to procure all, to send a cart here, a cart there, to the butcher's, to the poulterer's. So I said to Monsieur Chevassier, "You had a pretty present I hope for your pains." Says he, "Not a sixpence, ma'am, they said it was all the King's affair." No wonder Lord Conyngham hurrahs and wishes himself joy of such a position.

Madame de Lieven will, I think, from her last letter to Neumann, meet the King somewhere and she will then probably finish his junket with him.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: September 11, 1821.

Your letter to-day amused me very much, and your account of Harriet. How odd it is, and how *introuvables* are the causes that determine difference of manner and character in those whom it would be natural to find so alike in both! Is grandpapa ever jealous of her, grandmamma never puzzled? I should have imagined these to have been the rocks.

The King kept all four of his Ministry waiting from two till half-past five yesterday. Lord Harrowby says that he looks well. He has given up everything except

¹ Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

² Who had been their French cook.

³ Lord Conyngham's country house.

Hanover, even Paris and his sister on the way, and intends to be here again in six weeks. It is conjectured that Lady Conyngham has got nervous as the time approaches, and, not having been able to procure an Englishwoman's company, has given up the whole thing.

You will see all that is known with regard to Sir Robert Wilson¹ in all the papers, the fact, and a promise of speedy explanation of it. Lord Clanwilliam was here yesterday ; he goes with Lord Londonderry on Sunday. The King starts on Saturday.

We go the day after to-morrow. It is odd that after so long a confinement I should feel neither weak nor languid. There are *petitesses* that grow upon one in retirement. I cannot bear the idea of a regular dinner or short-sleeved gowns.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: September 15, 1821.

You will be glad to hear that my journey was not even a fatigue to me. The carriage was open, and after my shut-up existence it seemed to give me new life.

I found my children in the rudest health. My girls look to me, as I tell them, terribly old. They are so clever, I must puff a bit. I have seen nothing like their two minds for so long.

Thanks, dearest G., for your letter. I wish I had any news for you. The King, you know, is to leave London Monday. They say now that he will perform the whole scheme in seven weeks. As his love is more ardent than ever, he is as jealous of her as a boy of fifteen would be, and pouts and sulks if she does not follow him from room to room. This does not look like any matrimonial project, especially as he is somehow committed to a great deal of morality the next time. No-

¹ He was dismissed the army for having taken part in the funeral procession of the Queen.

body would hear of his being anything but the most exemplary of husbands.

There is so strong a smell of the sea in the air to-day, such a fresh, enchanting, invigorating feel that I cannot bear not having you with me. What must the Berry think of you? She told Lady Harrowby that I was not to be named on the same day as you in point of understanding and agreeableness.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : September 23, 1821.

Your letters are so sprack and full of news that mine must hide their diminished heads. Let us boast of our children, as we are always humble and say we don't know. I think my girls are certainly Minervas, and perhaps Venuses, but with a perfect resignation to being told every day, when I produce them, that they are *peu de chose*.

Could you see me seated in a new *chaise longue* at my beautiful window, my darling children with their Papa on the grass.

You will see the Duke of Wellington's plans by the enclosed. They say the King proposed to him to show him the field of Waterloo : very right of him, I think. He will end by being, as Lady Morley would say, a very sweet young man. Adieu, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : September 1821.

Dearest G.,—I did not do justice to our yesterday's expedition. The Orwell quite full, its pretty banks covered with people, carriages of all sorts, flags, a band of music and a heavenly day. Sweet Lady Harland, in a dove-coloured pelisse, supported by the little admiral and the proprietor of the ship, uttering in a nervous voice,

‘Success to the good ship the *Fairly*,’ and dashing a glass bottle full of wine against its stem.

Charles and Augustus Ellis came yesterday. We expect Mr. Montagu to-day. Augustus rode a stage by the King. He was received everywhere but at Canterbury with unbounded applause, but the *contre-coup* was there, *très prononcé*, with groans and hisses.

My post to-day brought me a letter from Lady Morley, who, thinking me still tied by the leg, most kindly offers us Kent House, as more airy and cheerful. It made me clap my wings and crow to think *où j’en suis*.

How Sydney¹ must enliven you with his boisterous mirth and funny jokes.

I think for your children Castle Howard must be very gay. Govero will be very happy with you all, especially if you scatter a few books in his way, as one does grain for pheasants. Adieu, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : October 1821.

The Cannings made themselves very agreeable. She is more talkative, and he is occasionally very brilliant and entertaining, and in better spirits than I have seen him for some time. The girl charms us all with being the reverse of what she looks. She is remarkably frank and open in her manner, without the slightest pretension, all good-humour and readiness to please. Her beauty is not to be denied, but it has singularly little charm, I think. She is clever, and though less brilliant than I expected, she is not pert or overpowering. She has a magnificent voice, and she and Nugent sing morn, noon, and night.

We have a most pressing invitation to Woburn, which we are to accept.

¹ The Rev. Sydney Smith.

Govero comes to-day to my inexpressible delight. I shall write you word of what he says of you all.

'Pæstum'¹ was in the 'Times' to-day. I have cut it out for Berry, who wished to see it.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: October 25, 1821.

On Thursday the 1st, this day week, we shall be at Castle Howard. Our people leave us Sunday, and we wish for a whole day to ourselves.

Govero is here, a great love. He talks with great approbation of you all, but is *bouché* completely on the subject of girls, and I dare not ask questions. He takes no more notice of Miss Canning than if she was made of *papier-mâché*, and I believe has not even looked at her.

We, including Mr. Canning, admire grandpapa's verses² extremely.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: November 1821.

I never can describe my delight in being here again. My children are all perfectly well, and we have for once the prospect of ten days by ourselves.

How much of various kind has happened since I left it, and how strangely sunshine and storms are jumbled together in this *bas monde*! Here there is always more of the first than anywhere else in the world. When I look at Susan, *lascio in preda ai venti ogni torbido pensier*.

My last day in London was a *triste* one. I went

¹ A poem by George Howard, which gained the Newdigate prize at Oxford.

² Some spirited lines addressed to Lady Holland on a snuff-box left to her by Buonaparte. They are to be found in the *Annual Register* of the year 1821.

with Miss Trimmer to Cavendish Square,¹ and saw there Caroline William, Duncannon, and William Ponsonby. There is something in the deep and settled melancholy of the latter, united to the most perfect command of himself, really heartrending. Duncannon much more nervous. Caroline, to whom I went with every early feeling of interest and kindness awakened, contrived somehow or other to deaden both. The rest of my morning was taken up by an expedition I had promised the Duchess of Beaufort to make, to hear Mr. Noel, an Evangelical preacher. Later in the day I went to Elizabeth Belgrave. She is in great beauty and spirits. I found there Francis and Lady Grantham, but with Mr. Noel's words ringing in my ears, and William's look of misery before my eyes, I looked and listened to them as one does at the figures in a magic lantern.

¹ Lady Bessborough died on November 14.

1822

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 1, 1822.

George's letter, for which I beg you to thank him very much, makes me feel anxious for to-morrow's post. I am so sorry that Lord Morpeth should have suffered.

Tell dear George that I think 'Cain'¹ most wicked, but not without feeling or passion. Parts of it are magnificent, and the effect of Granville reading it out loud to me was that I roared till I could neither hear nor see. The scene, too, in 'Sardanapalus' where Myrrha says, 'Oh, frown not on me,' and the speech, 'Why do I love this man?' I think beautiful and affecting. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 1822.

We were only five yesterday, and fell back upon our wits. I produced my jest book and added some to it. We then invented charades, being too few to act them, and afterwards names and sentences from initials, but this leads to so much ill-nature that we gave it up.

Lord Worcester went this morning; she stays till Saturday. If she had had an education as good as it has been bad, she might have been a delightful person. She has a great deal of quickness and intelligence and strong feelings, although ill-regulated. She is different here from what I have ever seen her, perfectly unpre-

¹ Lord Byron's poem.

tending, giving herself no airs, and only seeming anxious to please and be pleased.

Yesterday evening we heard her sing, which is beautiful, and then there was a very animated discussion till one o'clock.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1822.

The Duke and the Lievens stay till Sunday. The Duke is as merry as a grig. We were occupied all yesterday evening with conjuring tricks and patiences of every kind.

Francis Leveson looks very large, upright, and handsome. He speaks but little, and I think the fault is *que cela ne coule pas de source*. Adieu, dearest.

My best love to Hart. We are not touchy, but we think it, like grandmamma Carlisle, 'comical enough' that he has never seen Wherstead.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1822.

Charles Greville is the man for my money. Dearest Lady M., Granville thinks you are in love with Mr. Ellis, but as you are a very good sort of woman we are not uneasy about it.

Tell me what Hart says of Brighton. F. Lamb tells me the King was in ecstasies with Lady Morley and La Marquise very jealous, but this the Countess denies.

Think of Ravensworth on the point of producing a sixteenth Liddell! What a hideous old baby it will be! I must prepare for church. Dearest sister, I hope you love me a great deal better than Agar.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Wherstead : January 19, 1822.

The day before Mr. Montagu left us, I took one of my long walks with him, and entered upon the subject we had determined I should some time allude to. I found him all we know him to be, *tant bien que mal*. In argument he never throws the shuttlecock back to one's battledore, therefore as far as convincing him the game is *nul*, but in devotion to his friends, in sincerity and truth he is sound at bottom, as from manner and a sort of clumsiness in perception he often appears strange and inconsistent. The details of our conversation I will reserve till we meet.

We are now left by all but Lord Gower, who will remain nearly as long as we do. I never knew him in such spirits. He is charmed at being alone with us, and when to all that is estimable in him is added the sunshine of gaiety and animation he is a delightful companion.

Madame de Lieven was for a whole week invariably gay and brilliantly agreeable, and with the *bonhomie* and adorable qualities of the Duke,¹ and the *agréments* of F. Lamb, Lord Clanwilliam, and Francis, the enjoyment of the last ten days, as far as society goes, has been very great. The fault Mr. Montagu found with us was at least a respectable one. The dulness of a society where nobody makes himself ridiculous, and I think, though he contributed almost the most, he was the person least pleased with his *séjour*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead : January 1822.

Lady Morley is quite charmed with Govero. We are both disgusted with the Poodle.² Never was there

¹ Duke of Wellington.

² She thought better of him later in life, but he was occasionally very trying.

such a hard, selfish, ill-tempered, presumptuous animal. I have promised Govero never again to abuse anybody who has a single good quality, which reduces me to lay it on thick when I find such a fair two-legged piece of game as this.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 1822.

You can have no idea how comfortable we are. Granville and Govero are as playful as two young kittens. The latter bargained for very little talk, but we read German, write verses, play at chess and hazard, and sometimes sing for very joy.

Go and see 'Mother Bunch,' which I hear is excellent, at least if you and the disengaged branches can do anything so frivolous.

Granville and Susy are scouring the country this delicious day, and I must go to the lonely Earl, though he has a book in his hand and a finger on his nose and will not list to me.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 30, 1822.

Wherstead is winding up with frightful rapidity, and I do not know what I should do if I did not see Park Street at the end of it.

What an adorable woman Lady Morley is! Never did any one person unite so much, pretend to so little, so bright, all the comfort of solidity and all the ease of *légèreté*. I esteem her, I love her, admire her, but it is impossible to praise her as she deserves.

I hear Lady Westmorland has been putting all Rome into a flame with fresh feuds. She has written to Mr. Sneyd to inform him that he is not a gentleman. I hear his answer was excellent.

Lady Julia Gore has married a Captain Lockwood.

Lady Abercorn¹ went into furies, fits, hysterics, but ended by forgiving them. The love, the storm, calm and wedding all included in ten days. Adieu, dearest sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Heythrop: February 2, 1822.

We are just setting out, and I cannot resist writing one line, though with less than nothing to say. My body is going to Salt Hill, and my thoughts are always with you and your happiness, my dearest G.

We have had a most pressing invitation from Lady Cowper, and I do not think we can help going to Panshanger for two nights on our way home. If that was not our way I should like it.

The Duke, Mr. Napier, Henry and Plantagenet Somerset are breakfasting with us in over-alls. Their under-alls make Heythrop terribly dull. So *borné* a set of minds I never met with; all the *élans* are kept for the hedges and ditches.

I love the Duchess better than ever, and her angelic mind lights up even such *alentours* as here.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brighton: March 10, 1822.

This is, dearest sister, infinitely better than I expected. The society very agreeable and all in the highest good-humour with one another. The King complains of his health and is rather low, but I never saw him so slim and active, and he scuds into dinner with Lieven on one arm and the Marchioness on the other.

God bless you, dearest, I must get ready for church.

The King doats on you and is dying to have you here next Saturday. He thought the day of the marriage undecided, so did not ask you before. You will of course hear more of this.

¹ Lady Julia's elder sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: 1822.

Dearest G.,—I have only a few moments to repeat to you my conversation with Lord Gower this morning, the only one I have ever had with him on the subject of your girls.

Lord Gower.—My mother has been talking of the Howard girls.

Me.—Oh! what did she say?

Lord Gower.—Praised them and Lady Georgiana and said how wise it was of Ellis.

Me.—What was her drift?

Lord Gower.—That it would be wise of other people too, I suppose.

We then went on, and I find he admires both the second and third so much, that were it not for youth, he would think of one of them.¹ I owned to him that I thought the reason a very insufficient one, that I wished it, and ended by saying, ‘Now shall I exert myself to prove the reason a foolish one, or for ever after hold my peace?’ He laughed and said, ‘I don’t know.’ God bless you, my own dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: June 1822.

Dearest G.,—I trust you did not suffer from your water-party. The Duke of Wellington told somebody that it was quite delightful, no drawback but the white-bait being a little muddy.

Granville is quite afraid of my talking of Wherstead. He says I shall raise everybody’s expectations, and you will all be disappointed. I will therefore only say that,

¹ The second daughter, Georgiana, married Mr. Agar Ellis in 1822; the eldest, Caroline, Mr. W. Lascelles in 1823, and the third Lord Gower, who became Duke of Sutherland in 1834.

seen in the month of June, all hay and roses, it is very, very pretty and more enjoyable than I can say. I long to shew it you. If you could but come down for ten days in July.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Sprotborough: ¹ November 16, 1822.

I have a letter from Lord Gower saying you wish to hear from me. I write the more readily as I think it may amuse you to hear something of the Francis Leveson ² *ménage* from an eye-witness. It is very unlike any other, but very happy, and a sort of happiness likely to last. She is a very loveable person, with more attraction in looks, manner, and character than one can account for. He is improved, chiefly by her ease and straightforwardness, the two things he wants.

Our life here is very comfortable. The men shoot all morning, and I take immense walks with Coppey; ³ Lady Francis passes her time like what she is—a dear, happy child. Billiards with a powerful arm, shouts of laughter that make the house ring, *écarté* of an evening, and anything for fun.

We hear nothing from Verona. ⁴ There has been no courier since the 24th. Madame de Lieven is either too lazy or too discreet to write. If you are, as the newspapers state, on your way to Paris, you will probably meet her, as she means to be there ten days with Paul ⁵ on her way to England.

¹ Sir Joseph Copley's place.

² Lord Francis married in June Miss Greville, daughter of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville and sister of Mr. Charles Greville. Lady Francis was better known as Lady Ellesmere. She, in connection with her husband when he succeeded to his Bridgewater property, greatly improved the condition of the workpeople connected with it. She invited Lord Ashley to Worsley in order that he might see the miserable state of the women who worked in the mines, and he was in consequence induced to exert himself on their behalf in Parliament.

³ Miss Copley.

⁴ The Congress of Verona.

⁵ Her son.

The King seems by all accounts to be very poorly. The lady is not at Brighton, and there seems to be no gaiety there. God bless you, dearest brother.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Worsley: November 20, 1822.

Dearest Lady Harrowby,—I begin by telling you that I heard from Lord Clanwilliam the day before yesterday, his letter dated the 5th. He says ‘the Duke of Wellington is much better, and there is no question or anxiety as to his recovery.’ Of politics he says not a word. I hear, but not from him, that the friends and relations of Lord Londonderry are much shocked at the way in which his wife and self are giving things and disporting themselves at Verona. They say her head is quite turned with the Emperor’s attentions.

Our party at Sprotborough went off very well. Lady Francis is an excellent and amiable little person, in great beauty. I think them very happy. Charles was somewhat hard in mind and manner. Mr. Montagu a treasure for the all-work of society. Individually I think I see his faults more clearly or judge them more harshly, but only as an intimate friend, for as one of a large circle he is invaluable. He arrived here yesterday, plunged into this new and rather formidable society, and splashes about in it, much to the improvement of our mutual ease and general vivacity. He scolded me yesterday with the voice and manner of a landlord to an hostler for having spoiled the whole of the Copley family, destroyed Sir Joseph’s wit, Maria’s¹ charm in society, and made them dull, like any other set of people. The fact is that, from her own good sense, and good advice from myself, Lady Caroline Wortley and others, she has altered almost all the

¹ Miss Maria Copley, who in 1832 married the present Lord Grey.

faults of her manner, and the tone of the society is much less gossiping and pert, leaving Sir Joseph quite as entertaining, Maria twice as pleasing. But you know Mr. Montagu's way of riding this sort of argument, getting louder as he is getting less reasonable, and firing continually at the wrong mark.

Lady Lovaine¹ is very agreeable indeed, and quite original. Mrs. Dundas amuses me, she is so jolly, and what the servants call free with one.

Lady Caroline quite captivates me. There is a charm about her one can hardly account for, but it is, I believe, perfect nature, great refinement and no wish to be anything but what she is. She is entirely without the ungovernable wish to be *un peu plus* than one is, which spoils so many.

¹ Mother of the present Duke of Northumberland. She and Mrs. Dundas were sisters of Lord Wharncliffe.

1823

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram : October 17, 1823.

We arrived here last night, having dined at Exeter. This morning I have been walking with Lady Morley to the river, which was waving, and saw the sea, and inhaled it with delight. Nobody has hinted at a side-saddle or wheeled vehicle for me. *Tout est bien, pourvu que cela dure.*

We dine at half-past five, as all but Lady Morley and myself are going to the play at Plymouth, to see Miss Brunton, whom they rave about.

They are now all gone, frisking away upon kicking ponies and heavy war-horses. I am alone in the house, as I have persuaded Lady Morley to go to the play.

Saturday.—*Cela ne dure pas.* How peculiar it is! I tell them honestly I hate junketing and what follows. At half-past one Lady Morley is so obliging as to take me out in her whisky to some far-distant precipice. Some are ordered up Stratton Heights on pony-back, the men are gone out shooting. The happy Earl flings his reins upon the neck of his *volonté*, and does and goes where *bon lui semble*.

My health is robust, my spirits low. Dear G., I mean to have a low little carriage to drive you down to the sea every day, but on a straight Dutch road, broad and unvolatile as the natives. I do not believe there is a single hill in all Holland.

Lady Morley says : ‘My lord is gone to join a committee of Devonshire gentlemen. They are going to bore through a mountain upon a new principle advised

by me. The committee are to sit with their faces opposite to it, and talk. This, with a bill for bettering the condition of bodkins,¹ occupies my lord entirely at this moment.' God bless you, dearest.

I open my letter to tell you that I am enchanted. I have gigged round the new road, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram: October 1823.

My dearest G.,—We are not yet at liberty to talk of our plans, but all minor ones must yield to the necessity Mr. Canning says there is of our being off² before the meeting of Parliament. We shall in consequence go from hence to town, but our stay here will be prolonged till the end of next week, as it is a great object to Granville to see as much as he can of Mr. Canning, who is unfortunately so unwell that he is now getting up for the first time since he has been here and will be probably unequal to society and talk for some days longer. All that we shall be able to perform—and that is dependent upon Lord Clancarty's arrival in London, whom G. must see—is one week in Staffordshire, where Granville will be able to transact his Shropshire business from Teddesley, and one at Chatsworth, where we do trust you will now consent to meet us.

I cannot believe in my *avenir*. The hurry of it adds to a feeling it must be a dream.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram: October 1823.

Charles Ellis has, like me, knelt for a morning, and obtained it. The Earl is gone in his buggy to Ply-

¹ Any one sitting between two other people in a carriage was called a bodkin.

² To the Hague, where Lord Granville had been appointed Ambassador.

mouth to attend what Lady Morley calls the boring committee. All the rest to Mount-Edgcumbe. Having seen it I could better spare this junket than any other. Do not expect to hear from me to-morrow, as we start at break of day for the Duke of Bedford's cottage, twenty-six miles off.

I have been walking down to the full tide, turning my thoughts and tossing them as the haymakers do their hay, but I cannot define the different degrees of different feelings I have about the future. I would give all I possess to talk to you for one half-hour, there are so many little things which it is easier to say than to write. I am sure Granville likes it, which is more than half the battle, and I think I shall when I am once there.

Mr. Canning is quite well again. Mrs. Canning has been very amiable and *facile à vivre*.

We have neighbours every day, chiefly knavish and militious characters, as Lady Morley calls them. In the evening she heads a round game. You should have heard Mr. Canning and her bawling 'My sows pigged' at one another. The sober-minded and elderly *écart*, Granville reads his book, Lord Morley sleeps.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram: October 1823.

All I can say is that we are very sorry. What now remains is to wait patiently in the hope of some delay or some yet unimagined mode of meeting.

When our plans are more regularly dated, we shall be able to see more daylight perhaps. Endsleigh is beautiful, and so was Mr. Canning's speech to the mayor and aldermen at Plymouth, but time is swallowed up by these proceedings, and to-day we dine at five to go to the ball. I really have hardly any time to

blow my nose, for the evening is all active service, every woman expected to do her duty.

I sometimes think of going up England in a chay.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Saltram: October 1823.

I have liked even the boating to the Breakwater and the Plymouth ball. Yet no words can describe the delight of the day I am in complete possession of, impassable, impossible, rain set in from the early dawn, no question of junketing, even Lord Morley's ukase at breakfast, 'To day you will read your books.'

Yesterday we went to the ball. The two girls danced till past one, we of the middle ages played at écarté. We were twice on the point of being overturned, once into the Lary, on our way home. Lamps out, blind horse, drunken postboy. Howard obliged to get out and lead the horses. But here we are safe and sound, nothing impending but Lord and Lady St. Germans. Mr. Canning has a bad cold, owing to the quantity of Plymouth he was obliged to perform yesterday.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Cirencester: November 9, 1823.

Dearest G.,—Thank Govero very much for his amiable little letter. We shall miss them, I fear, as we leave London on Wednesday week. The exact time of our going I cannot calculate upon. I will not think of means of seeing you till I know more.

Mr. Canning says the 5th of January, but that is really impossible, and I hope when the time comes much more tether may be granted to us, but it is a bore that we must square ourselves as if it was really the earliest day.

There is nobody here but William De Ros. He was quite charmed with Lord Clanwilliam's kindness

and attention to him and the other bulls,¹ praises him to the sky, says he is amazingly popular, lives so well, is so amiable to his *attachés*.

This is a fine, comfortable, avenue-gravel-walk place. The house luxurious, and the people very merry and good-humoured.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Heythrop: November 11, 1823.

We set out at eight o'clock to-morrow, find our letters at Oxford and see the little Governor² at Beaconsfield. I look forward to London as a week of rest from the labour of junketing.

Tuesday, half-past seven.—A frosty morning. You know a journey is to me a *fête*. I like it as men, the harsher sex Lady Morley calls them, do hunting and shooting.

Wednesday night: Bruton Street.—I found the little Governor delighted to see us, and the picture of health and happiness. He is grown the finest, stoutest boy possible.

On Thursday week we set out from hence to Calton.³ We cannot yet know what day we return. It turns upon what delay Mr. Canning can allow us. Susy and Georgy are wild with joy. Susy writes: 'Joy has quite bewildered me. I write foolishly. I cannot collect my ideas together. They all dance about my head, and my tongue is their fiddle.'

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Calton: November 24, 1823.

My dearest brother,—The Hague is on your way to England, and that it is so is one of the sides of the question I fix my thoughts upon. I am at this moment very

¹ At Berlin.

² Their eldest son was at school there with Dr. Bradford.

³ Mr. Wilmot's country house.

bewildered. The hurry of having to transport oneself before the end of January, the uncertainty of how and where I can see most of Lady Morpeth, all the dull necessary details of establishment, all this is upon me. Yet all this is swallowed up in the vexatious, disappointing, perplexing reality of the present moment. Yes, dearest brother, the 24th of November, 1823, Calton, near Lichfield.

On Thursday we left London, intending to sleep here one night on our way to Chatsworth, where yesterday we were to arrive. The Wortleys¹ were on that day to be there, Sir Joseph Copley from Sprotborough, Mr. Wilmot from home, William Ponsonby from Worthing, Charles Ellis and Howard² from London, R. Bagot from Windsor on purpose, Mr. Huskisson from London. You may figure to yourself Granville's delight at the idea of marshalling these Tory battalions for the chase on Friday next. After having been perfectly well on the road here, he is seized with the severest fit of the gout he has ever had, unable to put his foot to the ground.

You may imagine our distress, putting aside all selfish feelings of disappointment.

There was but one thing to be done, send our excuses, and give them orders for two or three days' *chasse*. Messrs. Wilmot, Littleton,³ and Lord Palmerston have gone there. I have commanded them not to touch Hebe or misplace a single book. But think of poor Granville confined to his bed or couch the

¹ Mr. and Lady Caroline Wortley. He was created Lord Wharncliffe in 1826.

² His son, Lord Howard de Walden, who inherited the title through his mother.

³ Mr. Littleton was Irish Secretary under Lord Grey's Government, which post he resigned in 1834 in consequence of his having exceeded his authority in his negotiations with O'Connell respecting the renewal of the Coercion Bill. He was created Lord Hatherton in 1835.

whole day, with the thought of all he misses! It is one of those *contretemps* that make one feel half demented. I will not close my letter till I have something to add to it.

25th.—Dearest brother,—An express arrived from Chatsworth to-day with the following statement: ‘At the Birch Hills, 209 head. Palmerston 51, Littleton 47, Wilmot 45, Ponsonby 42, Wortley and Copley 24.’

They are all frantic with delight. Lady Caroline Wortley, naturally fond of Dukes and statues, is in the third heaven. Her Governor the same, and, though seized with the gout, shoots in a flannel shoe from the back of his horse. Mr. Wilmot writes: ‘I have proposed to Ponsonby to return with us to Calton Wednesday, but in consequence of communications from Messrs. Ridgeway¹ and Burgoyne² some hesitation is made with respect to the abandoning this glorious *chasse*. Mr. B. states that he told the Duke the cock pheasants and hares must be killed, and the Duke said that he would send a party of ten guns to shoot for a week, if that would do. Mr. B. replied that it would. Mr. Ridgeway takes the same line of argument, and in addition presses Hardwick on the enamoured field. This is coupled with an ardent desire on the part of the Wortleys and Sir J. Copley to stay. Our breaking up depends upon your answer.’ To this we have consented, hoping you will approve. William writes: ‘We have had a most brilliant day at Birch Hills. Burgoyne will, I believe, spend the night in fasting and prayer, as he and Ridgeway are extremely anxious that the hares and pheasants’ want of being killed should be attended to.’ Mr. Littleton has sent to his distracted rib, who is expecting a party of Londoners to-morrow, simply that he cannot go home. I have been prolix,

¹ The steward.

² The gamekeeper, who was a local preacher.

but in a foreign land you will not object to these details. They are all in rapture with the beauty of the place.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Teddesley: November 30, 1823.

We arrived here this morning, my dearest G. We find the Howes, Charles Percys, Mr. Huskisson, and Howard, all very agreeable people. Lady Howe has a brilliancy, life, and glowing animation, that youth ought always to have, but so seldom has. He is so gentlemanlike and unpretending. Mrs. Percy sings like a nightingale. Imagine how blessings are thrown away in this odd world. She is not at all glad to be with child, no more is he that she is.

George Villiers has got a place of 800*l.* a year, auditor of the excise.

Good-night, my very dear G.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Blithfield: November 1823.

Lord Harrowby tells me, my dearest Lady H., that you have not a soul in town, which makes me write with confidence, as letters become society when there is no other, and you may as well look at my handwriting as at your empty arm-chairs.

We arrived here the day before yesterday. I think a view of us at dinner will be the best way of making you enter into our pleasures. Lord Bagot at the top, between Lady Dartmouth and myself. His conversation *dans ce genre*. 'Ralph! Ralph!' with a deep sigh and a look the nurses call pitiful. 'What do you think I have been about for the last five-and-twenty minutes? Dressing the salads. I thought I should have dropped, but I flatter myself there are not any in England half as good.' To this and much of the

¹ Lord Bagot's country house.

same sort I, with Lord Dartmouth on the other side of me, seriously incline. Five Lady Legges and one Mr. Legge, a Mr. Newdigate, whom one of them has married, for fun I think, as he is not above three feet high, sit without uttering down one side of the table. Lady Fanny Talbot is the only animated and living thing amongst them. She appears clever, amiable, and quite unconscious of her calamity, for certainly her tremendous height is one, and when I go out of the room where she is, I feel as if I ought to give a shilling at the door. In short, take us all together, we must look as if we had turned out of those great blue carts which travel about to the fairs. To-morrow we go to Hardwicke, and I can hardly believe in the happiness of being again with G.

Adieu, dearest Lady H. I will write to you from Woburn.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street : December 10, 1823.

Granville is much the same, unable to move beyond the couch in my dressing-room, as patient as an angel, and bearing all these repeated vexatious *contretemps* better than I do what follows.

We are bidden to the Pavilion from the 24th of December to the 2nd of January. If you will just run over in your mind my boy's holidays, the children who will have about three days of us, and those the high days of two Dukes, nine new gowns all to be ordered now, when I have hardly a moment to spare, you may sum up what amount of *désagrément* you please.

Adieu, dearest. I have a dozen letters to write, to all those coming to meet the Duke of York, who arrives on the 21st for one day's *chasse*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street: December 13, 1823.

You are so kind in writing so constantly. I can make you no return.

Lord Morley, Punch, and the Poodle came here yesterday evening. The only thing we talked about is the following. We all agree in thinking it the only thing of the sort from which there is no unshackling oneself.

Lady Morley asked Lady Georgiana Grey about the story in the papers of the head. Lady Georgiana told her it was perfectly true, attended with the following extraordinary circumstances. She was in bed, saw a head come into the room, terrified flew into Lady Grey's room, locked the door and remained with her all night. The scene took place in Hanover Square. The next morning Lady Georgiana told her story. Lady Grey said she saw how strong was the impression made on her mind. 'You are convinced of what you say you have seen, but you cannot convince anybody else, so promise me to repeat this to no human being, not even your father. You will be thought a fool.' They complied and obeyed with regard to Lord Grey.

A fortnight after this occurred Lady Georgiana and her sister were sitting up late with their mother. Lord Grey came into the room, put down a candle, sat down and said: 'I have just seen the most extraordinary thing. As I came through the dining-room I heard something move, and on turning round to look, saw a head coming along the room to me.'

Lady Georgiana told Lady Morley not to mention it to her father, for he could not bear to hear it mentioned. This happened in May. Pray tell George with my awful compliments.

Wednesday.—Lady Georgiana's account tallies perfectly with Lord Grey's, and, though he dislikes it, he

has told the story repeatedly. Granville says Lord Grey has not to our knowledge ever told the story. He leans, I see, to the embellishing powers.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brighton : December 25, 1823.

We arrived in very good time, my dearest G., though I had to walk in to the whole assembled world.

The King is all gaiety, graciousness, and nimbleness. He led in to dinner the Duchess of Clarence, a small, well-bred, excellent little woman. York followed with the Marchioness, grown much fatter, with twice the number of bracelets and rings. Clarence and I followed. I sat between the Royal brothers, and shall till the 2nd. Lady —— and Hope ran in. The former is as ever absorbed and sighing. The young lord civil, but only to her. Hope¹ was dressed in solid gold, with rare birds flying in different directions out of her head. Lord Holland was the hero of the piece. They made up to him beyond measure, and he is a great love, half pleased and half ashamed. Bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brighton : December 26, 1823.

Yesterday's dinner as usual. In the evening Lord and Lady Cowper only. We had Handel and Cramer in the evening.

Granville is gone out hawking. It is a divine day.

The King will force me to eat and drink syllabubs, meringues, ice, etc., that I am as bilious as possible this morning.

I am distressed to find I have nothing to say. The truth is—hush Lady M. and bolt the door—it never was

¹ Mrs. Hope, widow of Thomas Hope of Deepdene and daughter of Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam. She married in 1832 Viscount Beresford.

anything like so dull. There is nothing to speculate upon, nothing to laugh at, for the couple are grown very decent, respectable sort of folks. The intense heat makes us all languid, we eat too much, and there is no variety of society and lots of Royalty. The Duke of Wellington goes to-morrow. Lady —— might be something to one, but what is a woman with a little affair of the heart? Ever yours, dearest of sisters.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Pavilion: December 28, 1823.

Dearest sister,—I have been all the morning on the Chain Pier, which is delicious. Granville has been cantering with the *prima donna*. Last night we had music again in the Red Room. Mrs. Hope came and engrossed the sparks, namely Henry and Charles Fox and Lord Dudley Stuart. Great enquiries about you and yours. The Duke of Wellington went to Althorp this morning, he of Montrose is to supply his place. To-day we are to have the Cowpers, Mr. Luttrell and Madame de Lieven at dinner.

I have heard from Lady Howe, who comes to Wherstead on the 12th. I do not think you will dislike to meet her; she is such a charming person, and has so much tact and kindness that she will allow for our wishing to be in great measure independent of her. Her habits too are convenient: she rides all day, which will leave us entire liberty in the morning.

The King's kindness is quite moving. He wanted me to send for my girls, and said he would lodge them in the Pavilion. It is not feasible, but I expressed my proper gratitude.

The Duke of Clarence has a *soupçon* of gout in his knee, Lord St. Helens ditto, the King ditto, Granville occasional twinges. The Duchess of Clarence *a des crampes*, and fat Lady Erroll, who is a great dear, aches

all over. The rest of us have over-eaten ourselves. Verity, whom I led over the house, groans over the atmosphere. Yours ever and ever.

The King told Lady Cowper and me that he cries for joy when he thinks how pleasant it is.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Pavilion : December 29, 1823.

How you will pity us, my dearest G.! It is too vexatious. Granville woke at three this morning in violent pain. He took some colchicum and is easier, but in bed, and the foot all swelled and inflamed. We have two delightful rooms, and Sir Matthew Tierney, who, they say, understands gout better than any physician going. G. will have his boiled chicken, and go to bed at eleven, for his going downstairs is out of the question. These are my consolations, but is it not vexatious?

We had Rossini last night. He must have been much pleased with his reception; the King was quite enraptured at having him. The singing is delicious, such varied powers of expressing whatever he pleases. He is a fat, sallow squab of a man, but with large, languishing eyes and *des traits* which justify his thinking himself, as they say he does, something very irresistible. We gave him in return lots of Handel, the Coronation Anthem, etc.

To-night we are to have a great assembly. I must dine below, but mean to request leave of absence early in the evening. Adieu, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Pavilion : December 31, 1823.

I am very happy this morning. Granville has had an excellent night, and Sir Matthew has managed him perfectly. He is to go down in the evening.

We dined in the large room yesterday. I was emancipated from my Dukes by the increased numbers and the departure of York, and had Mr. Luttrell by me. He adores Georgiana. He says he cannot find words for his feelings, that it is sufficient happiness for him to exist in the same room with her, that he never knew what perfection was before.

In the evening we had all Brighton, *des figures incroyables*. Lady Sandwich oppressively vivacious, Mrs. Hope rather touchy, Sir Hudson Lowe with the countenance of a devil, Lady George Seymour looking, as the King says, like an old *soubrette* in a play, Miss Seymour¹ laughing very heartily.

I am now going to walk on the pier, the day is fine, and Granville well enough. Bless you, dearest.

¹ She was married to Colonel Dawson Damer in 1825.

1824

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Pavilion: January 1, 1824.

I wish you many of them, very happy ones, and chiefly spent either at Brussels or the Hague. G. has announced to me this morning a serious intention of coming to live with me when her young have multiplied.

I think you may like 'Nine Days at Brighton, by Viscountess Granville.' So here goes. We arrived here on the 24th in time for dinner. The King received us more than graciously. I never saw him in such health and spirits. He scarcely ever sits down or is still for a moment, but allows us. No legs but royal ones could otherwise endure. The company assembled were the Duke of York, who adores us, breakfasts *en trio* with us every morning, says Wherstead is the best house in England, and my toilette the most perfect. Partiality could no further go. The Duke of Clarence, the Duchess, a very excellent, amiable, well-bred little woman, who comes in and out of the room *à ravir*, with nine new gowns (the most loyal of us not having been able to muster above six), moving *à la Lieven*, independent of her body. Lord and Lady Erroll with faces like angels, that look as if they ought to have wings under their chins. She is a domestic, lazy, fat woman, *excédée* with curtseying and backsliding. Lord and Lady Maryborough, a very agreeable woman, with a fine back and very plausible ugliness. The usual Dukes and gentlemen-in-waiting. Lord Exeter, who

pays no attention to Lady Exeter, who, nevertheless, is as handsome and as delightful as ever. I think her out of spirits, and the wonder would be were she not.¹

On Christmas Day we processed into the chapel, where the service was really divine, but what with heat and emotion very overpowering.

I went after it to Lady Conyngham, and saw her Christmas gifts, which made my mouth water, and made me almost wish for a situation. A magnificent cross, seized from the expiring body of a murdered bishop in the island of Scio. An almanack, gold with flowers embossed on it of precious stones. A gold melon, which upon being touched by a spring falls into compartments like the quarters of an orange, each containing different perfumes. I returned like Aladdin after the cave, only empty-handed, which, I believe, he was not.

Our evenings have since passed much the same. The King has almost given up cards. The Red Room is always open and the band always playing.

On Monday we had Rossini. The King all graciousness to him. He sang, which went to our musical hearts, 'Otello' and 'Figaro,' etc., but the courtiers and the rest of the society were indignant at his familiarity. Being fat and lazy, and consequently averse to standing, he took a chair and sat by the King, who, however, gave him the kindest reception, and, less *petit* than his suite, understood the man, and treated him as his enthusiasm for music disposed him to do. I hope to hear more of him, for it is an unspeakable pleasure.

We have had one assembly, all Brighton. To-night there is a child's ball. Granville's gout returned and confined him to his room for two days. Nothing ever

¹ She was a daughter of Mr. Poyntz and sister of the two youths who were drowned at Bognor.

equalled the King's kindness. You see I am quite touched.

Now, my dearest brother, for our plans. The first of February probably, not a day later, Granville, I, Ralph Abercromby, and Mr. Jones, the private secretary, start for Calais. From thence we shall move leisurely to Brussels, stay there one day for Granville to see Lord Clancarty,¹ and then go to the Hague to an hotel. The children will not join us till house, establishment, etc., are all settled, which will save them the journey in the depth of winter. Adieu, dear, dearest brother.

The King does nothing but regret you. He says you are the life and soul of the Pavilion. La Marquise raves of you. She told me she knew you better than anybody, and that you do not mean to marry Lady Elizabeth.² The Duchess of Bedford comes with her children for the ball to-night, if the Duke is well. There is nothing like the zeal of a Whig lady. Lady Tankerville wrote a delightful letter to Lady Cowper. 'Lady Jersey never writes to me. She writes every day to the Duke of York, and would give her eyes, the only good thing she has left, to write to the King.' True woman's parenthesis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Pavilion : January 1, 1824.

Granville is quite well. He went down yesterday evening and I was accused of having rouged him.

La régnante is not in spirits. I am sure she is in a state of anxiety about Lady Elizabeth. Lord Euston is here, but I never saw anything so marked as his having no intentions.

I called upon Lady Elizabeth Vernon yesterday, a

¹ The Ambassador, whom Lord Granville was about to replace at the Hague.

² Her daughter.

flourishing patient, but on a couch. The Cannings have not been asked owing to his gout. Bless you, dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street: January 3, 1824.

We landed here at half-past three yesterday, dined *tête-à-tête* without dressing upon partridge and rice pudding, read till ten, played at chess till near one. *Balancez* this with the Pavilion account *et jugez*.

Our favour went *crescendo* to the last. He hopes to have another squint at me before I go, and if he is not well enough to encounter the opening of Parliament, this I fear will be at Brighton again.

The child's ball was beautiful. Near one hundred of them, perfect room to see them, neither crowd nor heat.

The King was engrossed with the Bedford children. He saw one of her boys looking at his order of the Golden Fleece, and asked him what he thought that order was. 'Chinese, I suppose.' We did not look quite pleased. The youngest Bedford girl¹ beautiful, exactly like what Lady Georgiana Gordon was.

A little Drummond Burrell, shrewd, prudent, *crêpée*. Emily Cowper absent and *blasée*, but full of grace and *finesse*. Bless you, my dearest. I have little time.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: January 1824.

My dearest G.,—I am going to please you very much. I am quite delighted with Harriet.² She is in every way, size, health, mind, and character, such a fine creature. I never, *nonobstant*, liked her thoroughly till now. She behaves so beautifully, so attentive to them,³

¹ Lady Louisa Russell, who married Lord Abercorn in 1832 and is now the Dowager Duchess.

² Lady Gower.

³ Lord and Lady Stafford.

so devoted to him, her manner to everyone so proper, and to crown all so infinitely more unpretending than she was before her pretensions were all so more than gratified.

I found her a very handsome, blooming, somewhat matronly woman, whom I should have pronounced to be about twenty-five.¹

As to his happiness, I never saw anything like it, and his mind and manner have expanded under her influence. Lady Stafford quite worships her; she says she has not a shadow of a fault.

We dine and sleep there again on Thursday; the Cannings are asked to meet us. Adieu, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: January 1824.

Monsieur de Lieven called on me yesterday. Madame de Lieven writes to me that after having been *empoisonnée à Châlons, noyée à Genève*, she had a narrow escape of an overturn, and arrived at Milan half dead with fright. There, however, she finds weather like July, a hot sun and my brother *établi comme à Londres, deux loges à la Scala, dîners tous les jours, concerts tous les Vendredis*. Lady Hunloke the head of the establishment, Lady Belfast *première dame de compagnie*. She says he is uncommonly well, in boisterous spirits, and all kindness and civility to her.

Lord Harrowby and the two girls are arrived in town. They were very near wrecked, but people are never more than very near, which is comfortable. Lady H. and the Duchess are both coming to town, in short it is brimful. Bless you, dearest.

¹ She was nineteen.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: January 1824.

My dearest G.,—I do not think —— out of spirits, but she talked to me with great openness about her danger in society, and cross-examined me distressingly about the wonder and the reason that, just married and passionately fond of her husband, flirting with her should occur to others, and that, unlike other brides, everybody was speculating whether she would flirt or no. The answer to this is one that cannot be hinted at, that though she is in love with him, nobody believes it, and those who admire her never talk as if he was a safeguard, but only of her good principles. The only fear is that she is one of those, and they are generally the most attractive and attracting, who cannot be amused by the mere mechanical apparatus of society, light, dress, crowd, small talk. She is either interested or bored to death, but with such excellence, such freedom from all wrong, her conduct never can err beyond a certain point, looking too much pleased and being accused of it.

You will perhaps be surprised to hear that my interview with Mr. Abercromby affected me to a degree I could not command. You never knew anything like his happiness at Ralph's¹ *destination auprès de nous*, and the warmth, almost *entraînement* of his manner; his 'I trust to you with perfect happiness and security all I care for in life' almost choked me, and I was glad to run out of the room when Granville came into it. I have been ten times worse with Mrs. Abercromby. I cannot help being a great fool, they are so wrapped up in him.

¹ His son, who was appointed attaché at the Hague. He afterwards filled several high diplomatic appointments. He succeeded his father as second Lord Dunfermline in 1858.

We dine at Gloucester Lodge¹ to-morrow to meet Jules,² Vraiment,³ Messrs. Fagel⁴ and Falbe.⁵

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 9, 1824.

Dearest G.,—The joy of being here again with all my children!

Susy is *une femme charmante*, Dody a great, warm-hearted, shrewd, clumsy girl. The boys very nice, satisfactory little men. It is too delightful to be with them all. They are quite wild with joy at the prospect of the Hague.

I have heard from Pahlen at Rome. He intends to visit us in Holland, has made acquaintance with your George, whom he likes extremely. Who does not?

I am so pleased Mrs. Arbuthnot⁶ is coming. As I hear she plays at whist all night with the two Dukes and scolds violently, I have a slight hope that she goes out shooting. Bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 11, 1824.

My dearest G.,—Yesterday *nos fiers chasseurs* were kept at home all day by the badness of the weather.

To-day we are expecting the two Dukes,⁷ the Arbuthnots, Charles Greville, and Henry de Ros.

Now, dearest, for plans. We mean to be here again

¹ Mr. Canning's residence.

² Jules was Prince Polignac, then Ambassador in London.

³ Vraiment was Prince Lieven's nickname.

⁴ Dutch Ambassador.

⁵ Danish Minister.

⁶ 'On coming to town yesterday I heard of another death. Mrs. Arbuthnot, after a short illness. The Duke of Wellington, with whom she had lived in the most intimate relations for many years, evinced a good deal of feeling, but he is accused of insensibility, because he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect. She was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient, and very prudent and silent.'—*Greville's Memoirs*.

⁷ York and Wellington.

the 9th or 10th of January till the 20th, and then in town till we go, which I hope will not be before the beginning of February. Granville will have a *partie de chasse* here during that time, and we think it just possible you will be able to come. Our hope is that the Gowers may meet you part of the time. I hardly dare hope such happiness as having you, dearest. At all events, if this is impossible you must meet us in town.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Wherstead: January 12, 1824.

We got over our soirée very well. His Royal Highness is as happy as a King with his whist and his *chasse*.

They started at half-past ten this morning. The day has been quite beautiful.

The dandies all behave perfectly. F. Lamb was flat till to-day.

They are just come in, in raptures. Never was there such a *chasse*, 900 head. The Duke of York is really bursting with joy, as he has killed more than he ever did before, 128 head.

We set off early to-morrow for London. Bless you, my dearest G.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street: January 23, 1824.

The Vernons have been staying three weeks at Panshanger. They all went to see the murderers. Thurtell¹ has a countenance expressive of crime to any amount. Probert very good-looking. There is a tradesman in London of the name of Carpenter, who told Mr. Byng that a nephew of his lived very much in

¹ Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert were tried for the murder of a man of the name of Weare. The two first convicted, Thurtell alone executed. Probert, who turned King's evidence, was afterwards hanged for horse-stealing.

the society of these men. Six weeks ago, to the great astonishment of his friends, he disappeared. No clue was to be found. They now, of course, suspect that he has been murdered.

Friday morning.—I live in the hope of a delay, and shall probably soon know our chance of it, as Mr. Canning comes to town on Sunday.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: January 31, 1824.

We went yesterday to the Duke of Wellington's, and then and there, O sister mine, how I chuckled over my prospects! Mrs. Lane Fox hoydenish and in roaring spirits. Lieven very sportive, tribes of Bathursts, Villiers, etc. Punch, who is making up to Mrs. Lane Fox and utterly disdained by her. 'Oh, 'tis a pleasant sight to see!'

I was shocked to hear last night of the poor Tankervilles having lost their second girl. Poor Corise, with all her faults, has a warm, affectionate heart and doats upon her children.

I am going on Tuesday to the ventilator to hear the debate on the Spanish question. I imagine Mr. Canning will make one of his bursts. How it makes me wish for George, he is so exhilarated and exhilarating upon such occasions!

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: 1824.

'Yes, my beloved sister, though in looks I own I seem your *trisaïeule*, the sympathies of my heart are in Yorkshire, in vain does Bruton hold my frame. I possess a *fond* of feeling, a sympathetic soul, and 'tis all thine, my blossomina.'

My dearest G.,—I am just come from Richmond, found Lady Duncannon, poor, pregnant, excellent

creature, and I employed Frederick Foster to tell you why I did not write, and you see the result.

I am now going to rest, and then a large dinner at Mr. Huskisson's.

There is no sort of change, but people will not now believe we are not going to Paris, and tease me to death to discover my imagined secret. Adieu, dear, dearest G. Forgive this hurry.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 3, 1824.

I have left Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Charles Ellis fresh from the House and G. from the Lords to tell you what they say. Lord Somers made a good but rather amplified speech. Lord Lorton a good one about Ireland. Lord Holland was a love, drinking oceans of water, but not making one of his best performances. Brougham very poor, a great deal of trumpery. Canning a sensible speech, but not so brilliant or fluent as usual. They say the House of Commons was never seen so empty on the first day.

I have just had an entertaining letter from Madame de Lieven.

‘Rome me transporte d’admiration ; il y a de quoi tout oublier au monde lorsqu’on se trouve au Forum Romanum, où bien à St. Pierre ; j’aime mieux le Forum cependant : je ne me fâche pas d’y voir pendre du linge, parce que j’espère que les Romains portaient des chemises, mais le frac de mon valet de chambre m’indigne.

‘Il y a beaucoup d’Anglais ici. Je m’en vais vous dire qui a de l’esprit parmi eux.

‘Lord Kinnaird. Je ne me console pas de ce qu’il soit Radical. Si je pouvais aimer ses principes autant que son esprit, il me semble que je l’aimerais trop.

‘Votre neveu Howard, c’est un charmant garçon. Il joue la comédie à merveille. Savez-vous que cette

comédie Anglaise qu'on a montée ici est charmante et que c'est une véritable ressource. Je ne vous parle pas des Romains : on ne les connaît pas à Rome. Le corps Diplomatique roule sur Madame Appony, ambassadrice d'Autriche, qui soupire tout le jour. Elle est d'une sentimentalité qui me durcit le cœur. Et Monsieur Laval, ambassadeur de France, qui a un quart d'esprit et trois quarts de bêtise et de ridicule ; après cela qui bégaye et aussi est aveugle et sourd.

'La Duchesse de Devonshire est fort aimable pour moi. Votre frère parle de venir à Rome. Je n'en crois rien.'

The extract is a long one, but I think worth the trouble. You will not quarrel with her fastidiousness, but it amuses me that in so large a society she can grant cleverness only to two.

The Duke of Leeds takes our house for three years, and takes possession the 1st of March. Adieu, my dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH:

London : February 1824.

We are almost at the end of our labours, but now comes the taking leave of everybody, answering letters of those who write and do not come to town.

You will see by the papers that we were cut short of our sport on Tuesday. The Opposition would not make any play.

I am half *distracte* in my shift, having had Lady Stafford, *malgré* the shift, for an hour, carriage at the door, Lady Harrowby waiting, three letters to write, Lady Holland just come. *Plaignez-moi*. Bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 11, 1824.

I write in every spare moment, but they are but few, my dearest G. However, we have a reprieve till Saturday or possibly Monday week, owing to intelligence

from Mr. Chad. The King of Holland is travelling *incog.*, and will not be at the Hague till the 29th.

We dined at Holland House the day before yesterday. Monsieur Falck dined there ; he is delightful, and as he is coming ambassador here, I hope you will make much of him. I am sure you will like him, he is so very natural and *facile à vivre*. Mr. Cranston was our lion, a fine, hale, old, intelligent face and very acute talk.

Lady Grantham is very amiable. She is very sorry to lose me, not quite so hopelessly as she says and, I am sure, thinks. But she is very affectionate, and, unlike us, cultivates with care and waters with tears every sorrow that blows. Mr. Sneyd could not out-sentence this last paragraph.

Granville did not go to the opera last night. We sat up till half-past one, up to our chins in manuscripts.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 13, 1824.

Dearest G.,—People pump me with the most dexterous perseverance about Paris, and it is a secret which will want, when revealed, the zest of novelty. Monsieur Falck said to me, ‘Je vous dirai un secret. Je serai plus longtemps à Londres que vous à la Haye.’ Lady Holland’s style is this: ‘When you arrive at Paris, pray give my compliments,’ etc.

Susan came to me yesterday and said, ‘Look, mama, I am drest at the Greeks, do you like it?’ You have no idea how nice she looks with her hair in a large plait.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London : February 1824.

I never saw Granville as well as he is now, in such spirits, and looking so brisk and clear. We go on Thursday or Saturday. Our journey will be luxurious,

and to the great happiness of the darling girls we take them with us. Mr. Jones and Ralph will go in the britschka every morning to air the inns for us. Granville and I in the chariot with Georgy bodkin, as she is sick, in a coach. Mlle. Eward, Susy, and Marie in the landau, a housemaid and the children's-maid on the box. We shall besides have a courier, one cook, Samuel and James, so that at the inns we shall feel at home. The girls and Eward are in such tearing spirits that it reflects light upon me. I see too what business and object are to my dearest Granville, and if it were not for you I should be enchanted.

We dined yesterday at Charles Ellis's, as he promised to have nobody but Mr. Huskisson. Jamaica is the great object of interest just now. It is a most difficult and intricate question. A minor one is the arrest of Sir Robert Wilson's two daughters, one sixteen, the other fifteen, at Calais by the French Government. Sir Robert, waiting for them at Dover, has written in an agony to Mr. Canning, who will, I am sure, see the absurdity of hunting out these treasonettes with such severity, and do all he can for him.

Mr. Huskisson told us several droll stories. One of a man travelling through Holland, and, irritated at something, writing upon some window, 'May man undam you, and G. d——n you all.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: February 16, 1824.

My dearest G.,—I am in despair at having only a moment. If you could see me you would understand it. I never have time to put on a gown before dinner. I never can go out and see a soul but Lady Harrowby, whom I admit to my den, where I sit begrimed with dirt.

The dinner at Agar's was pleasant. Lady Gower

wins all hearts. Georgiana ought to have wings on, but *ici bas* she is less efficient than her sister. Yesterday a great dinner at Mr. Canning's. He in Agar's sort of spirits, and I felt, what I do not often, quite to love him. Mrs. C. benignant, and the girl handsome. Mr. Denison very polite to her.

The journey will be health and repose to me.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: February 17, 1824.

Lord Gower called here yesterday morning. She is coming to me at two to-day, when Cramer leaves her. I was at first tempted to advise against music, but why? It is an innocent and evidently a great pleasure to her. She cannot follow up what will certainly not meet her half-way, but it will give her just enough talent to be a resource when she is alone. So I am not going to preach against flats and sharps.

The French Government released the little traitoresses, after having searched them from top to toe. Nothing was found of a suspicious nature.

The great scandal of the day is a breach between the King and the Marchioness. Jealousy the cause. The heroes Knighton,¹ Sumner² the tutor, or Pearson the evangelical, nobody knows which, but everybody is sure it is one of them.

Think of Lady Cowper overhearing a conversation between Rogers and Luttrell, herself the theme. She had converted her dressing-room into a bedroom for the former. Rogers was saved by the weakness of his

¹ Sir William Knighton acted as private secretary to George the Fourth.

² Mr. Charles Sumner was tutor to Lord Mount Charles, and accompanied his pupil to Switzerland, where the pupil fell in love with a Swiss lady. It was said Mr. Sumner reassured the alarmed parents by marrying her himself. He was rewarded by being appointed librarian at Windsor Castle, and in 1827 became Bishop of Winchester.

lungs, Luttrell by the honesty of his friendship. She never heard Rogers' attacks, but that they were such she knows by the replies, all on the defensive. 'Upon my honour, I cannot judge her so harshly, she is so unaffected, so good-tempered.' 'Oh, come, come, women will have their beaux.' 'Well, I really don't know, but I have loved her from a child.' Adieu, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Bruton Street: February 19, 1824.

I do not allow myself to think of your subsequent plans, as nothing can bring you here in time for me, and the pain of parting again is spared us. I am now secreted in the house, as the Duchess of Leeds is inspecting it. I think her a very lucky woman.

I saw Lady Stafford and Mrs. Canning; neither afforded me any new lights for my letter.

I have arranged all my papers and we have sorted and separated the books. Verity has arranged me a medicine-chest, a sort of pocket edition of himself.

I have found amongst other things a large packet of your letters to my grandmother, including the first you ever wrote. They may amuse your children.

I hear, though there was a little sparring, that Canning and Brougham were very polite to one another. Adieu, my dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

London: February 24, 1824.

I was quite unhappy at not having a moment to write to you yesterday. We are just setting out, my beloved sister. I do not know how my nerves could have stood parting with you.

I feel quite well and calm this morning, but the fatigue and worry of these last days have been very unstringing.

Lady Harrowby and Georgiana were *des mauvais moments*. I love the latter as if she were my child, and I think her one of the most perfect of human beings.

I look forward to writing to, and hearing from, you as the great pleasure in store for me. G., as always, yours with the most devoted attention.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Calais : February 26, 1824.

Half-past two.—We breakfasted at Dover between six and seven, and here at eleven, dearest G. We had a passage of very little more than three hours, the sea very rough, and the wind very cold. Granville and I in high health on the deck, all the rest in the cabin as sick as dogs.

We have since been walking over this pretty, gay, little town. I could not resist shopping, and send you the result—a fairing from Calais, price two francs.

We are all as well as possible, the sick all the better for it.

Mr. Abercromby is a very amiable, quiet, gentlemanlike creature, with lots of tact, and a good deal of intelligent conversation. Mr. Jones a good-humoured, merry, useful, little man, doing one's bidding all day long, and doing it with alacrity and pleasure.

We dine at five, go to the play, and do not set out till nine o'clock to-morrow, as the whole cargo takes physic to-night. God bless you, my dearest Sis.

You would be disgusted if you were to see my principal amusement when my children are out of the way—a little dog of Mr. Jones, which I hope he will end by giving to me. I will place her in a *pension* when you come to the Hague.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

St. Omer: February 27, 1824.

We did not go to the play last night, we slept sound for nearly eleven hours. We arrived here at five, have had a dinner that enchants *les messieurs*, entrées and light wines, and now we are digesting and reposing. Both Calais and this place are peopled with English, slight sinners and heavy debtors, the needy and the greedy. Berkeley Craven, who is settled at Calais, walked with us this morning. He says Mr. Brummel is the happiest of men, lives chiefly with the natives, and enters into all the little gossip and tittle-tattle of the place with exactly the same zest as he was wont to do in England.

Saturday morning, 8 o'clock.—You have no idea what a comfort and pleasure it is to me to have your copy of my little book upon prayer. I begin the morning with it, and the handwriting adds to its power of fixing my attention. The journey is an inexhaustible source of amusement to the children and myself. I am not the least *blasée* about the cracking of the whips, the clamour of the beggars and *les passants*. My only anxiety is *autour des lits*, and Edward and I air all the belongings with our own hands. Our little factotum, Mr. Jones, is a jack of all trades, talks all languages, settles and pays everything, relates pleasing anecdotes of all the people and places we see, wraps us all up, keeps up the fire, and ever and anon hums sweet snatches of Italian airs.

Lisle: 9 o'clock in the evening.—We are magnificently lodged here in the Hôtel de l'Europe, large, warm rooms, all new and clean. You have no idea of the difference of the whole face of the country from what it was when we last traversed it. Such a look of prosperity and cultivation, and strong, fine men doing

all the hard work instead of women. We start to-morrow at six, to reach Brussels by daylight. I wish the Clancarty day was over.

Brussels: Sunday night.—Here we are, my dearest sister, all a little tired, but quite well, and delighted to be arrived; but here is Granville, armed with a warming-pan, so good night.

Monday morning.—You cannot know the delight of letters from England. I found this morning your little one, also one from Lady Harrowby, with good accounts of my boys, a small majority of twenty-four on Abercromby's motion, and an account of a soirée at Lady Grantham's. Every breath of English manufacture is delicious to us here. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brussels: March 1, 1824.

We had a dinner at five o'clock at Lord Clancarty's. He, a bustling, hard man, evidently galled at giving up the Embassy, but very civil to us. She, an excellent, head-aching woman, with none of the representation or insolence of an Ambassadress. Two very ugly, obliging daughters, and a ditto son. Auguste d'Aremberg,¹ a prosing, good-humoured, amiable man of seventy, and a nice little round-faced, bead-eyed, chattering Princesse de Schönbourg, his niece, seventeen, daughter of the Prince de Schwarzenberg,² who was burnt at Paris. We went to the play, and saw 'Cendrillon.' The theatre is pretty, and Benoni a better dancer than any but Albert. The house was chiefly filled with vulgar-looking English, with large French bonnets. As there are six thousand of them at Brussels, this is not wonderful. We were at home soon after ten, and I am going sleepy to bed.

¹ The friend of Mirabeau.

² His house was burnt down at a ball he gave at Paris in honour of the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise.

The children have been still happier than usual to-day, as it is the last day of the Carnival; and masqued and grotesque figures, making strange faces and singing Flemish songs, are to be seen in spite of the weather, parading through the town.

Antwerp: Tuesday evening.—Perhaps you will exult over us when you hear of a regular fall of snow. It has been on and off all day, and is now actually whitening over this beautiful town. I wish you could see us. We look so uncommonly comfortable in a large, high room, with a blazing wood fire. Granville looking very official with all the apparatus of business about him. Ralph deep in his book, and I writing askew upon the edge of a book. Mr. Jones and the children all tucked in bed, he with a bad cold, they with cheeks and spirits that would warm Siberia. Pray see Mrs. Abercromby, and tell her that we are quite delighted with her son. He has so much sense, and tact, and warmth of heart, that I feel we shall get more and more attached to him.

We intend going to-morrow to see Rubens' picture, the 'Descent from the Cross,' to dearest Georgiana's famous shop, and to High Mass. After the girls have dined we go six *postes* to Breda.

Good night, my dearest. See my boys; they are at Saxe's, in Conduit Street. Give my love to your countless babies, Agar and Govero included, and when you see Lady Harrowby, tell her where and how we are.

Breda, 6.30.—Here we are, having dressed in two large rooms like a company of strolling players, one in one corner and another in another.

It was very Dutch to jog from Gooring to Gratzmordert in a deep fall of snow. We shall have ten hours' work to-day, a small passage in a steamboat, besides two small branches of the Maas to cross.

The Hague, Thursday.—The hotel we are in is not

very comfortable, but it is a *pied à terre pour le moment*. We are all so well that nothing appears to me a grievance. Were it not for this, we should be somewhat discomposed at finding so much etiquette and ceremony expected from us immediately. Granville must go in a coach-and-six, with State liveries, to present his credentials. I am to receive the Hague world to-morrow, to sit like a queen, having them all presented to me. I hope we shall, after these two killing duties, be allowed to go our own ways for a time, as we have our house to prepare, and a hundred things which require leisure. I think this place must be very pretty indeed in summer. It is larger than I expected, more of a town, but I cannot yet judge of anything, with the ground covered with snow and a *gîte* less good than most of the inns we have had upon the road.

My dearest,—Seven out of the nine beautiful horses, embarked ages ago to come here, have perished on board from the severe weather, the other two in a most sickly state. I am so annoyed for dearest Granville. It is such a terribly vexatious thing. Susan's and his own favourite riding horses. He is quite adorable, for it is a trial of temper, patience, and cheerfulness, neither of which fail him for a moment. There is one comfort; nothing can be expected from us. The representation of life cannot be required of people who really find it difficult to procure the necessaries.

Friday.—We are all bent upon getting into our house as soon as possible, as this hotel is almost too bad to bear, as noisy as the 'White Hart' in Piccadilly. Bad dinners, worse beds.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: March 7, 1824.

Everything begins to take a brighter aspect, my dearest sister, everything but being away from you, that

lengthening chain. Your last letter by the Friday's courier was delightful to me, and I live in hopes of another to-morrow.

We are more tolerably comfortable in our actual *gîte*, and the house we look forward to is a delightful one, splendid to an English eye as to space and height, delightfully situated upon a broad *place* like St. James's Park, with larger trees and frequent benches, far from the canals and bustle of the town; like the country, only much gayer. I delight in the *genre de vie*. Till five o'clock, our dinner hour, my day is entirely my own—no visits, no interruptions. I dine in my morning gown with the attached, who are all merry, obliging, intelligent people. At six I dress, but no how at all, and return to the *salon*, where the darling girls, both in high health and spirits, stay with us till the door opens. Then come in what *chez nous* are morning visits.

I have had a letter from dear little Granville, and a good account of my little boys from Mr. Byng. Pray thank him if you see him. We are writing like mad for the post. God bless you. Give my love to my friends.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : March 1824.

This is a little *précis biographique* of the inhabitants of the Hague, which I beg you will read to dearest Lady Harrowby. I have not time to write a separate dispatch. You must figure them to yourself, all dropping in between the hours of seven and ten. But that is at present all of my time that is not completely my own.

The English society is soon disposed of. My comments are entirely between ourselves. Lady Francis Osborne, who has been more kind and useful to me than I have words to say. She knows everybody, every custom, every shop, every Royalty, and every drug. She

seems excellent and amiable, bearing wretched health with exemplary patience ; but, fatal word and pray secret, she is tiresome, in a fever about trifles, and talking incessantly about nothing. With great confusion in her own ideas, and always taking hold of mine by the wrong end. She has a clever daughter of about eighteen.

Lady Gambier, a vulgar manner, but good-natured, quiet and obliging, of great use to me.

Lady Ormonde, sister of Lady Clancarty, a quiet, gentle woman, who hates going out of her house.

Mrs. Ollworthy, the clergyman's wife, beautiful, very like Miss Foote, but quite *nulle* in society.

Mr. Chad, merry, intelligent, devoted, the idol of the Hague, and a great addition to our little dinner Diplomacy.

French.—Mons. d'Agoult, a great puppy, despising his destiny and everything but the Bourbons. His wife in bed after a *fausse couche*. I hear she is no loss.

Prussian.—Mons. de Schlagen, a very agreeable, gentlemanlike man, about fifty, receiving us like the dew from Heaven, glad to talk, and talking very pleasantly.

Russian.—Two large carcasses, with orders and tall daughters. Mdle. Betsy, rather pretty. Mons. and Mme. Salviati, Russian too I believe, *très comme il faut*, she *une gentille petite femme*. A number of minor *envoyés*, who do nothing but bow and wear spectacles.

Dutch.—The authorities of the town, and their wives. What shall I say of them? Broad, respectable, matter-of-fact people, that can never offend or please one. Mons. Dedel, a very gentlemanlike man, talking English like us. His brother, Mr. Chad's butt and *une vraie farce*, dresses of a morning in a Japan silk bed-gown, makes tea, and asks Granville, with low bows,

‘When your Excellency has a sequence from a King, which do you play first?’

Ladies of the Court: Lady Jemima Bentinck and Mlle. Antoinette *sa fille*. The daughter like a *crétin*. They ask ‘How is Lady Stafford, how is dear Lady Essex?’ Mme. d’Estorff and Mme. de Goltz, both agreeable, maidens *d’un certain âge*, drest like the Miss Berrys. Mons. Fagel, brother of the Greffier and just such another, is sixty. His wife much the prettiest and captivating woman I ever saw, like Mme. Zamoyska in her best days. They say she is *remplie de talents et d’esprit*; her manners and her English are quite enchanting, and she is, like Chad, the idol of the place. She has two sisters less beautiful, but I am told as charming as herself.

Granville has been to Court. They were gracious in the extreme, but a degree of form! He went in one coach-and-six, the *attachés* following in another, with an escort of cavalry. The whole, His Ex. excepted, looking very gingerbread. I go on Thursday, then come three days of grand representation. All Holland pouring in. Three more days devoted to returning all these visits in the evening, with a cap under my chin however. We may also say not at home of an evening, and for about three weeks there will be balls and little *réunions* to go to, and dinners. The latter at half-past four ending at seven, the former all over at half-past ten. This is coming off cheap for a woman not fond of dissipation.

Ten o’clock, Thursday evening.—I have had lots of them to-night, the Nuncio with his gold cross; all the maids of honour. I am quite parched with talking, but I remember Lady Harrowby’s advice and do not let myself go to any likes and dislikes, but, like the sun, rather a dim one by the way, I shine on all alike. Granville acquits himself *à ravir*, talks incessantly to

the Dips., bows them in and out, looks uncommonly well.

I wish you could have heard us at dinner to-day, how we chattered and laughed by the waters of Babylon! Mr. Chad is really extremely amusing. Mr. Strangways is arrived. Adieu, for I am too sleepy to add another word.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : March 10, 1824.

The sun shines, it is as mild as May. Mr. Chad has sent me two large Dutch dolls, representing the fishermen and women of Scheœling. Mme. Fagel a basket of the most beautiful hyacinths and narcissi from Haarlem. Susan's new pelisse is come home, *feuille morte, qui lui va à ravir*; my Court gown has been tried on and fits, my new shoes ditto, and I am consequently in particularly good sorts—my only reason for writing after the volume I dispatched last night. I am going to have a most refreshing day. I shall go this morning for an hour to my house, and drive probably to the sea. How you will enjoy this place! You have no idea how quiet and reviving it is. I will send you a sketch of my presentation to-morrow.

Thursday night.—This morning I went all over diamonds and black satin to Court. A little *grand-chambellan* leads me from the door to an ante-room, where four *dames d'honneur* receive me, till the folding doors open and I walk in alone to the Queen, standing in the middle of a very large and handsome *salle d'audience*. She is a shy, quiet, well-behaved woman, in miserable health and thinner than Mme. de Lieven. We talk of our Royal Family, of the loss of our horses, of the size of my house, and of the weather. A little back door opens and the King drops in. Five minutes more small

Royal talk, and then I back out with a train five yards long, squiddle a little with the *grand-maitre*, and that is all that belongs to my duties *vis-à-vis* to the Court. To-night we have been to our box at the play. Lafont sung beautiful duets with his wife, and played enchanting variations of Rossini's music.

To-morrow comes the English bag. I will finish my letter after I receive it.

Friday.—I have had half the town.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : March 14, 1824.

My dearest G.,—The housemaid, with that sagacity peculiar to her kind, put my unfortunate letter in the fire. She found it on the floor, and said she supposed I wished to throw it away.

I have been to the Princess of Orange.¹ She received me most graciously, talked unceasingly. He joined us, and the interview went off very swimmingly. She is ugly, but with a good manner and splendid dress. She gets over that awkward stile wonderfully well. He talked of my brother and Lady Jersey, she of Mme. de Lieven. She was literally covered with jewels, crossing and dangling from her in every direction.

Tuesday morning.—Your letter arrived, dearest of sisters, to refresh me after a dinner of twenty-three people, all the Ministers and *Diplomates*.

I have had a most amiable entertaining letter from Mme. de Lieven. She says : 'Votre sœur a eu la bonté de venir me voir. Elle a maigri de tout ce que ses filles ont engraisées. Lady Gower est charmante. Il est impossible d'avoir des manières plus distinguées, ni des choses plus aimables et spirituelles à dire.'

¹ Was daughter of the Emperor Paul, and wife of the Prince of Orange who fought at Waterloo.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague; March 21, 1824.

No letter ever came so *à propos* as yours, my dearest sister. I have been suffering tortures with pain in my face, and was in bed the whole of yesterday, and after struggling with it a whole night and day, I was so exhausted by pain that I conquered my fear of taking laudanum, almost as bad as that of the toothache, and swallowed forty-five drops last night. It has subdued the enemy, and not had the bad effects it usually has upon me. I feel stupid and worn, but have neither headache nor sickness. Now in the middle of my writhing came Sukey, red with the pleasure she knew she was about to give: 'It's Aunt G., Mama.' Your entertaining long letter it was, and it soothed and comforted me during my sharpest twinges. George's extracts were worth their weight in gold. I am alarmed at Hart's new amusement, for beyond that I have no fears, but it is *assez de son genre* to squiddle with a princess, and he was sure to be taken with all those little clap-traps of embroidered cushions, satin slippers, dressing gowns of cachemire, morsels of Petrarch with which this one assails our nobility. I am only afraid of anything that keeps him from England and the Hague. Write me word if you hear more of it. I agree with you entirely with regard to Lady ——. As an example she would be tremendous, as a specimen she is only curious. The comfort for you is that she is too much of a character to be a likely object of imitation, and so sensible a person as your Harriet would see the absurdity of anybody but herself being her parallel. If I was to meet Lady Elizabeth Belgrave driving a curricule, I should immediately feel I hope Lady Gower will not. If I was to meet Lady —— riding astride, which would

scarcely surprise me, it would never occur to me to make the same ejaculation.

I own to you I do not think the other fear you might have as little founded. I can understand the love of and perseverance in outgoing where home is not a happy one, where coquetry is an object or children an inducement; but why these two happy and devotedly attached beings, full of resources in themselves and delight in each other, should go *à la piste* of every drum that beats, feed all the population of London, and, with more of domestic feelings, have less domestic habits than any couple I know, is really enigmatical.

Sunday night.—I am much better this evening, but I must be some few days before I recover from the effects of pain and laudanum. The weather is colder than anything ever was before, as it is just the moment of piercing north-east winds. My children continue without aches or ail.

I have never told you that I like Lady F. Osborne very much indeed. She is very good, friendly, and amiable, she is not the least *exigeante* or oppressive. She is certainly not a clever or agreeable woman, and when she is nervous, as she was at my arrival and now is at being obliged to go to the ball at Amsterdam, she has a worried, fidgety, bewildered manner, which made me judge hardly of her at first, and quite subsides when her nerves become tranquil.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: March 25, 1824.

I have been walking up and down the Voorhout with my chicks, and we are now going to the Royal Library, where I hear there are several very fine pictures.

I am so glad to have seen an amusement for Lord Morpeth. We staid near an hour at the Musée, where I recognised some of my old Louvre friends. Paul

Potter's famous bull, and a Gerard Dou, the most perfect thing of the kind I ever saw. It was given to Charles II. when he left Holland; on William III.'s first visit to his native land, after his accession to our throne, he brought it back here in his carriage, where it has remained ever since. The subject a woman at work, rocking her child in a cradle, the sun shining upon them through an open casement, a bird cage, Bible, washbasket, all the interior of a Dutch room, with a truth and life that beggars description. There are some beautiful Van de Veldes; the 'Battle of Pavia' by Wouvermans, reckoned his best; some small and excellent Dutch pictures, one by Van Huysum, a rose, carnation, convolvulus, a butterfly that is so beautiful that we stood before it ten minutes, yet the subject would have scarce asked for one. It is the exquisite painting, the thick leaf of the carnation, the positive flying away of the butterfly.

Friday.—The melancholy fact is that what I do hate, what is my favourite aversion, is going out, as it is called. Last night I had Almack's feelings without its advantages. At the Casino I was perfectly happy, as I stayed there about an hour, but last night I thought it my duty to stay out Mme. Dedel's ball from nine till one.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : March 28, 1824.

My brother's letter, with an account of the poor Duchess's¹ death, arrived this morning. It has shocked us very much, she had so much enjoyment of life. It brings past times to one's mind, and many nervous and undefinable feelings.

I am expecting my boys every minute. I am sorry

¹ Of Devonshire.

for the men who are coming, that this event will make us still less able to provide any amusement; of course for some days we shall not stir out of the house, or see any one in it.

I want you to ask Lady Harrowby and yourself about little Granville. He has a week's holiday at Easter, and I should be very happy to have him with either of you, who would be kind enough to harbour him for that time. I know your scarcity of room, and therefore it would be less inconvenient to her than to you. He is a very good little man, and will not, I think, be a plague. Addio.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 2, 1824.

I received a second letter from you, my dear dearest G., on Sunday evening. Two in a day was a sort of suffocating pleasure. I have just had a letter from Lord Clanwilliam in which he says, 'Pray tell Lady Georgiana that it is a very sensible old woman that says, "Howard est ce qu'il y a de mieux parmi les jeunes gens à Rome."' He quotes Mme. Lichnowska, his aunt.

Yesterday was a happy day. In the morning early I walked with my blooming daughters on the Vijjverberg, where we had the whole advantage of a bright sun and air soft as May. I then came home and received a *cadeau* of three plover's eggs in a little box, *les premiers de notre printemps* from old Stirums. At two we drove in the curricule (Granville having for fifty sovereigns bought two little grey horses), to the sea and walked on the sands. We came home to dinner, and took Susan bodkin in our little *loge grillée* to see the innocent performances. Came home to tea, and to Mr. Jones' singing, which is beautiful. He is equally at home in Rossini, French and German romances, with

the best taste and most indefatigable good-humour. Mr. Chad sings also well.

The Hague season is nearly over, and a ball on Thursday is almost the winding up. The incomparable Dutch are *en retraite* during Easter week and a fortnight before it. The first fortnight in May is again all frivolity. The fair in the Voorhout and balls every night. After that they all potter off to their *campagnes*, wear stuff gowns, and sleep three in a bed till the autumn.

Mr. Canning's successes are most satisfactory. His West Indian speech seems beyond all praise. The fat woman and the helmet I do not fancy, but as you all cheer him, mine the sorrow, mine the shame.¹

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 4, 1824.

Our dinner and soirée yesterday went off very swimmingly. Three Gambiers, three Osbornes, the attached, and Monsieur Dedel—a nice little man, who is quite domesticated *chez nous*, not a *héros de roman*, but the most straightforward matter-of-fact of men, with all the simplicity of Parson Adams and an *anglo-manie* strong upon him. At half-past seven we all came out from dinner together, coffee, and then Granville and Lady Gambier, don't be uneasy, junketed to the play to see 'La Maison à Vendre.' Soon Mme.

¹ 'In July last the heavy Falmouth coach contained two passengers, the one a fair lady of considerable dimensions, the other a gentleman who was on his way to succour the Spanish Patriots. There was besides a box which contained a full uniform of a Spanish general of cavalry, together with a helmet of the most curious workmanship. Though the idea of going to the relief of a fortress blockaded by sea and besieged by land in a full suit of light horseman's equipments was perhaps not strictly consonant to modern military operations, yet when the gentleman and his box made their appearance, the Cortes were no doubt overwhelmed with joy.'—*Extract from Mr. Canning's Speech.*

d'Hogueres, and her two daughters, the youngest a very pretty, merry girl,¹ Mme. de Goltz, and Mlle. Henriette d'Outremont, *Dames d'Honneur*, the latter handsome and clever. Mr. Fagel and Stirums dropped in. We sipped tea. Then till eleven—and I like that, the difference of age is so marked—I sat with the elderlies on the couch near the fire, talking health and economy; *la jeunesse* assembled round a large table, drew caricatures, wrote verses, and absolutely screamed with laughing. Now in England, you know, the girls chaperon their mothers to the routs, and unless they make love have no resource but *de se morfondre*.

We then certainly have great capabilities here. Miss Osborne—though I do not fancy her, as she is flippant and ill-natured—has all her father's fun and drollery, and is certainly very clever. Mr. Chad, though no chicken, leads *la bande joyeuse*, but all this would be of no avail were it not for that possibility of doing here what we never do in England, having soirées exactly like an evening at Wherstead, some reading, some talking, some at their gambols, and all going in and out *comme bon leur semble*. *Je me creuse la tête* to find out the why, and fear it turns upon irremediable evils, the large scale of society in London, regular invitations, the trouble of which makes one shrink from having it habitually. But the subject upon which I am becoming Quixotic is morning visits. There is no saying what is gained by lopping them off. Time in bushels, repose ditto, coming quite fresh and alive into the gaiety of the evening, being spared the bore of *tête-à-tête* without intimacy which they all expose one to hourly.

Now here Mme. *reçoit*, and in come more or less of our friends and acquaintances. If pleasant, you may

¹ Well known in Paris as the Baronne de Meyendorff, and intimate at the Embassy. She had great merit as an amateur artist.

sit in a corner and talk to them without the fear of Sir G. Robinson or Lady Louisa Macdonald being let in to give one that well-known feel—‘are there not daggers, poisons, racks, and swords?’

You acknowledge the new-comers, but they pass on, if they see you occupied, to the disengaged. If bores they are negatived by numbers.

If I do not feel well in the evening, or inclined to society, I am not exposed to it. ‘*Madame ne reçoit pas*’ said at the door affronts nobody. It is as much a custom as the other, and out of above two hundred visits I paid upon arriving *en qualité d’Ambassadrice*, I was let in only about seven times. There are other advantages. When you, Mrs. Lamb, or Lady Morley come here, instead of living, as we all do in London, with few secure half-hours, sometimes without one moment to talk of life and death together, we may have whole hours to ourselves without offending anyone.

If you come over me with ‘my husband and my children,’ I say in London, you want to be shut up with them in the evening, because during the pelting, pitiless morning you have scarcely seen their faces; here from nine till five you may live *au sein de votre famille*. Then there is another custom here. On Sundays the *Dame de la maison reçoit en famille*—sisters, married daughters and their husbands, sons and their wives. Not one extra admitted, not Monsieur Chad, *et c’est tout dire*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 8, 1824.

The best pictures are in the Museum at Amsterdam. Two landscapes with cattle and figures, by Jean and André Both—a Gerard Dou, I believe reckoned better but not half so pleasing as the one here, the subject

a schoolroom by candle-light. The great merit, the different effects of the five different lights, the tallow-candles flaring, with the greasy, *hébétés* faces of the children, and the lanthorn lighting up with wonderful effect the details of the whole. Another by the same master—a *grande dame* in full costume, with her cavalier standing by her, the background and a dog by Berghem. It is finished to a degree that makes it a study to examine it. Though the figures are small, I know the pattern of her lace and hold in my breath for fear of discomposing her feather fan. Now for a Hackaert, like ours, but prettier than that or anything else. A hot sunny day, which it would be too oppressive to bear were it not for the shade of the trees and the clearness of the water. A lady and her cavalier riding up an avenue of beech trees to their château, tired with hawking, the attendants and dogs panting with heat, by Adrian Van de Velde.

A Van Huysum. Flowers, Lady Morpeth—an over-blown peony, dropping to pieces over a bird's nest, and three white roses all together, of the same size, shape, and hue, and yet as different, as distinct as your three daughters, upon a light ground which, as I and Lord Morpeth know, quadruples the merit and the price.

Jan de Heem—and what though it be a lobster and a lemon, if the one looks just boiled and the other just cut!

A Paul Potter—hideous I think, but the *connaisseurs extasient* themselves over the cow and the ass and the goats and sheep climbing up a sandhill.

Five or six Van de Veldes. You see them, rough seas and calm seas (don't you see too that I am bored to death with describing, but determined to *soutenir la gageure*?), a man-of-war in the port of Amsterdam, fishing boats at sunset. One very curious, the 'Taking of

the "Royal Prince," a ship commanded by Sir G. Askew, by de Ruyter; a vessel in front, in which Van de Velde went himself to take sketches of the engagement.

Last, not least, for it occupies one whole side of a large room, a dinner given by Capitaine Wits to the *bourgeoisie de la ville* in commemoration of the peace of Munster. It is also in commemoration of the ugliness of the Dutch, all alive, all hideous; it is difficult to believe it is a picture. There is a portrait also by the same master, that one can only look at askance for fear of distressing the gentleman.

Now just run over in your mind's eye. Dutch boors smoking their pipes and playing at cards upon a barrel, women like Lady Gordon, standing in an edifice hung with mackerel and herrings, or piled with cabbages and bunches of carrots, ladies in rich white satin gowns, lovers like Lord Nugent and Mr. Standish serenading them upon guitars, balustrades with a peacock and a monkey upon them and red and green parrots on the trees, dead hares with bleeding throats, dead pheasants with ruffled feathers, bunches of grapes and over-ripe melons—and then let your sons-in-law twit me with never looking at pictures if they dare. We finished Amsterdam with a French play.

Yesterday we returned here, and found the girls looking like Van Huysum's peony.

If you wish to know why the cannons are firing it is because the Princess of Orange was brought to bed of a daughter this morning, and if you wish to know why I am sorry for it, it is because I must leave off writing to go and have my name written down at the Palace.

Thursday night.—The town looks excessively gay and pretty to-night, all illuminated. We went to Count Stirum. I wish you could see Lady Christina de Rheede Ginkel. Figure to yourself the Duke of Sussex in

a wrapping gown. The drum put me in mind of London, for it was as crowded, hot, and noisy as Silence's soirées; but we only stayed ten minutes. Lady Ormonde is a very nice woman; but she has an uncle whom she brings about everywhere who is really a nuisance too great to be borne, Colonel Staples, known in his family by the pet name of Scrain—why I know not unless Scrain is the Irish word for idiot.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 15, 1824.

We are in hopes of the bag to-day, and in enjoyment of real fine weather at last. Yesterday Susy and I took a walk of four miles, and to-day we have been with the Poodle to the Museum. He is in high good-humour, and as busy as a bee with inquiring into prices and making purchases.

I am most anxious to hear of Mrs. Lamb. I am afraid there is no chance of my brother here at present.

Friday.—I am just come from Church. It is again to-day cold and bleak and no messenger yet, and I must wait for him for I have nothing to originate.

Friday night.—The post is this moment arrived. I am very glad to hear that Mrs. Lamb bore the shock with tolerable composure. Why will she not come to us? Of course I do not mean immediately; but London is always melancholy for a person unhappy and living out of its pale. Richmond terribly so to her, and here change of scene, no local recollections, and I able and most willing to devote myself to her. Say this to her when and as you can. I am glad the poor Duchess had friends about her.

We have heard nothing positive of the little boys, and as the weather is bad I doubt their starting to-morrow.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: 1824.

I have not prepared a letter for to-day's post, my dearest G., and you must therefore forgive a short and shabby one.

— puzzles me to death. I am tempted to *pencher* to the admiring side. Granville, who likes her exceedingly, has been arguing against her superiority of character. He says, and I three-quarters agree with him, that her conduct is regulated by an uncontrollable determination to follow all her inclinations. That she is born with good ones is no merit of hers. He says in the present instance that, not having strong feelings, *caractère* would have been shown in hastening home to console her mother. As it is she does what she always does, follows her inclination, and she has nothing in her which prompts her irresistibly to fly to her. She is a person who dreads scenes, and had rather arrive when everything is a little subdued; no consideration out of herself gives motives to her actions. Whilst we think her excellent, good-tempered, attaching and free from all humbug, let us wait to see her sacrificing her own tastes to those of others, before we think her sublime.

Now for an example. Granville gave it. I have no wish to be Ambassadress at Paris, am quite insensible to the *éclat* of the situation, had rather potter on here. Well, this is not character, this is not merit. I am born so, my tastes are made that way. I may be all the better and my friends may like me more for being so constituted, but it is no effort, no virtue in me. I consult my own happiness and set my wishes by it. Now supposing I go to Paris, overcome my regrets, combat my inclinations, perform all the duties of the situation with cheerfulness and good temper—that is character, that is merit, because it is making self give

way and acting in that manner for the sake and *bien être* of others.

This is the way that *en bien et en mal* admiration and applause are dealt out with so little fairness or measure. Do you think me insensible to ——'s perfections? I esteem but I cannot quite admire her. Now supposing there was a question of visiting a divorced woman. If we went to see the black sheep, there would in such an act be more of kindness and dread of giving pain than a laxity of real moral principle. If Lady —— stayed away, there would be more of its being a bore to go and the not caring twopence if the woman was vexed or not than of real morality. Yet the world would set this down under the head of principle and chastity, and judge us accordingly. I could go on upon this theme for ever. I love George all the better for his enthusiasm about her and perfectly understand it, for she is made of such excellent stuff, that coldness given by nature and selfishness by education lead to no worse result than preventing a very close examination of her character, magnifying her blameless life into a heroic one. When her husband went abroad she was as comfortable as an old shoe, yet how many people looked upon her as something little less than an Indian widow burning on the pile?

We have a great many Grandees to dinner to-day, and to-morrow a ball at Court; next week we shall live on the Voorhout, and then the Hague empties itself like a soda-water bottle. God bless you, dearest, dearest sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 18, 1824.

We feel great uncertainty as to the arrival of the boys to-morrow. There is very little wind, but the weather is cold and gloomy.

Lady Harrowby talks to me of your beauty in a black hat and feather somewhere, and Lady Grantham of having seen you at Mrs. Hope's, I think, with your three daughters. You are certainly a miraculous woman *vu* that you are about to be a grandmother. How anxious I shall be for letters in about three weeks! Tell me the reckonings of those *mamans pour rire*. The Poodle and I sat over the fire after dinner yesterday, and we are the only people here who sympathise entirely on the subject of the bag. We agreed that from the moment it was due we cannot feel pleasant in our little minds till it arrives. A mixture of impatience and nervousness and a great deal of wool-gathering about what it will bring. It is odd that in that hard and canine substance there should be this degree of weakness and tenderness, for it partakes of both. I think it must be instinct about his puppies; but be that as it may, he was fidgety the whole of yesterday, and I felt quite obliged to him for it.

Monday.—Yesterday I received the sacrament. I then drove to the column at Ryswick, and should have been enchanted with a long broad walk, the sides of it all covered with plants of violets and little goats jumping about, if an immense toad had not been taking its walk there too, which rifled all its sweetness.

On my return I found Wortley¹ just arrived. He is such a love. He is as snug as if he had been settled here all his life and I see will enjoy himself. This morning we breakfasted at ten, and he and I have been sitting at the open window agreeing upon the charm of continental life. He is now going *en calèche* with the Poodle to Delft, and at two we are all going to Schevening, where, being Easter Monday, all the population goes, swarming out on the sands in full costume. The

¹ Eldest son of Lord Wharncliffe, whom he succeeded in 1845. He married in 1825 Lady Georgiana Ryder, eldest daughter of Lord Harrowby.

weather is delicious, trees budding, birds singing and all the windows open. Rust and lust, dearest Lady Morpeth. It looks ill, but it is the Dutch for ease and pleasure, and written up on all the pleasure ground gates and summer-houses here.

Tuesday.—The boys are arrived after a most terrible passage. Three nights on board tossing about and terribly sick; yet I never saw them look so prosperous, and it is such a delight to hear their dear little voices again. They are now in my room, playing at being Dutch housemaids. It is too fine, quite like summer. Luckily for the boys the Prince of Orange had been laying the first stone of the new barracks; therefore the people were all about, the band playing and soldiers parading. Even Gearing¹ says ‘It is very cheerful.’

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : April 21, 1824.

The Poodle and Wortley *jouent de bonheur* in having this delicious weather for their tour. I took a long drive with my girls in the open carriage this morning, and we have left off our pelisses and come out of them like the buds out of the trees. Lady Harrowby’s letter came to comfort me for not having one from you. My boys are recovering from their fatigues. I am glad to hear from Gearing that ‘Master Frederick made himself very pleasant to Lady Morpeth.’ It pleases me much to think of my dear little Governor in Park Street,² and it is so kind of you to be burthened with him.

Thursday.—The flowers at Haarlem are now in their perfection, and I received yesterday morning a basket of hyacinths, jonquils, and narcissus that beggar description. I wish you could see a shawl and three

¹ The nurse.

² Lord Morpeth’s house in London.

turbans that George¹ has brought me from India, a set of chessmen for Granville, and shawls and fans for the girls. He looks ill but better than I expected. There never was so amiable and excellent a creature. When they were obliged to leave the ship to go in an open boat to Ramsgate in the middle of the night he, in his state of health, took off his coat, wrapped it round William, and carried him all the way up the side of the pier to the inn. The children quite doat upon him.

Friday.—Your long letter delighted me, my dearest G. I must write to Lady Stafford to-day to thank her for their kindness to my boy. I had a very kind letter from her. The Falcks, Salviatis, and some men dined here yesterday. Others came in the evening, and Monsieur Thiel, one of the Russian *diplomates*, played like a thunderstorm upon our new pianoforte, but really wonderfully well. Mme. Falck is very anxious to be recommended to you. I am sure you will like her very much. Adieu, my dearest dear sister. I have lots of letters to write, lots of children to educate, and another great dinner to-day.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : April 22, 1824.

Here is again the most delicious spring weather. I wish you could see us in my little boudoir, the window open, Granville reading the French papers in the green armchair you may remember in Bruton Street, and almost too strong a perfume of lilacs and lilies of the valley which I have just been gathering in our little garden.

The few people remaining at the Hague come to us of an evening. We are generally about twenty. One whist table, and a very noisy écarté one in an adjoining

¹ Mr. George Stewart, a great friend of the family and private secretary to Lord Granville in Paris.

room. There are three or four very pretty Dutch girls who join this department and lots of sparks, Dutch and English. Lady Francis and I sit on a couch with the mothers and Mr. Strangways.

God bless you. I can talk but have not much to communicate. The uniformity of our life is one of its charms and above all its medicine.

I quite approve of my brother attending the funeral.¹

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : April 24, 1824.

We had the Fagels and some old gentlemen to dinner yesterday. She is certainly one of the prettiest women I ever saw, and very graceful and *gentille*. She seems, too, so good and well-intentioned that it quite provokes me that our Chad will pursue her with such unrelenting assiduity, and the husband and I look very cross and unhappy at seeing her entirely engrossed, and hearing, for Heaven knows there is no mystery in it, the most *fade* and far-fetched compliments proclaimed in a loud voice from the moment she comes into a room till the moment she leaves it. Abercromby, who is an enthusiastic admirer, cannot get in a word.

I hear there are bets already booked here that Mme. Falck will, in three weeks after her arrival, dethrone *la régnante*. It is winter again to-day, cold, raw ; and yesterday we had a thunderstorm.

Sunday.—Summer again, dearest Lady Morpeth. Commend me to the variableness of Dutch climate. We have, however, given up meeting the sparks at Amsterdam, as Granville has business and it is an ugly opera on Monday. Also that Amsterdam stinks when the sun shines. We have made an appointment with them at Haarlem on Tuesday.

¹ Of his stepmother.

Monday morning.—We are rather busy just now. We have our first assembly on Wednesday and two or three dinners. The Fair, too, begins in six days and the *Baptême* is on Tuesday week in the church. The men to go in dress coats. I am glad the Poodle and Wortley will have a little of this bustle after the very still life we gave them at first.

I am so delighted you are pleased with my boy. He is, I do think, a very satisfactory little man. The little ones are quite recovered from their fatigue. We take the girls to-night to see 'Le Sourd,' and they go with us to-morrow to Haarlem. You may imagine their delight. Yesterday I took my little boys to the wood; on Sunday it is as full as Kensington Gardens near the Palace. The band playing. We fed the swans and a variety of birds, and gathered a basketful of wood anemones, with which the whole wood is covered. Little Freddy shouted for joy, William took it more like a philosopher but with equal pleasure. Pray tell little G. these details.

Tuesday night.—My dearest G., we have had a day of what dear Lady Morley calls 'uninterrupted felicity.' You shall judge. At ten o'clock we set forwards for Haarlem. The day heavenly. The *attachés* in a *calèche*. Edward and the girls in a chariot; Granville, George and I in the landau. We landed at twelve in Van Eede's garden. The whole ground a carpet of flowers. We walked and smelt for half an hour and then through the pretty town to the church to hear the organ. I cannot describe to you the magnificence of this instrument. It is the finest thing I ever heard. The three or four first chords made me pipe. It is the very omnipotence of sound, and you will think I am fabulous when I tell you that 'L'Orage,' a composition of the organist's, gives you thunder which would affect your nerves for a week, the pouring of rain and the singing

of birds after the storm: all *à s'y méprendre*. At four we dined at the inn, my little women sitting by me in black silk blouses the very images of health and happiness. We then drank coffee, walked, and did not return here till near ten. The drive home, though last not least. I wish you could have seen the sun setting upon the beds of red tulips with which the gardens are covered.

Our sparks return here to-morrow. They announce themselves for our eight o'clock tea and will find us, every room open, lit up like a palace in a fairy tale with about three hundred Dutch fashionables.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: April 29, 1824.

Yesterday morning we went our favourite expedition to the sands. I wish you could see the picture. The beautiful waves breaking upon our feet, the children filling their baskets with shells, Edward and I in ecstasies. 'Mais voyez donc leurs mines, miledi.' The large fishing boats with their red sails, and the most picturesque of people, the inhabitants of Schevening, sitting in groups, drying their nets. Then come the *élégantes* in French bonnets, *calèches*, cabriolets. The Queen in a chariot and four with outriders. Granville and the *attachés caracolant* by the side of us.

After dinner we went a round of visits. Now look at a large round table, in the middle of it a large tea urn, surrounded by tiny Japan cups. Mme. Six van Oterleek et Mesdemoiselles ses filles, muslin flounces, a friend or two, generally a pretender handing the cups about, and this is the picture of a Dutch visit.

This morning I am in a *robe de chambre et papillotes* to dress at half-past three for a great dinner at Comte Stirum, Gouverneur de la Ville, an excellent good-humoured old man, who absolutely doats upon

me. These dinners, however, are the only grievances. They last nearly three hours and it is a case of *grande parure*.

We did not get away from dinner till half-past seven, and all that time we were eating. I sat between the Gouverneur and Mons. de Heerdt, the two best-natured, vulgar old men I ever met with. We went from thence to visit, for a moment to the play, and then back to the Gouverneur's soirée, where Granville lost fifteen pence at whist.

Mme. Fagel, the cream of Dutch ladies, scarcely ever goes out, and when she does but for a minute. Forgive a little Dutch scandal. Our Chad is desperately in love with her; her husband is all kindness to her, but very unhappy about it, as she, though *d'une réputation intacte*, is unhappy about it, evidently struggling with her own *penchant* for the *dit* Chad. So all we see of her is for a moment—the adorer on one side, the anxious spouse on the other. She looks embarrassed and takes the earliest opportunity to depart. Our other beauties are Mme. Dedel, once beloved by Buonaparte and now by Bernadotte. She appears bored to death here and is going to Sweden in ten days. Mme. Sloet, just married and *charmante*. Mlle. Grovestins ditto, Mlle. Von Shableu and Mlle. d'Autun. The men are deplorable, which accounts for Mr. Chad being lover general at the Hague. L'Abbé Crombie, as somebody directed to Ralph, bids fair to be a great favourite also.

We go to the Casino to-night, the Hague Almack's. It is the last, for the season is closing.

I have got two excellent masters for the girls; Useden, an Englishman who teaches writing, arithmetic, and grammar, Butine, a music master and excellent musician who taught Aunt G. at Brussels and cries at Susan's resemblance to *la bonne Duchesse*.

Adieu, my very dearest sister. My little boys have two nice large rooms at the end of the garden; my girls' rooms are the prettiest and gayest you ever saw, looking on the Voorhout.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: May 2, 1824.

This is the eventful month, and I begin already to count the messengers that will come backwards and forwards before the 15th.

We went to see yesterday *la maison du bois*, built by Amélie de Solms, wife of Frederic, Prince of Orange, and mother to the first Stadtholder. There is one room which is magnificent. The history of her husband, painted by some of the best Dutch masters of the day, entirely covers the walls upon which it is painted. His birth, education, pursuits, marriage and death. The *dite* Amélie herself in a small oval frame is represented at the very top of the ceiling in widow's weeds with a skull in her hand. The brilliant colouring of the painting, the large gilt lustres and Japan doors, make this room most striking. The rest of the house is pretty and its situation delightful; but it is never inhabited by the Royal family. It was destined for this Prince of Orange and Princess Charlotte, and this is the supposed cause of his mortal aversion to it.

Pray tell Lady Lansdowne that I waited till I became acquainted with Mr. Strangways¹ to send her any message about him. He gains upon being known; he has such valuable and general information, is so entirely free from anything like pedantry or conceit, and appears so thoroughly amiable and good, that he rises every day in our estimation, and *entre nous soit dit* comes next to Abercromby in my affec-

¹ Her brother.

tions. He is the reverse of the proverb 'all is not gold that glitters.' You may give her the whole of this, for she knows that her brother must be known to be appreciated and will think more of the sincerity of my praise from my acknowledgment that I am surprised at finding him all that he is, and am obliged to her for having warned me, as she did through Lady Morley, not to judge hastily of him.

They are hammering at the booths and leaving a space before our windows, so that we shall live in a perpetual raree-show. Figure to yourself the delight of the Miss Levesons.

God bless my best, my dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: May 1824.

I have been dawdling about all morning. The booths are beginning to be put up, and the children's delight rises in proportion. What an excellent woman I am! I have just seen Edward and my four children set off in an open carriage for Schevening. The day is heavenly. Granville et les messieurs on horseback ditto, and I remain at home to see that four and twenty card tables are put all in a row, the number is historical not invented for the sake of the phrase, and to begin dressing in time for Mons. d'Agoult's dinner. I expect our drum to make a great splash. The house looks lovely, and there is a little boudoir full of armchairs and Haarlem hyacinths which quite charms Jones and me, who have been arranging it. The card-playing here is a great blessing. At the bottom of the cards 'On est prié d'arranger sa partie' is printed, so that the male and female dowagers come ready paired and file off to their business, leaving room for the *désœuvrés*, and not giving the master or the mistress of the house the trouble of finding amusement for them.

Friday.—Our assembly went off beautifully, but I must leave it to Wortley to puff us.

Mr. Wilmot need not be affronted by the cheerfulness of my letters, for I feel perhaps more fond of my friends than ever; but I did not know myself what a London spring was to me. You have never had to encounter it in all its plenitude, and the unwearied dissipation and nightly sittings through it all. The little pleasure and the gnawing anxieties must be looked at afar to see them in their proper light.

Dearest sister, when I see you in my mind's eye in all the variety of wholesome pleasures I shall provide for you, I feel a sort of apoplectic pleasure in my head.

The Poodle and Wortley set out for London on Wednesday.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

The Hague: May 4, 1824.

Dearest Lady H.,—Wortley says he is very much pleased here and seems so, but it is in his quiet way, and not as I have often seen him *chez vous* or in the Morpeth family, when he is merry and enchanted. He sits for ages quite silent with his head upon his shoulder, looking comfortable, but like a bird at roost. What follows is *entre nous*. The Poodle came back from the Zuider Zee expedition, suffocating with rage. He said to me, 'Wortley is the most selfish, unamiable man I ever met with. I will not quarrel with him, but once returned home I will die before I move a single step to the right or left with him.' He then brought forward a whole list of grievances. That during the whole tour W. never once consulted his taste or opinion, always said 'I shall dine at such an hour, I shall start to-morrow,' kept him waiting without apologising, treated him like a servant. Now the Poodle and Wortley were never born to go in the same harness, and

I do not think much of all this did I not fear from seeing more of W. that he is a selfish person, and for a young man wonderfully so. Yet I cannot make him quite out, for he is more ready to do everything, go anywhere than anybody. I think him to begin with uncommonly pleasing. He is so refined, has such an accomplished mind. There is such manliness and good sense, such a freedom from all the vanities and little-nesses of his kind. On the other hand, I never saw anyone make so little effort to surmount any little cloud of *humeur*, *chagrin* or *ennui* for the benefit of the society he is in, and he never puts his best leg foremost to promote the satisfaction or amusement of those he is with. To give you an instance of what I mean. We had our first assembly on Wednesday. It succeeded to admiration. It was not hot, there was a great deal of room; four *écarté* tables joined together, where all the *jeunesse* played at different games, talked, laughed, almost shouted for joy. The elder gentlemen, some at whist, some sitting in little coteries; I uncommonly efficient, here, there and everywhere, a sort of refuge for the destitute, now with a *désœuvré* husband, then with a neglected dowager. I never saw people look so happy and amused. What, then, sat heavy on my soul that night? Why Wortley, sitting alone, looking oppressively grave, refusing to play, not a look at the beauties, not a word to the sparks—a picture of *isolement* most gentlemanlike, most melancholy. Well, I concluded he was unhappy or ill, or perchance only bored. The crowd disperses and we are left *en famille*. Up comes Wortley in high good-humour and spirits, says he never saw so pretty a *soirée*, such nice people. He wished to Heaven he was going to stay, there was only an *embarras* of pleasures. Now is he not an odd fish, dear Lady H.? It is, and I see it throughout, that he has never been taught to think of the claims of

others. If he is not in the vein there is no feeling of civility, good fellowship, or what is called helping a lame dog over a stile that will induce him to move a finger.

Now if this man proposes to your Georgiana or my Susy (if you had just seen her in a black silk blouse, a large Leghorn hat *à la Pamela*, and heard him rave of her grace and the beauty of her figure you would not think the idea so extravagant), what are we to do? What are you to do? As a lover W. must be captivating, for zest immediately gives him the most delightful spirits, an appearance of unbounded enjoyment, sociability, unreserve—everything that is charming. But excitement is a short thing and marriage a long, and it is the unclouded ray that is wanted even in the happiest to gild inevitable hours of gloom, anxiety, and sickness. Yet to refuse Wortley, for mother or daughter, what a Herculean labour!

How I have talked, but why should not I? When my subject seizes me I feel as if under the gripe of some beast with claws and must die if I do not free myself. I must add that he is always talking of you and yours, and his first question after a post is ‘Have you heard from Lady Harrowby?’

Monday morning.—I need not ask you not to let Wortley imagine I have thought him a little cloudy here. He has been charming these two last days, and I am moved by all he has said to Granville and myself of his delight and enjoyment. It convinces me that when his temperature is below fair weather he is totally unconscious of it. How delightful he can be when he pleases!

We go to-morrow *en grande parure* to the Dutch Church to see the Princess baptized, and Granville goes from thence to a dinner of seventy people at the Prince of Orange’s.

Tuesday.—I end by being quite in love with

Wortley. Think what a dangerous spark he is! He does admire and appreciate you so enthusiastically. Good-night.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

The Hague: May 1824.

The Prince Galitzin and Monsieur de Meyendorf came here last night. The former is singularly *nul*, the latter singularly disagreeable. Yet it was delightful to hear voices from London. They are enraptured with their *séjour* there. Le Prince all humility and gratitude for the kindness shown him; Monsieur de Meyendorf proud and elated by it, talking familiarly of you all and describing my native land to me as if he were enlightening a South Sea Islander. 'I avoid the routs, I look at Almack's, I call on the man of letter, the man of India, the great farmer, there is a *chose*, at Holkham, *magnifique*.' He raved of the beauty of English women. 'La petite Forester ravissante, Miss Canning peu de chose, les Ryders bien, surtout Marie.' What a prig he is! But the amusing part of it is that when he left the Hague he was a remarkably quiet, unassuming man, scarcely ever opening his mouth. I am curious to know what his reception really was. His brother, our Meyendorf, who is a most excellent, intelligent man, says, 'Jamais on n'a été reçu comme mon frère,' and be it reality or imagination he is quite intoxicated with delight and tells me that foreigners are so *à la mode* in London that they have but to appear to be overwhelmed with attentions and *empressements*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: May 1824.

My own dearest G.,—No words can describe the happiness I feel at this moment, strongly enhanced

by the nature of the beast, which has made me for the three last days suffer a degree of nervous anxiety that makes me feel at this moment as if fetters and a hundred pound weight had been taken off my head and body. Till this blessed morning not a line have we received from England since the letters that announced Lord Morpeth's illness. Two bags were due yesterday and only arrived an hour ago. I have been going about aching at the sights, roaring at the play, and conjuring up every calamity under the sun. Think what I must feel now, a sheep shorn, a horse unharnessed, a dandy unlaced! Lord help me, how I do love you and yours! Your two long delightful letters, Abercromby having seen Lord Morpeth and giving him a good account of him to his son.

What an odd marriage¹ William de Ros's is! Such an odd match for the girl, matchmaking and manœuvre in the days of her youth going off in romance at eight and twenty.

We are rising fast into perfect retirement. The Court starts at six to-morrow. Most of the fashionables have taken formal leave of me. The sights are all in their blue carts and the booths hammering down. If you can see Lady Ormonde, do. She is a very amiable excellent person, and has been all kindness to me. You will be delighted with Madame Falck. I add in case you don't know that Lord Byron is dead and C. Fox to marry Miss Fitzclarence.

Granville is uncommonly well, my children blooming and not one jot the worse for the indefatigable dissipation of the fair. Now do not repeat what follows even to Georgiana. Yesterday my two girls² told me they wished extremely to marry. Susy: 'I cannot

¹ He married Lady Georgiana Lennox, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. He succeeded his brother in 1839.

² The elder was thirteen and the younger eleven years old.

express myself in English: a girl who does not marry has before her *un champ si vaste et si monotone*. 'Georgy, tell me whom should you like to marry?' 'Oh! can there be a doubt? Mr. Abercromby to be sure.' 'And you, Susy?' Susy colouring like fire: 'Oh! certainly the same.' And so here are my two innocent, secluded young ladies, both having fixed their young eyes upon the only young thing of the male kind they have ever had an opportunity of speaking to. The truth is that great and small, old and young, masters and servants, English and Dutch, all doat upon Abercromby. He is second only to your George in the world, and I had rather see my girls Mrs. Abercromby, a prettier edition than the actual, than anything else in the world.

Mr. Chad has received his leave of absence and goes to England in a fortnight, the time for his return not fixed. Mr. Edgcumbe is arrived, and we are no worse nor better. He is good-humoured and obliging, but has little in him, and I see him without reflecting upon him.

I pity you for the rapidity of my thaw. I knew what it would be and seized upon foolscap. I could not have written to you these last days if I had been paid 10*l.* per line. I must add one little episode. When the bag arrived this morning Granville was out. Mr. Jones brought me half a dozen letters. I looked; not one from you, but two, one from Lady Holland, and another from the Duchess of Beaufort which my imagination represented to me as from Lord Gower. For three minutes I believe I suffered more than I ever did before, for I concluded dearest Lord Morpeth must be much worse. I dared not open the letters, and walked up and down the room in an agony of mind. Now, Lady Morpeth, look on this. In trips the Viscount with a brace of dispatches from you in his hand,

which by some extraordinary chance had been left with his in the *Chancellerie*, furious at the state in which he found me, and indeed it was irrational. Holly¹ writes to recommend George Tierney² to our particular attention, which pray assure her we shall not fail to give him.

I hear Mr. Stanley has eaten up his former speech. Mr. Tierney raves of his cleverness and promise.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: May 1824.

My dearest, best-loved sister,—How much you must have suffered! What anxiety you must have felt, and how relieved you must now feel! The last account both from you and Mrs. Lamb is so satisfactory that I hope by this time you have nothing but the delight of seeing him recover. You had by a former courier said you were anxious, but nothing that gave me any idea of Lord M. being serious unwell, for as to anxiety, dearest sister, we drink that cup to its dregs, and upon gout, well, as G. is, I never am without it. But then my case is different. If he has gout here, I must give the colchicum, I must be sole physician, for it is a medicine unknown in these parts; and though he continues quite well, there is scarcely a day in which he has not felt slight twinges and threatened me with a fit.

When your letter arrived to-day it quite upset me, not upon dear Lord Morpeth's account, for I feel only the comfort that his illness is past, but the idea of what you had gone through, the impossibility of flying to you, the hopelessness of being a comfort to you, all came on me with overwhelming force.

I have been quite callous to the pain of absence from you. I heard on all sides of your health, your

¹ Lady Holland.

² Son of the Rt. Hon. George Tierney.

happiness, your spirits. I have the hope of seeing you. It is but to-day that I feel what it is to me to be far away from you, my own dearest, dear sister. When Granville came to me he found me entreating him to let me embark with G. Stewart to-morrow. He brought me to reason and reality, and I now feel only that the day after to-morrow I may hope to hear from you again. Granville has done me most good by assuring me that your coming here is more certain than ever, for we both think it will be everything for Lord Morpeth's health—change of air, our early hours and regular life, and the health we all enjoy in consequence, makes us speak with confidence. I am certain that Granville would have had constant gout in England, as he certainly has for a long time gouty tendencies in his constitution, and we are both convinced that it is only our *genre de vie* and the precautions so easily attended to here that have warded it off.

I shall count the days, hours, and minutes till the happiness arrives. I cannot urge it too strongly. It is not selfish; were it to leave instead of joining me, I should say the same of what I think coming here would be to Lord Morpeth's health.

We had a very brilliant ball at Court, and the fair is the prettiest, gayest thing imaginable. My girls are perfectly happy and well, but oh, what a marplot anxiety is—I keep it all to myself and am the only sufferer! When we push through the crowd I fancy all the children have caught the scarlet fever and the small-pox, that the heat will give them fevers when it is hot, the chill agues when it is cold. Luckily I have just enough good sense to prevent my clouds lowering over anybody but myself, and at the close of the day I see sunshine in all their darling faces.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : May 1824.

My dearest G.,—The William Bentincks¹ are arrived, and dined with us yesterday. I have seen her this morning, and she drops in this evening and is very welcome, for, though she knows nothing of you, she talks to me of England in general, of the Gowers and their felicity, of the Levesons, ‘child of nature, child of nature, indeed she is.’ What a good-natured, kind-hearted, potatoe-headed woman² she is, always in a bother, every second word a blunder! She calls Mr. Strangways Mr. Stapleton, Mr. Tierney Mr. Burdett, and seems scarcely to know if her own head is on her shoulders or not.

We go to-morrow to spend the day at Monsieur Gremaux’s, sleep at Rotterdam, and on Sunday morning walk about the town and see the arrival of the steam-boat.

Mons. de Schoschen is gone to Brussels on his way to Aix-la-Chapelle. He is a great loss. His little *attaché*, the Comte de Gallen, remains with us and is an acquisition, as he sings beautifully—about the size of your William, with rings on his forefinger—in short, *un joli garçon* in the full German acceptation of the word.

I hear Chateaubriand’s³ demission was so sudden and unexpected by him that on the very day he received it he was to have the whole Corps Diplomatique to dinner, and put them off an hour before they were all to assemble *chez lui*. Jules de Polignac is going to

¹ Lord and Lady William³ Bentinck. He was Captain-General of Sicily in 1812 and Governor-General of India from 1828 to 1835. He was a first cousin of Lady Granville.

² She was an Irishwoman, a daughter of Lord Gosford.

³ In consequence of his disagreement with Monsieur de Villèle, in whose Government he was Minister of Foreign Affairs.

be married to Mme. de Choiseul, an Englishwoman.¹ I do not know what her maiden name was.

There are a great many English arrivals. We must have a bull dinner in a day or two. Lady William charms me with her rapturous admiration of Granville's good looks. She does nothing but compliment him, and he is really *rajeuni* and *embelli de vingt ans*. How much good we shall do Lord Morpeth, *quando verrà quel dì*.

The Osbornes go to Spa in about ten days. Miss Osborne will be a loss, as she is very popular with the sparks.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: June 1824.

My very dearest sis.,—Your letter and Lady Stafford's have given me the greatest possible pleasure, and I feel now delivered of all my anxieties, for I only allow myself to see Lord Morpeth's returns of gout as so many reasons for you to accelerate your journey. In three weeks I trust you will have the good sense to pack up. Dearest Lord Gower! Give him my love and congratulations, and thank Lady Stafford for her letter. I can now think of nothing but the rapture of having you here. We walked yesterday, Granville and I, for three hours in the wood, and could do nothing but exclaim how Lord Morpeth would admire it. There are morsels of it like Ray Wood.

You will have received my last letter from Mr. Chad. We miss his gay agreeable society very much.

I am glad to hear of Susan Eliot's ² marriage.

My dearest G., settle your day, and above all discuss it with me.

¹ She was the daughter of the first Lord Raneliffe.

² A daughter of Lord St. Germans and a niece of Lord Granville. She married Colonel Lygon, who subsequently became Lord Beauchamp, and was the mother of the late earl.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 8, 1824.

Mr. Chad sets out to-night. He is low at going, but of course happy at his promotion. Mr. Tierney is still here, quite blooming and very agreeable. Granville is gone to see Prince Frederic, who is just arrived, and from thence to a dinner at Mons. d'Agoult's. God bless you, dear, dearest.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Hague : June 15, 1824.

My very dear brother,—How happy you are in the power of being such a blessing to those about you! G. tells me you have been such a comfort to her, and everything to Mrs. Lamb. C. Ellis writes of the Duchess's¹ family being so penetrated with a sense of your kindness.

And now I will plunge at once into my subject, but telling you that one word breathed by Mr. Abercromby or Mrs. Lamb would be the ruin of me, and thus I throw myself upon your generosity. What is not known now must never be known—Mr. Canning's intention of removing Granville to Paris, probably this autumn, certainly next year. But it is of the utmost importance that this move should appear, when it happens, to be an unpremeditated one, and in fact we are here for the purpose of making it appear so. I know I may trust you and I think I shall please you; the united strength of these convictions no woman was ever known to resist.

Our only strong objection to a winter at Brussels is the trouble and expense of forming a new establishment there, and this, if possible, we are to be spared.

For my own feelings, they are selfishly fear of any

¹ Of Devonshire.

change of a place and life I like so much, dread of all the worries and duties of Paris, late hours, *grande parure*, visits, presentations, all my favourite aversions. Then comes the thinking Granville will prefer it, that my children will have better masters.

Then mingled pleasures and pains. Rumbolds, Rawdon, Pasta and Poitier, Sir Charles Stuart's house and gardens, the laxative nature of the Seine water, English physicians, French ladies of distinction.

Summing up—sufficient for the day, *che sarà sarà*, and a most sagacious resolution to enjoy the present and resign myself to the future.

God bless you, dearest brother. When you hear of the appointment you must act surprise to the life or I am undone.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 1824.

What a pretty book Captain Hall's¹ is, and what a fine speech Sir James² has warbled !

Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.³

I have not had the courage to encounter Red-gauntlet.

George's verses gave me the greatest pleasure. I prefer the first, which I think beautiful. The last are full of soul and subject ; but I think there is a little confusion *dans la marche*.

O sister of my own sort, liver of the chicken to which I am gizzard ! How well I understand you, that something in the turn of our minds and faces that made George Stewart, in answer to my enquiries about your looks and spirits, write me word you were very well ; ' but never having seen Lady Morpeth

¹ Captain Basil Hall's Journal in South America.

² Sir James Mackintosh, speech on proceedings in Demerara.

³ Denham's.

before, I cannot very well say if she is low or not.' I certainly do rally quick, but the more shame for me when I sink, proving it is less constitutional. My only trial here is the listening to the Dutch people talking about health. They have a horror of physic and never take it. It is very odd that my Susy and Mlle. Alexandrine d'Hoguerres were both taken ill at the same time; feverish cold, violent headaches, pain in all the limbs. I gave two grains of calomel and a dose next morning. Mlle. Alexandrine had a bag of dry herbs applied one day, and a bag of wet ones the next. The patients are both quite recovered. I often think what would become of me if my children were alarmingly ill, and it is ungrateful and odious to worry about them for every finger ache instead of being in perpetual delight at seeing them so well and flourishing.

I hear Mme. Falck is in very bad looks, so I am not surprised at your not admiring her more. Besides, she is *en prise* with more beauty in London than she was here, and it may have been the triumph of *le borgne*.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: June 1824.

Dearest Sis.,—I received your letter yesterday. Granville had one from Lord Morley giving a very satisfactory opinion of Lord Morpeth's amendment. Miss Trimmer in one to me does the same, and I feel confident that Holland House, which I think in every way is so good for him, will quite set him up. Miss Trimmer, however, who always likes administering a little bitter into one's cup, tells me she thinks you will not come to the Hague, so far out of Verity's reach, this year. Now, my dearest G., the chief purport of my letter is to entreat you not to add to any worry you may have at the idea of my not being able to resign

myself to this determination, if you make it. If Lord Morpeth now as the fine weather approaches entirely shakes off his complaints, and without any possibility of any return of gout, I feel, not as a question of my happiness but of the immense good it would do him, it is a duty in you to come. But on the other hand, if you are still in that state of anxiety about a return of gout, that well-known state when happiness is measured by the number of streets and miles between yourself and Verity, I cannot even wish for you. Tell me, for I forget, is Lord Morpeth sick at sea? When I saw the steamboat arrive at Rotterdam the means of coming looked so easy and delicious. To those who do not suffer from sickness it is a water party and a short drive in our landau to come to the Hague. What a pity it is Verity cannot come over just to establish you here!

— is well punished. The ridicule of it will be to him the worst part of the whole job. We are told that one of her intercepted letters is filled with bitter reproaches at his not seeming pleased to hear that the dear little babe has got a tooth.

I am delighted to hear that Mme. Falck succeeds so well, she is such an excellent, amiable person. I think her manner is too much of a manner, but the self-satisfaction is only the radiance which good-humour and being easily and always pleased gives. Who is Durazzo¹ like?

Mr. Edgcumbe is very inoffensive. He is not handsome, he is not clever, he is not useful, but there is nothing below mediocre, and he is very obliging and good-natured. Mr. Tierney is still here, and we like him so much and he is such an addition that we look forward to his leaving us, which he intends doing next month, with real regret.

¹ The Marquise Durazzo, a Genoese and aunt to Marie Lady Granville.

I am doctor of the Embassy, and mix up doses for the *attachés* according to Verity's prescriptions with unparalleled success.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: June 1824.

We left the Hague with all our force, Mr. Strangways excepted. The drive through Delft and Rotterdam very pretty. About three miles beyond the latter we found the Gambiers and a ferry, left our carriages, crossed the Maas, and stepped into two vehicles of M. Groeninx's, one like a long coach with a white linen top to it. We found him upon the steps of his house waiting to hand me up into a large handsome room all carved and gilded, where we sat as at church on crimson benches and sipped chocolate. We then played about in a very pretty garden, admired some beautiful black beech trees and immense acacias, sat in a little hermitage where I was urged in vain to take *un petit verre de vin de Madère*, and returned home at four to dinner. Very Dutch, cauliflowers powdered with ham, salmon, hung beef for the *pièce de résistance*. Granville, between Mesdames Groeninx and Grovestins, dowagers of the first water, with large folding doors at his back thrown open to the lawn on a day as cold as January, was as well as could be expected in his situation. At half-past six we walked to the river to see the boats pass, went to the *potager*, *la petite ferme*, etc., mounted the vehicles again, got drenched in a violent shower of rain and drove to Rotterdam, where by the side of a blazing fire we played at *écarté* and *piquet*. Now such is the excellence of our constitutions that we are none the worse for our junket, and such the *bonhomie* and kindheartedness of the excellent Dutch that we were all

pleased with our day, and in spite of wind and rain never regretted the junket.

I have a delightful letter from Agar and a most amusing one from Mr. Sneyd. He describes Mme. de Lieven's departure as follows—

She is gone, as the Herald announces,
To latitudes wilder and colder ;
She is gone with her pearls and her flounces,
She is gone with the bows on her shoulder.

If you see him before I have energy to write to him, tell him how happy we shall be to have him here.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 1824.

My dearest sister,—I pity you for your long day of dissipation and *grande toilette*. We have had delicious weather since I wrote last, and have taken long drives in the curricule and open carriage after dinner.

We are quite charmed at the thought of having the Huskissons, Wilmots, and Charles Ellis here early next month. A few English middle-aged people will be delightful to us. The Abercrombys will, I hope, pay us a visit.

I do not think Mme. Falck at all prosy. I do not think her a very clever woman, but here at least she talked very agreeably and merrily, and had a flow of animal spirits and good-humour that tided off anything approaching to bore, if it was in her, which I never detected. Perhaps she is trying to adapt herself to the English nation, and if she gets into any *profondeur* of talk I do not answer that she will not flounder.

I hear Lady Grantham's ball was splendid, and herself magnificent.

We have a Mr. Drummond here, but he is no catch, being a bore to the bone, and large Scotch bones

they are ; but he is very inoffensive and does no harm grazing at the bottom of a long table.

Adieu, dearest of sisters.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 23, 1824.

My dearest G.,—I do all I can not to allow myself to hope, but when you tell me Lord Morpeth is better and say perhaps, you may come, I put a strait-waistcoat upon my thoughts as the only way of keeping them within bounds. How delighted I am to think of your having George with you again, that *homme médicinal*!

The rain has prevented my visit, and I have been sitting upon thorns since dinner with the Minister of Justice and his wife. God bless you, my own very and ever dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 1824.

My dearest G.,—I have been to-day sitting three hours between Prince Frederick and the old Nuncio at dinner. It was in its way a trial, my mind all full of my own concerns and none in common with my neighbours.

I thought of you yesterday in a violent thunderstorm, unceasing lightning and one clap of thunder that seemed as it must crush one. It is now fine, and I am going out with the children.

Friday.—My dearest of all dear sisters, I pray I may keep my little mind. I see nothing but you stepping out of the steamer. It is such vast, such overwhelming delight to me, and you will find us all, I trust, *poveri sì, ma contenti*.

I can write no more, think no more, my head is quite gone. Kiss Lord Morpeth for me. See how entirely demented I am !

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : June 1824.

Dearest sister,—Mr. Wilmot undertakes to give you an account of the steamboat and its accommodations. I think of your coming without being able to picture to myself so much happiness. I am only going to write you a few lines.

It will be very pleasant to see C. Ellis, Mr. Montagu, and Hyde Villiers on Saturday. What will it be to see you and yours and the little Governor on the 31st? George Stewart brings him here and they will probably cross with you. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : July 1824.

My dear dearest sister,—I am so happy. The idea of actually seeing you on Sunday drives me half wild. Lord Valletort assures me he has written you many useful suggestions for your voyage. I think the weather is going to be very fine, at least the Schevening fishermen assure us of it.

I believe this is the last day I can write. You will probably find me at Rotterdam. I wish you could see how all who come here thrive and bloom.

I shall feel in a trepidation till I see you actually alight.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

The Hague : October 1824.

Dearest Lady Harrowby,—Granville set out this morning. Mr. Canning wishes to see him and send him on a special mission to Paris to condole.¹ He hopes to be here again on the 15th and we are still desired to say nothing of our ultimate destination, and I do not know myself the period of it, if immediately

¹ On the death of Louis XVIII.

after his return or not. I cannot wish for a *séjour* at Brussels, necessarily unsettled and *au jour la journée*.

When I think of Paris and the three hours' passage from Dover to Calais I have a hope amounting almost to a certainty of soon seeing you there, and what happiness that will be, dear dearest Lady H.!

I feel to-day in a strange bewildered state. The sudden summons of Granville, the unreasonable degree of pain it gives me to be absent from him, the uncertainty of our future plans, give me a sort of indigestion of mind which quite disturbs its tranquillity—and coming after a life of such indolent enjoyment it is like the waking of a dormouse, which I have always thought must be uncommonly distressing.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague : October 11, 1824.

I am living on *au jour la journée*, dearest G., anxiously expecting tidings of Granville. The last letter I received from him was written on Thursday, two hours before he left London. He had been dining at Windsor, sitting over *écarté* and patience, with the King, Duke of Wellington, Mme. de Lieven, and La Marquise. On Wednesday morning he had been to Cartwright, who gave him a raging toothache, and he had to pay his visits, make his arrangements and prepare everything for his journey 'in five hours' torture,' as he himself expresses it. He dined at Planta's to meet the Cannings, and half the dinner was over before the pain subsided. He had only a wearied uncomfortable feel when he began his journey on the Thursday, but it doubles my anxiety to hear from him, which if it occurred to him to write from Calais I may to-morrow. He reckoned to arrive at Paris on Sunday, hoped to have his audience of leave on Friday, and to be here on Tuesday, to-morrow week.

He has written to Abercromby to desire him to send the horses on to Brussels immediately and to prepare everything for our journey there. We shall probably leave the Hague immediately after his return.

Now, my dearest G., I am desired not to tell anybody what I am going to tell you, and however absurd the secrecy I enjoin may appear to you I must entreat you not to tell or write it to my brother or anybody, as Mr. Canning is particularly anxious that, however much expected, the fact of our immediate departure from Brussels should not be known in England from authority till Granville has communicated it to the King of the Netherlands. The fact is we are only to stay at Brussels long enough to take leave, and Mr. C. wishes us to take possession of our house at Paris on the 1st of November. I do not myself think this possible, but we are to strain every nerve to accomplish it. Have the goodness to say that our plans after Granville's return are not fixed, and only to write the fact of the special mission, and that he returns here on the 19th.

This is a nervous dreary fortnight for me, and I look to its close with indescribable impatience and delight. All that he can do for me he has done. I had letters from him from Antwerp, Calais, Dover, the Clarendon Hotel upon his arrival in London and eight pages at the moment of leaving it, oppressed as he was with pain and business. I pass my mornings with the children. In the evening 'Madame ne reçoit pas.' I think and write myself to sleep.

I have only had one *passe-temps*, old Preedy, who always turns up like Hassan's slippers. He tells me that Caroline Lamb is in a much calmer state at Bocket and under the surveillance of two women, that William is with her *de temps en temps*, but lives chiefly with Lord Melbourne at Whitehall.

Granville called on Mme. Falck and found her in

great beauty, what though *en papillotes*! She was going to the play with Ladies Jersey and Cowper, which sounds well for her fashionable career. 'It is a great thing for a Lady in Town' to be well with those Countesses. He thought Lord Holland uncommonly well. She was *souffrante* and not able to see him.

I think of your Georgiana when my spirits want a fillip. Good-night again. My love to Lord Morpeth.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The Hague: October 14, 1824.

My dearest brother,—I have just received your kind letter. Till Granville returns and has an interview with the King of the Netherlands, our final destination, though unavoidably suspected, is still kept by me as a profound secret. We shall hasten to Brussels only to take leave, and purpose being settled in our house at Paris early in November.

I shall accept your arrival there, whenever it takes place, without any suspicion of *locale* having any influence in its accomplishment.

I am nervous when I think of the duties of my new destiny, but being, as Mr. Wilmot reminds me in a letter to-day, by nature a conformist, I do not despair.

I hope you will find me a laboriously dressed woman, another Lieven in manner and representation.

God bless you, dearest. Abercromby is to accompany us, to his great satisfaction and ours.

I had a letter from Granville to-day, dated the 8th, from Paris. He was just arrived and going to dine with Monsieur de Villèle.¹

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: October 19, 1824.

My dearest G.,—No words can describe my happiness at having Granville here again, perfectly well and in excellent spirits.

¹ President of the Council from 1822 to 1828.

I think I suffered more from nerves during the last fortnight than I ever did before in my life. In the midst of to-day's excessive joy I have a shattered, worn feeling in consequence. He has been travelling with the greatest rapidity, is grown very thin, but looks clear and light, and will now have a little repose, though not so much as I could wish.

I have been looking over the plans of our house at Paris. It seems an incomparable one. He has secured boxes for me at the French Opera, Italian Opera, and Théâtre Français. Mme. de Gontaut¹ has promised me advice about all Court matters. I feel very happy in my little mind with regard to the future. The credentials are arrived and, heaven be praised, the make-believe secrecy I have so long practised is no longer necessary.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

The Hague: October 25, 1824.

My dearest G.,—It does seem to me such an age to be without hearing from you, having had no letters by Thursday's mail, and our yesterday's letters being gone to Brussels, where we expected to have arrived yesterday.

We go to Breda to-morrow, and to Brussels the next day; and I have a cold, and feel a good deal worn with the worry of seeing him so poorly. But change of air and easy journeys will I hope set us both quite to rights, and the weather, which has been horrid, black and foggy, is to-day bright and clear. And it is Susy's birthday, and she looks radiant. She is fourteen; and we are going where there are English doctors, and I certainly do consider *that* as a great compensation for any grievances my change of destiny may bring with it.

The boys went to-day, and we follow to-morrow.

¹ The governess of the children of the Duchesse de Berri. She wrote an interesting account of her early days which has been recently published.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Brussels : November 1, 1824.

My dearest dear brother,—I cannot thank you one half enough ; it is the most beautiful, delightful present. The bracelet in itself is all this, and then the picture, which is the most like I have ever seen of you and the most delightful likeness. To have such a picture of you in a shagreen case would have been incalculable satisfaction. To have it as it is—in short, I go to a soirée to-night only because of my bracelet and having an insatiable wish to flaunt it to the Brussels world. The sleeve will not disgrace it. Gigot at top, *un seul pli*, and then innumerable little furrows and ridges between it and the paw. You are not perhaps aware that a magnificent bracelet now is as necessary to the existence of a woman as the air she breathes.

We are here since yesterday.

We set off in about a week for Paris. The doctors are bound to cure me of something, for they have half killed me with applications. Hyde is I believe to be the man ; he is already in possession. Whom do you wish me to employ, tradespeople I mean ? Send me a list.

Now, dearest brother, listen to my solemn deposition. Never to the best of my recollection did I arrive at any fashionable watering place, at any crowded inn, at any capital of any country without having immediately upon my arrival, ‘The Dowager Marchioness of Downshire’s compliments, just arrived from Paris, hopes Lady Granville is quite well.’ My dear, she is in the next room.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brussels : November, 1824.

Yes, dear Lady Morpeth, I am delighted that you have received my letters and your parcels. How

different Trentham¹ must be from what I have seen it, and how happy Govero must be!

You desire me to tell you my thoughts and feelings. I hardly know them myself, and I dwell less upon the change I am making than those do who only see it. I am a very curious ooman, Lady M.; I am always much more engrossed by some one *intime* feeling than by vague general speculations, and when I read Lady Gower's letter about my not being *éblouie*, I do not dare tell even you how entirely new that view of the subject seems to me.

I was nervous at that time because Granville was still poorly and Susy ditto, and what do you think I did? I said to myself, 'Well, let me try and *éblouir* myself,' and I tried to think of all that is what is called 'gratifying.' I thought over Paris, which strange to say has hardly crossed my mind for the last fortnight. I patted myself on the back and said: 'It is a very fine thing to be ambassadress.' All this without the slightest effect, and I plunged back into 'what if the calomel should operate too much' with redoubled intenseness. This is foolish, unaccountable, and I combat it, but so it is.

Do not suppose that I pretend a naïve ignorance of what it is to be *éblouie* by a situation in life. I forgive it in Lady Gower. I wonder at Lady Francis Leveson being free from it. If I was eighteen, beautiful, sure of commanding admiration by a glance of my eye—there is *de quoi* to turn a head.

But, dearest sister, that you may not be low at thinking how little effect my prospects have upon me, there are things that will make me feel buoyant, elated. I delight to think of Granville, well-doing there, of the zest such a position brings with it to one in his position—of my children, and if Susy becomes what I think

¹ With the newly married couple Lord and Lady Gower.

she will be my head will not stay on my shoulders, but, dear love, you see if *en attendant* they do not digest their victuals! So I think more about stomachs than dignities.

But now let me tell you that yesterday I was quite in a new line, so who knows? We dined at the Prince d'Aremberg's, and met there the Guriefs, some Belgians and some *Diplomates*. I was dressed *d'une élégance!* I have sent a sketch of my new shape to Hart. My face, as Mr. Hill once said, 'Lord help it;' but my *mise* was faultless. I am more convinced than ever that if manners make the man dress makes the manners, and strong in the ease of my new corsets, in the tidiness of my new silk gown, feet unentangled in my flounces, and hair *crêpé* into the solidity of a wig, I behaved to perfection, and returned home with a very comfortable self-approbation and a diminished dread of representation.

I went on Saturday to the Petit Théâtre au Parc, which is perfection. An actor called Boucher as good as Perlet, and several very pretty, amusing little farces, the *genre* I prefer.

I did my duty at Mrs. Taylor's. We went at nine and stayed till half-past eleven. It was *une partie très fine*, and would have reminded me of London if it had not been for the variety of occupations, which is certainly an improvement upon our drums. Granville went immediately to whist. I sat for some time upon a couch with Lady Downshire, Mme. d'Estorff, and Lady Charlotte Gould, a very grand fat fretful woman, a sister of Lord Kenmare's, who will only appear at Mrs. Taylor's. I have been much told by the ladies at Court of the excessive exquisiteness of a party where *il n'y avait positivement que les Goulds*. I wish you could have seen them—a man like Don Quixote, a woman like Mrs. Lascelles' wet nurse, I mean the frail one—do you remember her?—and *la petite Gould*, as she is called, a

tall raw-boned girl with red hair. In the course of the evening we had some very pretty music, pianoforte, guitar, singing, and later Thiel the Russian Dip. played waltzes and *la jeunesse* danced.

The people here *comblent* us with civilities. We dine again at Prince Augustus on Thursday. To-morrow to Mme. Lalaing's soirée. I have not a moment more. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Brussels : November 1824.

I have been indefatigable in the performance of my civil duties. I went to Court the day before yesterday and was most graciously received and parted with. I went in the evening to a soirée at Lady Charlotte Gould's, and was *entourée* by my Dutch and Belgian friends, and my days have been swallowed up in paying and receiving visits. Mme. Fagel and Mme. d'Estorff have been with us this evening, and both parted from us in tears.

We sleep at Mons to-morrow night, at Peronne Tuesday, and at Paris on Wednesday.

Dearest of all dear sisters, I detest the contrary winds, and you will not calculate upon them and will doubt my having written. Never doubt me any way *vis-à-vis* to you. My affection is steadier than the elements. I could no more let a mail go without a letter than I can make a packet sail when they prevent it.

Monday morning.—We are just setting out, my dearest sis. We hear the house will admit us, but that it is in a terribly *délabré* state. Sir Charles has emptied the rooms to fill innumerable large packing-cases, which are all standing about in the ante-rooms and passages. The dining-room is supported by props, having had a tumble. God bless you, dearest. I had better describe than prophesy, and you shall have a long dispatch from Paris.

*TO LADY G. MORPETH AND THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE.*

Paris: November 20, 1824.

How shall I begin, where shall I begin, dearest of sisters? I am delighted, but then I have as yet plunged into nothing but a luxurious house, a delicious little garden and the Théâtre Français. I have not seen a soul, and pass my days with Granville and the children. Were you to see me in my new apartments you would not believe in me. We have a *luxe* of rooms, all looking to the garden with the bright sun of L'Eté de St. Martin shining upon them. If the repair was equal to the space and beauty of this palace it would be perfection, but there are holes in the floor big enough to let me through, props to keep them up. All this must be set to rights in the spring.

I will now attempt a sort of journal *en arrière*. We arrived to dinner the day before yesterday, and spent the evening in exploring and admiring. Yesterday morning I got up early and had an hour or two of unqualified bore, measuring and ordering. Heaven help my pocket!—a complete *trousseau*. Mme. Herbault in one room, Mme. Guerise in another. The result is that I am already half an *élégante*, and my person is like those *mélodrames* got up at Covent Garden—no merit in the piece but saved from being damned by the machinery.

At twelve I went into the garden with my girls, who are in a state of enchantment. At two I took with Granville a delicious walk in the Champs Elysées, returned to dress, and went after dinner to be enchanted. 'Le Mari à Bonnes Fortunes,' which is in itself excellent and outdone by the perfection of the acting. Mlle. Le Verd and Michelot. Le Verd anything but green in age, as large as Lady Holland, in a muslin frock. This

morning I tried on the articles and have been out ever since, walking and returning my visits.

Our new men are Algernon Percy, a sickly, gentlemanlike man who understands dress and paints miniatures, a young Bligh, good-natured and civil. My only fear is expense, and think what dress is alone. Lord Hardwicke gave Lady Elizabeth¹ 1,000*l.* a year, which she spent in bedecking herself!!!

Dear relations, I vary twenty times a day. Sometimes in transport, sometimes in despair.

In transport when, as last night, I sat in the dark corner of my box at the Italian Opera listening to Zuchelli, Cinti, and La Signora Mombelli, a little woman with a voice and articulation that charmed me. In despair when peeping out between the acts I beheld Hyde Parker and Onslow ogling the atmosphere, Aldborough and Bagration, like two old nettles in a box, dressed *à l'enfance*, Lady Mildmay in another, beautiful as ever but cut in brass. In transport when I walked with Sukey in the garden, looking out upon the Champs Elysées all alive with cabriolets, horse and foot passengers. In despair when I walked up the dining-room church² between regiments of Anglo-Francis, and so on.

Lady Worcester³ came to me this morning. She touches me, for she looks careworn with her sunk eyes and thin projecting nose.

I am to receive Paris three nights running after my presentation. I am then to be asked to a great dinner at Court and desired to name my company, which is to consist of twelve English of the highest rank. Lord Granville cannot go if I do not name him.

I hear of Emily Rumbold as beautiful as ever and

¹ The daughter of Lord Hardwicke and the wife of Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

² Service was then held in the dining-room of the Embassy.

³ The second wife of Lord Worcester, the late Duke of Beaufort.

more languishing. But that, as young Wortley observes, is all my eye, a very fair joke for a cornet. God bless you, my dearest brother and sister.

TO LADY HARROWBY.

Paris : November, 1824.

My dearest Lady Harrowby,—You can have no idea of anything more enjoyable than the life we are leading. I never go out, seldom beyond my garden. I am at home every evening, and my civilities are all packed up into a great Friday dinner and a Saturday morning.

Madame Appony is amiable and sensible, sings beautifully, *très facile à vivre*, and a great addition to the corps. She is ready to break her heart at the insensibility of the French, whilst I really look upon it as a great simplifier to our *rôle*. Easily amused, easily satisfied, they may perhaps disappoint their lovers, but seem to me born for their ambassadresses. She, however, abounds in kind feeling and has been steeped in German sentiment, and I can well understand that all this with its real *pour et contre* is stroked the wrong way up the back twenty times a day.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : December 5, 1824.

It amused me to open a new volume of Mme. Campan's journal at these words : 'Tu dois juger si je suis fatiguée, mais je m'étais laissée un peu arriérée, et quand une fois les lettres s'amassent, il faut un jour de sainte colère pour déblayer les tiroirs de mon bureau.' It is so exactly the state of my case. I have written more than a dozen letters for to-morrow's courier, much to the relief of my *secrétaire* and my conscience, which were both quite oppressed. I have been working double tides in the civil line. I have paid a number of

English visits and begun receiving them three times a week, between two and half-past three.

I saw Pasta again last night in 'Otello.' I do not admire her, Lady Morpeth, I adore her. There is something sublime about her.

Jules¹ is a-coming, which makes people stare and conjecture, and some assert that he is to replace Damas, and Juste de Noailles to go to England, but if you wish to know better than they there is not a word of truth in this statement. Villèle and Damas are on good terms, Jules returns to England in ten days, and Mme. Juste stays here to talk to me about my *toilette*, which she does *con amore*.

Lady Caroline Wortley adores Paris and she is to me like a moonlight night after a hot day, refreshment and repose. She has all the charm of intelligence without the tax of *esprit*, is always ready to do everything, always satisfied to do nothing. We went last night to a drum at Rothschild's. I fancied myself in London.

Granville is just returned from Damas. Pozzo was there, and gave the most horrid account of the deluge at Petersburg. They fear that fifteen thousand persons have perished—at one iron work, an Englishman at the head of it, his wife, children, and two hundred and fifty workmen.

I went this morning to hear Lewis Way preach. His sermons are extemporaneous, he is evangelical, and very striking and impressive. The English flock there. If anybody whispers, he stops and says, 'When Lady such a one has done talking, I will proceed.' His sermon began to-day with a little warning to those delegated by their Sovereign to represent him to take heed of their conduct and conversation.

I am so glad to hear a good account of Mrs. Lamb.

¹ Prince de Polignac.

Miss Crofton, whom I found stepping about like a pea-hen at Rothschild's, is bursting with pride at sister Caulfield being at Chatsworth, and 'your Ladyship having the condescension to remember me.' Remember thee, yes thou old girl, and so I remember Gould, Gent, and Wood, and many a slighted creature whom I warm into life with a curtsey.

Dearest G., I was delighted to hear from both you and Hart by last night's courier. I have such pleasure when you both approve of me and enjoy my letters. God bless you both.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: December 9, 1824.

I feel harassed to-day, dearest sister, for the first time, but then it is because I have a little sore throat and a headache, because it is cold and rainy, and because, having promised Susy to take her to the Opera to-night to see 'La Gazza Ladra,' I am obliged to go instead first to a soirée at Mme. de Villèle's and after it to a drum at Aldborough's.

I went last night to two acts of 'Marie Stuart,' which Duchesnois acted to perfection, and then took Lady Caroline to Mme. de Gontaut, from whence we adjourned to a *partie fine chez la Duchesse de Guiche*¹—somewhat too much of this.

Private and most Confidential.

My dear, French people are—what shall I say?²—what I don't like, as most comprehensive. They now show themselves to me at their best, for they are extremely civil and *prévenants*, but there is a *fonds* of ill-breeding, insolence, conceit, and pretension *qui se*

¹ Count d'Orsay's sister.

² These views of French Society were afterwards much modified, as may be gathered from many subsequent letters. Lady Granville grew to appreciate the good qualities of the French.

fait jour through all their countenances, manners, and attentions. They are one and all factitious, and were I young, *désœuvrée*, and seeking intimacy or enjoyment amongst them, *je me perdrais*. Luckily, *je n'en ferai rien*, for they run off me like rain upon oilskin, and the only grievance is to give up a portion of every day to a society in which I feel in every taste, feeling, and idea so wholly *étrangère*. I wrap myself up in civility, but I do assure you that I turn to a Miss Rumbold for a mouthful of fresh air.

Now let me say that I believe the exquisite set into which it is my good fortune to be admitted is the worst specimen of the kind. It is the pendant to Ladies Jersey, Gwydyr, Tankerville, Mrs. Hope, &c. They begin by thinking themselves *ce qu'il y a de mieux au monde*. Their conversation is all upon dress, the Opera, Talma. There is not as much mind as would fill a pea-shell. I am told they are charmed with me. They ask me to their most intimate coteries. They—in a word they protect me, and I come from their *égards* humiliated by their kindness, oppressed by their *bienveillance*.

Now let me try to make you *au fait* about them.

They are pedantic and frivolous, with the most *outrée* consideration of rank.

They will scarcely look at an English man or woman out of their own peculiar set, will not admit a French one who is not *à la mode*; but whom does one find *intimes, suivis et presque adorés*—Lady Aldborough, young Broadwood, and Sir Henry Mildmay?

I walk in and am put on a couch. Up comes a *jeune duchesse* or an old *marquise* and gives me five minutes, such as I to my shame have sometimes given to a country neighbour, or to some distant connection.

Now for a few of *les phrases d'usage*, which from

their tone and manner give me a wish to hurl the cushions of their couches at their *crêpé* heads.

‘Vous aimez Paris.’ ‘Vous-vous plaisez parmi nous,’ neither as doubt or question. ‘Lady une telle est bien : on ne la soupçonnera pas d’être une Anglaise.’ ‘Vous avez des enfants : vous êtes bien heureuse de pouvoir les former à Paris.’ ‘J’ai passé chez vous,’ with a ‘Think of that’ look, and a hundred such—nothing in the letter, all in the spirit.¹

Now I will tell you why I think that there are more agreeable people and pleasanter society to be *déterrés* in this immense city. I have just received a note from Mme. de Coigny, who is in the country, *pétillant d’esprit*. I sat half an hour yesterday with the Princesse de Vaudémont. She is uncommonly agreeable, full of new thoughts and strong opinions, cordial and good-natured, and as natural as her monkey. I went also to the Duchesse de Raguse, and found her the most comfortable, kind, merry, fat, little woman. She receives every Sunday quite a different set, and I promise myself to *tâter de ce terrain* on Sunday evening, after having been to the Orleans, who I hear are very delightful people.

Mme. de Gontaut is delightful, but spell-bound by Courts and *élégantes*, afraid of every word she speaks and hears, and already says to me, ‘Mais, ma chère, tournez-moi le dos, vous me compromettez.’

But, O Lady Morpeth, it is the woman made by

¹ ‘It was rather amusing when Lady Granville first came to Paris to see some of the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain feeling their way and trying whether they could not dictate to and domineer over the quiet-looking English lady, who had more wit, and fun, and humour, and cleverness than a dozen of them put together. These arbiters of fashion soon discovered that they had found more than their match in Lady Granville, and that she would have her own list of guests, choose her own cap and shawl and settle her armchairs and sofas in her own way, without taking the advice of a jury of noble matrons, who had hitherto considered themselves infallible.’—Gronow’s *Reminiscences*.

Herbault, Victorine and Alexandre, the woman who looks to see if you have six curls or five on the side of your head, the woman who talks, dictates, condescends and sneers at me—*quos ego*. It is odd that their effect upon me is to crush me with the sense of my inferiority whilst I am absolutely gasping with the sense of my superiority. What a thing to write, but it is only to you. But the truth is they have an *aplomb*, a language, a dress *de convenance*, which it is as impossible for me to reach as it would be for one of them to think five minutes like a deep-thinking, deep-feeling Englishwoman.

To you, dear Lady Morpeth, I dedicate this, written *per sfogarmi*. I have not time to put half my thoughts together, but wish you to know them. It has done me as much good to write them as it would have done to be blooded in a high fever.

Let me wind up with stating that house, garden, my husband, my children, the clear, exhilarating climate, the animating gaiety of all out-of-doors *spectacles*, and the endless amusement and variety of the theatres—Pasta alone is a happiness—the sort of enjoyment it will be to have you often with me, are more than compensations for occasional vexation and weariness of spirit. Remember, it is only to you that I shall ever unburthen myself. My best love to Lord Morpeth. To him my ebullitions are necessary evils, but his discretion is beyond even a caution.

I will tell you what is comfortable here. To-day, and all post days in future, I send word to the outer gate that I am out. This is quite understood here. They think a great deal of *expédier le courier*, and I have had hours of solitude which have restored my health and temper. This house, too, is as quiet as the depth of country, not a sound to be heard.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : December 12, 1824.

There is one enjoyment which I earn with the sweat of my brow, and I am in full possession of it—bed-time.

Lady Morpeth,—We are just returned home after a day of unwearied duties. I began with church, which was crowded and damp. Immediately after it I ordered my carriage and went to Lady Abercorn, who was dangerously ill the day before yesterday. I found her recovering, but in bed, very low and very helpless, and quite alone in this great beehive. From thence I proceeded to pay eighteen visits in a foggy, rainy day, which procured me the advantage of almost general admission, and I did not land in my own house till it was within ten minutes of dressing myself out in my best to receive the Wortleys and General Ramsay to dinner. Which dinner was no sooner swallowed than I set out for my appointed presentation to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans and Mademoiselle.¹ I sat squiddling with them for some time. They are the best and most amiable of Altesses, and as little royal as need be. The Duchess is a Lady Duncannon, children all about her. Mlle. is a shrewd, intelligent-looking woman. My next move was to Mme. de Damas, she being wife to the Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, and Sunday her night of great reception.

Now, dearest sister, be not surprised that I feel worn, beat, but in heaven to be at the close of it.

On Saturday we dined at a sumptuous feast at Rothschild's. He has married his niece, a pretty little Jewess, *née coiffée*, a very good thing at Paris, for, just out of her nursery, she does the honours of her house as if she never had done anything else.

¹ She was the sister of the Duke of Orleans, over whom she had great influence. She was called Madame Adélaïde after his accession to the throne.

Mrs. and Miss Canning come on the 20th, and Lady Caroline is here already. They will be great comfort to me, for going about alone and unsupported is tremendous. When you come Paris won't hold me, and I look to May literally as the month of promise. You will soon get into dress—it, alas ! is essential—but there are invariable rules, which is a blessing ; never to mind the effect, but to sit still and have it done, as to a dentist.

I must write to Lady Stafford ; Madame de Vaudemont adores her memory. She says she never will forgive Agar for not having brought Georgiana to Paris. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : December 13, 1824.

I have only odds and ends of time to give you, my dearest sister. I believe I have told you that the women Cannings and Lady Harrowby will be here before the end of the month. I delight in having Lady Harrowby, and prefer her coming now to her coming in the spring, when I had rather have you quite to myself.

I have been going on as usual, innumerable soirées, all much alike, save that at Mme. de la Briche's last night. I met Mme. d'Aguesseau, very handsome—as we all are—in large curls and deep mourning, and Georgine, *très embellie*. I called yesterday, in obedience to the Duke of Wellington's entreaties, upon Mrs. Paterson.¹ She seems a very charming person, very handsome, with *l'air noble* and not a shade of her mother-country. She shook all over when I went into the room, but if for grief at the loss of Mr. Paterson, sentiment at the recol-

¹ An American lady, who married Lord Wellesley in 1825. One of her sisters married the seventh Duke of Leeds, the other Lord Stafford of Cossey Hall. Mr. Paterson's sister was the wife of Jerome Buonaparte.

lection of the Duke, or the coldness of the room she received me in, I do not presume to judge.

To-day is a busy day. Dinner at the Duke of Orleans, soirée at Mme. Juste de Noailles, and post to make up and visits to return. The weather is beautiful, and I have been romping with the children in the garden.

The Government have agreed to repair us. I think they ought to furnish us also, but that *nous verrons*. Perhaps Mr. Canning may say, as Lord Westmorland did in a large society of French here, 'Je voudrais si je coudrais.'

And now let me tell you, dearest, that your letter about Lady E. Stuart was as amusing to me as a new novel. I am sure, from what I hear, your account, *tant en bien qu'en mal*, is quite a correct one, but her faults were blessings in the post, and I could learn as a trade her defects. Save the wig, my success would be *à la longue* as unbounded as hers. I am so anxious to do well that I hope I shall, but some of my duties are difficult to me. To avoid intimacy of communication, to have a degree of repelling civility of manner, to have no preferences and create none, all this will rub my back up the wrong way, but I think over my part so much that I must end by learning it.

I believe Lady Elizabeth at the end of ten years was not told so often as I have been already that she was *charmante, remplie de grâce et d'esprit*. I have not time to mince the matter, but shall I at the same or half the period have everybody's good word as she has? We shall see. God bless you.

I am glad to hear so good an account of Mrs. Lamb's health. Give my very best and kindest love to her. I am tired, but nothing more or worse. The climate, the amusements, and little time to think are all, I perceive, good for the spirits. My Aunt William is

come. She dines here to-morrow to meet Abercorns and Monk. The Wortleys live in my right pocket. You are much altered if it does not give you pleasure to hear that Mme. Magrini has just sent home my presentation gown, chosen by Juste, and a model of all that is most *élégant*. I think I shall do, for my last gown has been asked for as a pattern, which at Paris is the sort of triumph that gaining a battle is to a general.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris: December 14, 1824.

I received your letter last night, my dearest brother. A thousand thanks for allowing my judgment with regard to Lady —— to calm yours. I do assure you I am right. I do not believe there is a single person in Paris, her mother excepted, who would have wished me to receive her. Juste and Mme. —— have never breathed her name to me, though I see them daily. *Entre nous*, the latter has much ado to keep herself afloat, but she is in all societies, is a gentle, amiable, unassuming creature, and not distracted with brains. I am her *intime* and show her every kindness. To keep up the sinking may save them, but to raise up one so utterly fallen as Lady —— would scarcely be mercy, as her best friends all agree in thinking her going from Paris the only chance of her story being forgot.

I have been living entirely with the French, as they open their houses to me, whilst the English, poor dears, must wait till I open mine. I am, however, going to receive them of a morning, and Lady Thomond is probably now at the gate.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: December 18, 1824.

We found the whole force of diplomacy at Villèle's dinner. A very handsome, intelligent, picturesque-look-

ing Nuncio, whom we are about to lose, as he is going to be made a Cardinal. Castalcicala¹ and his wife, a dear, dirty, kind-hearted pair. Pozzo talking on all subjects. He says Mme. de Lieven questions him, when she comes, *de la lune jusqu'au Tartare*. The well-known and not worth knowing Werthers, a number of small barons and baronesses from divers small Courts.

Friday night.—I am just come home from a very pleasant small dinner at Comtesse Rumford's,² who goes to sleep at the theatres, and is in consequence called Comtesse Ronflefert. L'Abbé Pradt,³ Cuvier the chemist, the Duke and Duchess de Dalberg⁴—she is very agreeable and natural—old Bourke, Monsieur Juste, and our old friend Monsieur de Lascours.

I cannot for the life of me help feeling nervous about my presentation, because they all make such a rout about it.

If I can but go on, but I know I shall. My only dread is that there is a sort of zest in novelty which makes exertion easier, and a sort of pleasure in success, which is not with me a very potent stimulus, but sufficient to keep off the mortal flatness of trouble, civility, dress, and unwearied exertion without it. The truth is there is such a strong tide in my favour just now, that if it turns I am worse than a puddle, and an *accès* of indolence or *découragement* may do this any day. I hope in the character of the French. They are not *exigeants*—too full of themselves to depend upon an-

¹ Neapolitan Ambassador.

² The widow of Comte Rumford, the well-known philanthropist and politician. She had previously married Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist, who was executed in 1794. He in vain asked for a reprieve of a few days, that he might finish some experiments of importance to humanity.

³ An active politician in the first Revolution, under Napoleon and during the restoration. He played many parts, and his sole object in life seems to have been to promote his own interests.

⁴ Their daughter was the first wife of the late Lord Granville.

other, too intent upon amusement to have leisure to bore their neighbours. I am like Princess Charlotte. If I were to die at the end of my first year I should be handed down to posterity as an exemplary ambassadress, but if I live, as I trust I shall, to give time to the natural faults of my character to come out, I tremble for my good name. My good sense, too, is in an alarming way. I find myself often influenced by little motives, worried by little cares. I found myself this morning feeling annoyed at my Court dress being too short on the sides, and very much pleased when Frédérique dressed me *en cheveux* to-day, as a rehearsal, to think it looked very well, and to hear Granville's compliments about it. Is this the woman who would not have cared if she had been seen in an old tattered garment with a masquerade red silk petticoat under it? Then I comfort myself with thinking *qu'il faut hurler avec les loups*. Do not think *en cheveux* is my own idea. It is *de rigueur* for a presentation, and even old Madame receives me with her old grey careworn head bristled up by Frédérique.

There is another thing annoys me. The activity and energy of my proceedings, the unwearied loss of my time, leaves no one trace of usefulness or real good behind it. It is frivolous, eternally frivolous, and at fifty I shall at best be no wiser and better than I am now. At my age the head is not turned by incessant dissipation; but the time is filled, the result much the same.

However, I am not wholly discontented with myself. I never taught my children so much and so regularly as since I have been at Paris. I have made myself rules with regard to them which I do not allow myself to transgress. William is becoming a very good little Latin scholar. I have abridged the English History for my girls, of which, by-the-by, I enclose you a specimen

I have copied out, to show you that I am not lost to everything but dress and dissipation. I am aware that dress has been a grievance and occupation to me that it would not have been to another, save the Queen of the Sandwich Islands and Mrs. Poki. I saw the imperious necessity of it, and am learning it as a trade. The irksomeness of it is therefore daily diminishing. I am also aware that dissipation is a duty, and therefore the sting of it, as a fault, is taken out.

Now, Lady Morpeth, for a few facts. Mr. and Miss Canning and little Governor arrive on Monday. We lodge the two former in two of our drawing-rooms below.

I found such difficulties and impending storms attending my naming of English ladies to meet me at my *traitement*, that I was obliged to take the line of Peeresses. Lady Abercorn did not feel very equal to it, and had never been presented, which precludes it. Lady Newburgh, to whom I proposed it, wrote me unbounded thanks for the very great honour intended her, but not being able to keep up a conversation in French, was obliged to decline it. Lady Caroline was charmed with this 'dear woman, oh! what a dear woman.' Lady Northland had never been presented, Lady Belfast ditto. Lady Granard too ill. My list, therefore, consists of—Lady Thomond, Lady Waterford, Lady Ailesbury, Lady Worcester, Lady Aldborough, Lady Glenlyon, and Lady Strathallan, a daughter of the Duke of Athole.

The Duchesse de Damas presides at the dinner at the Dauphine's table and enacts her, making me sit on her right hand, Granville on her left. I go from the presentation at five to the dinner. I wish it was over to a ridiculous degree. I am to make a little phrase to the Dauphine about the honour, and her virtues, and my gratitude, twelve ladies standing behind her.

Granville is to be presented to-morrow. The ceremony more formidable in proportion as his speech must be longer. He is looking uncommonly well, and how beautiful amidst the little ugly *chétifs* Frenchmen it is not for me to say. I always knew what he was, body and mind, but both shine forth here like lemon-juice before the fire.

Monday morning.—You will be glad, my dearest sister, to hear that I feel well this morning. I shall be nervous till the ceremony is over. And now for my toilette. Diamonds are my weak point, and I have been obliged to borrow some from Mme. de Gontaut, as they tell me a quantity must be worn, and those who have not enough must and do borrow.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris: December 19, 1824.

Granville is just returned from his presentation, which went off very easily. I hope it is a good omen for mine.

The Belfasts and Wortleys, Mr. Nugent and a Mr. Grant dined with us to-day. I asked Lady Hunloke, but she was engaged. She wrote me a very warm note of excuse. I see she is thawing rapidly. I see her faults, but she has great merits. Amongst them is a sincere good heart, fenced about like a fortified town, with a good share of pride, a very English dislike to yield in a hurry, and strong prejudices for and against. Zealous friends and bitter enemies are made of this stuff, and I respect it, though it often offends and repels. I have not time for another word.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: December 21, 1824.

I have been and now am in such a bustle that I can write but one line.

My presentation is thought of such consequence. How I dress, how I behave, how I curtsey, so commented upon, so discussed, that I feel as if I was going to be hung, and all my reputation turning thereon.

I have no news. Jules is come, and going back immediately. I am going to dine at a great dinner at Mons. de Villèle's.

You would have laughed if you had seen my Aunt William's astonishment at me. 'My dear Lady G., when I recollect you at the Hague dressed like a housekeeper. Forgive me—just like a housekeeper.'

God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : December 23, 1824.

My dearest Sis,—I think you will not be sorry to hear before the usual time that my labours are over, that my presentation *traitement* went off very smoothly. I was foolishly nervous and forgot my compliment, for which Madame ¹ was waiting, but I am assured I did not disgrace myself, and the delight of having it over is beyond expression.

The King is adorable, and looked as if he disliked ceremony as much as I did. Madame *gêne à force d'être gênée*. The dinner was magnificent.

I am just returned from the Tuileries. The King was received with great applause. He spoke his speech very well, and we all sat in rows listening. I never can describe ceremonies, but I hope you will be glad to hear that I never can think anything formidable again, and am, as Mrs. Brown, the wife of the American Minister, has just told me her husband is at getting rid of his rheumatism, 'in foine spirits and very hoppy.' God bless you. I have not time for another word.

¹ The Duchesse d'Angoulême.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : December 28, 1824.

Your two long letters, which arrived together, were delightful to me, my dearest sister. I see you all at Chatsworth, above all I see the Caulfields.

I have been indefatigable in visits and soirées since I last wrote.

Leopold is arrived. He dined here yesterday, sat till half-past nine. He remains a fortnight. Heavy work.

Pleasures are *clairsemés* over the dissipated part of my life, but I look forward to one. I take the adorable little Governor to a child's ball at Lady Smith's¹ on the 8th.

I am going to see Mme. de Coigny this morning. I met Mme. de Balby, a woman whom I remember 150 years ago. She belongs to some past *siècle*, but trots about very merrily in this.

I saw a droll sight at Mme. de Damas' soirée—Mme. de Talaru, who was Madame de Clermont Tonnerre. She saw her first husband massacred before her eyes during the Revolution. She is near eighty, and has piqued herself upon always remaining in the costume of her youth. Well, my dear, she is now the model of the present fashion—*crêpée*, an immense toque on her head, a stomacher waist, and a blonde ruff. How she must laugh in her large sleeve!

This is a scrap, but I am more than usually hurried.

¹ The wife of Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre.

1825

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : January 3, 1825.

Shall I tell you, yes I will, that I passed one hour in great misery yesterday. Lady Harrowby arrived late on Saturday. I was going to Court, a long inevitable one, and could not see her till yesterday morning ; but Granville went to her, and when I got up yesterday told me she had brought a report of Frederic's ¹ having been severely wounded. Most fortunately Mrs. Canning had by the Thursday's courier received a letter from Charles Ellis, telling her that upon hearing the report he had gone to make inquiries, and ascertained that it was totally without foundation. It had arisen from an officer of the same name of the Engineers having been dangerously wounded in the same war. Seeing I had not heard anything, she did not think it necessary to mention the subject to me, so that I had an hour of dreadful anxiety. I only dread your having also heard the report before the contradiction, and this makes me doubly impatient for your next letter, my own dearest of sisters.

I had the delight of seeing a good deal of Lady Harrowby yesterday, delight most reviving in the midst of my work, which has been arduous for the last few days.

On Saturday Court was much easier than I expected. The King and all of them gracious beyond measure. Very quick over.

¹ Lady Carlisle's second son. He was killed by an accident in 1834.

Yesterday I went in my morning dress to Madame, who had desired to see the children. She was as merry as a grig with them, delighted with *le petit bonhomme* Granville, filled his hat with bonbons, and showed him and the girls her boudoir and every room in the house.

Leopold dined with us, and before I could get to Lady H. I had to trundle off to the *fin fond* of the Faubourg St. Germain.

To-day at twelve I am expecting Lady H., and am going to shop and pay visits with her. We dine at Baron Damas', a great diplomatic affair. Thence to Mme. de Montalembert's to hear Mme. Davidoff and her daughter sing, drop in to Mme. Merlineu, a Diplomatic Lady, and finish at Aldborough's.

Here is Lady H. I will add a line later.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : January 9, 1825.

My dearest sister,—The thick is over *pour le moment*. I have had great drums to go to every day—about four or five soirées every night. Madame and the Palais Royal in the morning, my *Jour de l'An* visits to return, and in the midst of this I contrived to give myself a violent knock on my head one day, and to tumble upstairs luckily on another, and bruised myself all over. I am now writing whilst Marie is lacing my stays, on my way to Mme. de Gontaut to see *les enfants de France* taking their lessons.

Three o'clock.—I saw the darling Monseigneur¹ and Mademoiselle at their lessons, as naughty as possible and great loves.

I have seen Lady Harrowby for an hour this morning, a real luxury. The girls are thought *de belles*

¹ The Duc de Bordeaux, who took the name of Comte de Chambord after 1830, and his sister, who became Duchess of Parma.

personnes—Mary much more admired than Georgiana. They say, in short, that she is like *une Française*.

Did I tell you that I took the little Governor on Friday to a child's ball at Mrs. Morier's? He was delicious, danced like a little Frenchman, and behaved like a little ambassador. At ten he retired into a boudoir to dress, attended by about a dozen little boys. I asked him how he got acquainted. 'Oh, as you all do. They say, "This is Lord Granville's son," and then we shake hands.' I was amused by a conversation amongst them yesterday. When we came from Mlle. I took the three boys to Lady Isabella Chabot's room, and as we were going in I heard Freddy say to Granville, 'Brother, is this one a prince?' 'No, she's a common woman.' 'But what must we do to her?' 'Nothing, unless you like it.'

There certainly never was anything like the kindness and *bienveillance* shewn me, and it is lucky for me, as it binds me to my duties, by the wish to mark my sense of it.

I pine for Lent exactly in proportion as the *élégantes* dread it. The height of my earthly aspirations is to be allowed to abstain from pleasure. 'Je demande un jour de repos, comme on invoquerait les dons les plus merveilleux de l'existence.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : January 10, 1825.

The post to-day has brought me no letter from you, my dearest, but one from Mr. Loch to Granville gives a very prosperous account of you all.

If I could in any way remedy it, I should be more annoyed at my conviction that Lady Harrowby cannot much like her *séjour* here. I told you she was uncomfortably, smokingly lodged. My mornings are so much engrossed that I am some of them without seeing her

at all, others for a moment *en passant*. We dine out literally every day. Till to-morrow week we have not a single day disengaged. She goes three times a week to the Opera, where I never can join her, as I receive half the evening, and visit the other. But this is not all. The King's partiality for her and my relationship entail upon her duties which in London she has most comfortably shaken off. She has innumerable visits, which she is compelled to return, and she is asked to the dullest things there are, which are the Court soirées at all the Dames d'Honneur. She is going to Court, and asked to one or two of the grand formal dinners, things she execrates.

Never come to me in the winter, dearest. I would not buy even you, at the price of annoyance and fatigue to you, perpetual regret and privation to myself.

The only time I have seen Lady Harrowby in comfort was at Lady Smith's very pretty ball on Saturday. The girls were admired, and we sat on a bench together 'very happy.'

I have been worried and hurried to death about one of those small causes that produce mighty effects. Granville in the midst of one of the most hurried mornings received a note of invitation from Mons. de Cossé. We were engaged for that day. He either forgot to desire Mr. Jones to send an excuse, or Mr. Jones forgot to send it. They are at issue on that point. The result, Mons. de Cossé's dinner, concerted by the King, was composed of Prince Leopold, all the diplomacy. They waited dinner for us till half-past seven!!! Then comes the D—l to pay. Madame in a fury. The whole Court and Corps, Cobourg at the head, indignant. I did not even know of the invitation, and sallied forth, to bear the whole brunt of the storm at Villèle's soirée, with nothing but my ignorance to support me, which ignorance was the cream of the affront, as though this

Kingly Feast was a thing not worth mentioning. *Que faire, que dire?*—a great deal, for notes, visits, explanations have filled every moment of the last three days. It is all blown over, and I do believe it is my arduous civility that has brought us to shore. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : January 17, 1825.

I account for not having heard from you by to-day's post by supposing you on your journey, my dearest sister. It delights me to imagine you with your daughters.

Lady Harrowby I have seen oftener and more comfortably. Now amusing. Lady Morpeth, private, most confidential. My *brillante jeunesse* afford me much entertainment. Mary Ryder is out and out the most admired generally. 'Jolie comme un cœur, votre charmante petite nièce.' There is a tall, good-looking, nimble dandy dying for love of her. Georgiana is much less admired *en gros*; they think her *bien, une belle personne*, but she has two ardent lovers already, and the ambassadress laughs to see such sport. Le Général de la Grange and Charles de Mornay, the George Anson of Paris, *l'enfant gâté de la fortune*, for whom the Duchesse and Dino are dying, with whom Mlle. Mars is so desperately in love that she won't act—no, Lady Morpeth, she has been in bed for a month, because he has quarrelled with her. And for why? He spied a chain given to him by Raguse, by him to Mars, on the waistcoat of another and resented it. Now he, this fatal he, is so violently smitten with Georgiana, that he never leaves her door in the morning, her side at night. We hear that all the *élégantes* are up in arms, and to-day we dine at Soult's—the company, Harrowbys, Cannings, selves, Raguse, Dino, and Charles de Mornay!

Now let me come to the pith of my story. The Earl of Clanricarde is *aux pieds de* Miss Canning, and we are in daily expectation of the question. He is immensely rich, quite good-looking enough, clever and very gentlemanlike. The girl is determined in his favour, but if you mention this to anybody, I am quite undone—that's all.

The Caulfields are excessively liked and *à la mode* here, and their coming franked from His Grace to me doubles the weight. If Fanny and Abercromby flirt, do you think I ought to hatch the egg? Ask Hart.

Send me out girls. I begin to think I am as good as India.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: January 19, 1825.

At Mme. de Noailles' last night about twenty women came in, out of mourning for a *noce*. I wish you had seen or heard them, all as gaudy as peacocks, and screaming like them—red velvet *toques* with pink feathers, cherry-coloured gowns covered with emeralds. But oh, the noise! Lady Harrowby said each entry was like a strange bird, got by accident into the middle of a rookery, and the simile is complete in all its points.

Mrs. Canning's evening was more *paisible*. She went with Harriet¹ to the Italian Opera, where they had Lord Clanricarde all to themselves. He did not propose, but all but. He has, however, to our delighted knowledge, bought a magnificent set of diamonds, and also a service of plate. *De notre côté* we have not been idle. Mrs. Canning has provided lace veils, gowns, etc., so the ornamental part of the concern is in great forwardness.

I have just been enjoying myself in the garden with all my darling children. It is a delicious day.

We have heard of a delightful *campagne* near St.

¹ Miss Canning.

Cloud, and mean to go and look at it, which makes my heart beat.

Thursday.—Dearest Sis,—You have no idea how tiring last night was. A ball at the other end of Paris, entirely full of English Catholic bulls, at Lady Constable's, of Tixal¹ obligations. Before it I went to two soirées. We dine with Mme. de Raguse to meet Leopold, and there is a ball at Mrs. Mitchell's.

Wishing you no dinner, no ball, and a good night's rest, I remain, beloved Lady Morpeth, etc.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: January 26, 1825.

My days are so much alike that I can hardly hope at present to vary much in my accounts. It seems to me as natural to visit all morning and go to soirées every night, as if I had been a year at my post.

I am glad I warned you not to betray my opinion of that society. They are all so kind, civil, and *prévenants*, that I half repent of having given it so decidedly. To judge by their *empressement*, I am very popular amongst them. I have 'as yet done nothing for them. The *délabré* and unfinished state of the house does not admit of great réceptions, and the fear of receiving the many keeps me from receiving the few. I go to two soirées a night upon the average. They begin and end early, and are all much the same—about fifty of the select, conversing *en cercle*.

Last night I had a real pleasure. Granville, Sukey, and I went to see Mlle. Mars in 'Valerie.' The acting beyond all praise.

I am happy when I can go to Mme. de Gontaut, who is far from crabbed. She is all good-nature and *entraînement*, with a Devonshire House sort of manner.

¹ Lord Granville rented Tixal of Sir Clifford Constable.

I like some old duchesses, Duras and d'Escars, better than any of the young ones. They are clever and pleasant, not without pretension, but only about being authoresses and eloquent, which is easier to bear than the insolent self-satisfaction of some of the younger ones. Mme. Juste is quite adored here. She is very good-natured, amiable, and *égale*, but not very wise, I should think, and addicted to dressing. She is, however, a very favourite fashionable.

I must leave you to dress, and oh, *non son già quel che un tempo fui*. I have a great mind to send you a picture of myself in French costume. Granville and the *élégantes* are edified. I say to Marie, 'Mais, Marie, c'est affreux,' and she says, 'Oui, milady.'

The fault of the most agreeable women here is the want of nature. They make phrases, they have a look of being after their thoughts. They have little mock wars of words. *Elles se querellent amicalement*—compliment ditto. One feels sure they settle one day what they shall say the next. In short, when they are being clever, I feel a sort of proud wish to be stupid.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: January 30, 1825.

Dearest Sis,—You must not fear me. I am absolutely baked into civility and perseverance. The Duchesse de Maillé came to me yesterday evening, and said, 'Mme. l'Ambassadrice, vous êtes une femme unique. Vous menez avec une grâce parfaite la vie du monde que vous détestez le plus. A vous voir, on ne s'en douterait pas, et on vous en sait doublement gré.'

They have twigged me, Lady Morpeth, but little they'll heed if they see me drum on, and witness three balls and about a dozen soirées since I last wrote, *que je ne me décourage pas*.

To see a woman, not young, not handsome, without

any object in society beyond receiving and returning visits and curtsies. It must bear the stamp of duty upon it. And they are obliged to me for any varnish of pleasure that I spread upon it.

I was at a really beautiful ball at Count Potocki's last night. He is—let me introduce you—an immensely fat, good-humoured, gay *garçon*, between forty and fifty, who has no pleasure but in giving it, in the shape of *déjeuners*, dinners, balls, *fêtes*, and his fortune being as large as his person, he has the means to do it most splendidly. He is, then, one of those ultra-happy beings who have an utter insensibility to ridicule—a great lesson, it being the only way to disarm it—dances quadrilles *en masse* and in spectacles, acts Cupidon in charades, and laughs louder than those who laugh at him, *ergo* they only laugh with him.

Our *romans* go on well. The Ryders are happy at having every man in Paris at their feet, Miss Canning happier at having one Irishman at hers. He is devoted, and we all like him extremely, and our answer is ready to the question we daily expect.

Fanny Caulfield looked very pretty at the ball, and her dancing is quite perfection. Lady Harrowby holds out; 'a little tidy girl, with a hideous mouth.' Abercromby and I take the defensive, he, I suspect, *con amore*. Mama Caulfield is the most inoffensive fool I know. 'What a fine day it has been, Mrs. Caulfield!' 'Dear Lady Granville, so many people called that I could not perceive the weather.'

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: February 1, 1825.

I gave myself a holiday yesterday. After dinner I put the little Governor at Lady Hunloke's and came home to bed.

Lady Harrowby and her girls went to the Théâtre

Français. Punch seems to have quite given up his pursuit of Georgiana, and is evidently aided in his philosophy by the circumstance of her not being more admired here.

To-night we all adjourn to Mme. Juste's, the best-natured, kindest, and most deservedly popular of her kind. Mme. Alfred is very clever and entertaining, and Pozzo, who wanted to marry her but was rejected, tells me that under all her *évanoré* manner, which certainly gives one the idea of thoroughly French and skin-deep acquirements, she has *l'esprit le plus solide et les connaissances les plus profondes* of any person he knows.

Do you know the Stanleys? Lady Mary is an intelligent, sociable little woman. Ask George from me what Mr. Stanley is. I had just proclaimed him to Lady Harrowby as a bore. They dined with us and I had been sitting by him, when Granville came up and said, 'Do you know that Mr. Stanley is a very sensible man?' Well, is he either, neither, or perhaps both? He also praises Mr. Robinson, Lady Helena's rib. If George can say a good word for him to me he will do a *bonne œuvre*, for I have such a mortal aversion to him that he is the only person here to whom I cannot behave with decent civility. If he can, tell him to tell me that he is kind to some old mother, charitable to the poor, something to soften my heart a little and make me behave myself. I am very glad to have put my conscience into George's hand. If there is any ray of light he will bring it out.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : February 7, 1825.

Now, my dearest, for the great news of the year. Lord Clanricarde proposed and was accepted yesterday evening. I never saw any two people look so happy and radiant as they both did during the decisive

conversation. I felt convinced, only from their countenances, of the truth. His only flaw is said to be his fondness for low company, and this is in the power of the wife to correct. He is perfectly gentlemanlike himself, and takes to high company in the most promising manner.

I went to Court yesterday. The Duchesse de Berri had the gout and did not receive. The King and Madame were gracious and short—two good things.

On Wednesday I attend the presentation and *traitements* of the Spanish Ambassadors. She is a very shy, small woman, with magnificent black eyes and hair, twenty-three, with seven children and ten mules. The latter dragged her into Paris. She does not speak or understand French.

The Harrowbys remain a fortnight longer. The Cannings will probably go soon. I hope and trust the Morleys and Theresa Villiers will come, and above all dearest Hart.

We had a ball at Rothschild's on Saturday. A tremendous crowd of Jews, English and French. A line of carriages, in which the Seftons and many others spent two hours. We have ten days more of *effrénée* dissipation, and then comes the *Carême*, during which I mean to give myself *relache* and sit at home every evening to receive visits. The French are dying to get their noses in, and there is one good thing. They are easily satisfied; talk and a little syrup is all they want.

There is a very handsome woman who makes a great sensation here. La Comtesse Alexandre Potocka. She is only seventeen, married to an elderly man, cousin of Stanislas, of whom she is very fond. She is a little like Lady Emmeline Manners, and consequently charms Leopold, who is making the most persevering attack. I wish she had more merit in appearing bored by it.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: February 10, 1825.

There are ebbs and flows in my tide, dearest. The last three days have been unusually severe. Yesterday I will detail. I began dressing soon after three to go to the Spanish Ambassadors's presentation. I wish you could see a diamond wreath Granville has given me.

I pitied this poor little woman with *connaissance de cause*, but had a sort of delight at assisting instead of performing. At three we dined. The *traitement* is long and dull, and I came home at eight tired to death. Had to undress completely, lie down for a couple of hours and then rise again out of my ashes, to dress a second time for Lady Waterpark's ball. It was hot and full, but very crack, and this little spawn of our family in ecstasies.

Lord Clanricarde and Miss Canning are the people I envy. They send excuses everywhere, and sit cooing in my drawing-room *tant que le jour dure*. I like him extremely, and so does she, which is more to the purpose.

I had a letter from Lord Clanwilliam to-day. He says nothing of his plans, and seems better pleased where he is, with popularity and five pretty women.

God bless you, my very dearest Sis.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: February 17, 1825.

You must forgive me a very short letter to-day, my dearest G. Lady Harrowby goes on Tuesday, and I have been very anxious to see as much as possible of her, and I have had many letters of business to write.

Mardi Gras I amused myself very much. I took

my children to all the sights, *le bœuf gras*, the masks, etc. ; the day was fine, and it delighted them, and consequently me.

I feel already the hundred comforts of the Carnival being at an end. I have had time already, to-day and yesterday, to read nearly a whole volume of Ségur's Life of Buonaparte during the war in Russia. It is interesting and *entraînant* beyond measure. There is another book to be read, 'Souvenirs et Anecdotes,' by the old Ségur.

I saw Lady Abercorn yesterday morning. She is a zealous friend, and I do not let her be melancholy or touchy. I laugh at the first, and tell her the second is not *le grand genre*, and we both laugh to see how doleful she is when she comes into my room, and how merry when she goes out of it.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : February 27, 1825.

Yesterday morning Mme. de Broglie came to me. Hart must not hate her. She is really an angel. Think of a very beautiful, still young woman, quite as strict and good as the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Money, without one shade of peculiarity, no cant, no humbug, passing her life in acts of charity and thoughts of piety, but living in the world, going to theatres, admired and praised by everybody. She says to persons of her way of thinking seclusion from the world is delightful and above all self-indulgence ; but she thinks it, as I do, injudicious, ostentatious, cowardly. She says, and to see her in it is to believe her, that the flatness and *ennui* of the world to one, whose endeavour to combat vanity and to resist allurements of all kinds is sincere, is not to be described ; but that in the midst of society, in a box at the theatre, she often feels as completely abstracted as when alone, as in her own room, and then

she has the comfort of feeling that she has disgusted and repelled no person, who thinks differently upon such subjects, that she has not the support of singularity or the applause of the *exaltés*, but that her religion is a practice and a question only in the recesses of her own heart.

Now, dearest G., listen how the Paris people talk of her. They rave of her beauty, but of her character they never talk of the cause, only the effects. They tell you, 'C'est la meilleure mère, la meilleure épouse;' that her charity, her unwearied exertions to assist and relieve the poor are admirable, but it is but once or twice that I have heard, 'Je crois qu'elle est devenue bien sérieuse, qu'elle s'occupe de la religion.'

Now is not this admirable? She has disarmed politicians. They lament her liberal ideas, but always say, 'Cette petite femme est si excellente qu'il faut lui pardonner ses opinions.'

Will you and Hart ever forgive me for not sending you *étrennes* this year? It preys upon my spirits not, but my expense has at starting been so frightfully great, that I dare not add a drop to the ocean.

One of my gowns cost me near six hundred francs and so on, and I have just had the care of three orphan English children, abandoned by their mother's seducer after her death and actually naked and starving.

The Cannings were perfectly happy here. For those who can float upon all the *tourbillon* of Paris it is very well, but I am actually drowned in it. Ever, ever yours.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris: June 1825.

Dearest brother,—I hope you are better and that this delicious hot weather has not a sting in it for you. We are now in the very kernel of the *fêtes*, and I

notch them off as a prisoner does the days of his captivity. We have weathered the King's entry and the great affair at the Hôtel de Ville. The last was very splendid. Thousands of people, an immense *locale*, brilliantly lighted. The whole Court *en grande tenue*. The Duchesse de Berri dancing quadrilles in a space squeezed out of the multitude, and asking people, 'Fondez-vous comme beurre?' which she evidently did herself. Lady Morley and Theresa¹ went at four and could not get away till near two. Lady Morley bids me tell you that when the King made his speech she was in floods of tears. She wishes you to be aware of the extreme susceptibility of her heart. The Duchess of Northumberland² gives her first ball on the 15th. She is overwhelmed with applications, and I have hard work not only to get people invitations to her ball, but to all the *fêtes* at Court. I think next year will appear to me a bed of roses after all the fatigue and worry of this.

To-day I dine at a great dinner at the Hôtel Gallifet. All the *élégantes*. I shall receive here in the evening. To-morrow we go to see the King at the Académie Royale. Saturday I have a dinner for some English, and instead of going to see the King at the play, I mean to give a little *soirée* to those who cannot get there, filling my box with Ladies Gower and Morley.

Here is Granville come home, dubbed Knight of the Bath. The King wore the Garter at the Hôtel de Ville.

I am dying for to-night's post to hear of adorable Lady Morpeth actually in motion. I am sure she will be happy here. This house and garden is now delicious, and I pine for the moment when I shall spend my life

¹ Lady Theresa Villiers, married first to Mr. Lister, and then to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis.

² The Duke was sent out as special ambassador for the coronation.

in it. I think it will be easy to get Lady Morpeth into decent summer clothing immediately.

Lady Morley is *une des plus belles tailles* going. She thinks if there is a fault she is a trifle too slight.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : June 1825.

Dearest brother,—I seize an idle moment, as a cat does a mouse. I was delighted to hear from you. I hope you will soon leave Brighton in perfect health.

Lady Morpeth! Oh, could you but see Lady Morpeth! Corset by Vachey, gown by Duchoiselle, head dressed by Alexandre, at Berri's ball last night. She looked better than I ever saw her in a gold gown. I had hard work to prevail upon her to relinquish the bits pinned across and the shawl, but succeeded at last. She had my diamond chain, second-best earrings, the girandoles, and second-best necklace, and a fine woman she was, 'Granville's sister and Go-ver's mother.' The Royalties most polite.

To-morrow we give a *grandissime* dinner. Here is how. The house all open, teeming with flowers. When we come out from dinner at eight we shall find chairs arranged on the terrace and steps, and the Duc de Gramont's band, who play divinely, will strike up behind the orange-trees, all in full bloom. Coffee at nine. The rooms all lit, and twelve globe lamps put amongst the orange-trees, with *quinquets* against the walls and at the entrance of each avenue. I have tried it once, and it is the prettiest illumination for a garden you can conceive. I am dreaming of a *souper dansant* in ten days, when Paris will be thinned.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : July 1825.

Well, my dear, you can't come if you can't, and to be sure there are *pours et contres*. You would have enjoyed yourself with your sisters and nieces, and we should have been the happiest of the happy. In short, one must make up one's mind, and I look to the autumn.

Have not I had another *dîner dansant* on Friday, and was it not the purtiest thing, as Miss Reynell says, in all Pa-a-ris? Do you hear the Franco-Irish charmer uttering it?

I have now done with everything, but simply being at home on Mondays and Fridays. I shall endeavour to vary these soirées with my garden on hot nights, *écarté*, whist, etc., on cold ones. Perhaps Pasta once, and perhaps a hop when Mrs. Ellice comes. Lady Morpeth and Lord are as happy as the day is long.

Elégantes and *élégants* are all at my feet, save perhaps Alfred, who butters me, but does not come as constantly or stay as late as the others, and Stanislas! He is grown sulky and sad. We think him a little jealous, as he was the only person who used to do what I now do, and, *à mesure*, as my things take, his spirits appear to flag. Cradock is a great card in my game. There are about six of them in love with him.

I take my pleasures very coolly and grandly. After I had settled my dinner and dance for last Friday, I heard that Esterhazy had asked for that day all the *élégantes* to dine and spend the evening at Roisny. There were two things to be done, to put myself off, or to ask them to put him off. Do you think I did either? I know them better. I asked all the Diplomacy to dinner, sent Guiche and Fimarçon word that I was sorry I should not see them, as I knew they would

probably stay late, that it was not worth their while to hurry back, and bid Cradock tell them not to *gêner* themselves, for I should not expect any of them. The result? They made Paul give up his dinner, and all rushed here at an early hour. It was a bold stroke, for the fact is I should have lost all my best dancers and prettiest women had I failed, but I trusted to my knowledge of them and was not disappointed.

Monday morning.—I was delighted to receive your letter yesterday evening, dearest brother. We are beginning to lead a charming life. Yesterday I went with Granville to see Mlle. Mars in the ‘Jeu de l’Amour et du Hasard.’ She was perfect.

I am in despair at losing George, and dying for Georgiana. I cannot do without G.’s chickens, *les émigrés du ciel*, as d’Escars calls them. Lady Morpeth gets her due. When she went in to dinner yesterday with George, somebody said, ‘C’est une autre sœur, n’est-ce pas?’ God bless you, dearest brother.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 7, 1825.

My last exploit was on Monday. I drove in the open carriage with Granville and Mr. Frere, who is grown out of his deafness, has left off drinking, and is quite delightful. On Tuesday I fell sick.

I have been on my couch all to-day. To-morrow I have a dinner at Pozzo’s, and my evening hanging over me. The latter I must have. I want to shirk the dinner.

I have done none of the new things yet; being nurse to Granville and my own last bout have prevented my shopping.

My little Granville is the delight of my life. God bless you.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 1825.

My dearest G.,—We have relapsed into dissipation by the arrival of the Duke of Wellington. Dinners here and at Mons. de Villèle's are the consequence.

You have no idea of the happiness of adorable little Granville here. He has got a pony, he is learning to swim at the Ecole de Natation, we have junkets in the Bois de Boulogne, the four children on donkeys, Lord G. and I in curricule, Abercromby and Granville on horseback.

Lady Euston is a nice, unaffected, beautiful woman; Lady Hardy a shrewd one, who, like Holly, sends Sir Thomas for the carriage, in the same key and spirit.

The Duke of Wellington is looking better than I have for ages seen him, thin, but so much more health and strength in his look and complexion.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 14, 1825.

I went after all to Lounois, with only Georgiana and Abercromby. Agar was not well, and stayed and dined with Granville. Our dinner at Vizy was pleasant. Raguse and the Caulfields are so easy, that one felt as if on a journey one had met them all at dinner at an inn. The place is extremely pretty, the weather was delicious, the dinner ditto. Whilst the four women dressed, we walked to the farm, sat in a delightful conservatory, and at half-past six went on to Lounois, which answered perfectly in its way. *Trois petites pièces* and a much cooler evening. Mme. Alfred sings and acts very well, and Mme. de Maillé was perfect.

I have since Monday been leading a life of perfect repose. The Ellises dine here every day, we go nowhere. He is afraid of the heat of the *spectacles*,

and we prefer staying in the garden with them to junketing. To be sure, Georgiana will return to London with little knowledge of Paris theatricals, but *qu'est-ce que c'est, ma chère?* I am all for people going their own way, and selfishly speaking it is after my own heart.

The Berrys are come. Mary is really charming. She is *couleur de rose* and more agreeable than I ever knew her. They dined here yesterday, and Granville was pleased with the virgin. They sat in the moonlight till after past ten, like a pair of lovers.

They admire Georgiana as much as she will let them. The Princesse de Léon, Prince d'Arenberg, Fagel, and Monsieur Tchann¹ all think her prettier than Lady Gower. But she is unusually and miserably pale. Though she gives me the idea of being happier, she is graver than she used to be, and, as to speaking to anybody, it is not what she ever dreams of. I think this a pity. Intelligent and full of mind, she has no excuse for her total *abnégation de société*. I do not know what to attribute it to. Alone with me she is animated, but the moment she is not *tête-à-tête* she sits perfectly silent, very grave, and it is only by compulsion that a yes, or no, or smile is extorted. He is as amiable as possible, quite delightful. Do not tell Georgiana. I shall the first opportunity, and should hate to have appeared to speak to you behind her back, before I do to her. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 18, 1825.

Here is the little Gov., red and conscious, reading 'a letter from my aunt.' He has produced his new writing-desk given him by George Villiers, is unfurling paper and looking very busy, 'going to write to my aunt.'

¹ The Swiss Minister.

I found Werthers, the Berrys (and proud and happy girls they are), the Caulfields, and Mlle. Clémentine in a little incipient flirtation with Mons. Charles de Mornay. The Major¹ who, forbidden the house of Guiche, puts up with that tale of other days the Princesse Bagration.² The Duke of Wellington very merry and jolly with me at dinner. Mons. de Léon, Gérard the painter, Tufiakin and Lomonosoff. The Caulfields look ill and not very gay. Mrs. quite in a frenzy of folly. Harriet a little testy, Fanny always with unconquerable good-humour.

I am disinterested enough to be sorry that Caroline³ is thinking of returning *fra voi*. She would not be beyond a mark troublesome to me, but to Lady Cowper, Mrs. Lamb, etc., she is a calamity. I had a few lines from her yesterday, ending, 'sometimes I think, like Mr. Brummel, I shall stay here for ever.' Why not?

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : July 21, 1825.

George Villiers⁴ arrived the day before yesterday. He is uncommonly agreeable, and yesterday we had a most charming little dinner with him, Mr. Frere and the Ellises. To-day we have the above-mentioned to dinner, with Rumford, Berry, Davy,⁵ Drummond, Dupin,⁶ Cuvier,⁷ Humboldt, Gérard,⁸ Wilkie, and Lord Dunlo.

Granville is a miracle of patience. We drive every day in the curricule. It is great enjoyment, and varies his day a little.

¹ Major Cradock, who succeeded his father as Lord Howden in 1853.

² The widow of the Russian general. She married Lord Howden in 1828.

³ Lady Caroline Lamb.

⁴ The future Lord Clarendon.

⁵ Sir Humphry Davy.

⁶ The distinguished politician. Was President of the Chamber of Deputies from 1832 to 1840. In 1848 he tried to obtain in the Chambers the Regency for the Duchess of Orleans.

⁷ The celebrated naturalist.

⁸ The painter, much in vogue at that time in France.

I hear the Duke of Wellington is coming here in less than a week with Lord Douro (who I am sorry to hear is a stick), Hume, and a Jones of his own.

My letters are unavoidably dull just now.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 25, 1825.

My dearest sister,—We are leading so quiet and one-day-like-another a life that I feel, as I used often to do at Wherstead, a great laziness. When I am undone for a moment of leisure, I often write you a longer letter than when my whole day is at my command. Yet I have, one always has, a great deal to say.

The Ellises come here every day, often in the morning, almost always to dinner, save when Jarnac and Vaudémont snap them up. We go nowhere, but then it is that the garden of an evening is so cool and so sweet. His Excellency the great promoter of junkets is unable yet to go beyond it, Mr. Frere is so pleasant and so lazy, and the habit of going out gains on one more than any other. Mr. Frere lives nearly entirely with us. He is almost as fond of Georgiana as I am, and thinks her quite adorable.

The Hardys, Lady Euston, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Mr. Blakeney, who is with him, dine here. Of the last I am in the same doubt as my son Granville. ‘Who’s the old fellow, mama? Is he a relation or a what-d’ye-call-it?’

The Duchesse de Guiche has broken a small blood-vessel, does not stir out. It is said that the Major has been all but forbidden the house, and certainly he never seems to go there from hence as he used with drums and flourish of trumpets when the clock struck ten. His own excellent taste and judgment have led him to select Princesse Bagration as his consolation. He came

here this morning looking very ill and low, and has begged for leave of absence to go to Chantilly, 'ill, oppressed, wishing to be where there is nobody.'

French people are now really and honestly gone into the country. If they do come to Paris, they do not appear.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris: July 28, 1825.

The Ellises were, of course, very unhappy at missing you, but perfectly reasonable about it. They set off at ten this morning. She is really the most attaching, the most loveable, the most faultless of people, and he has many good and amiable qualities, and does and will improve every day. He is a very great addition to society, and we shall miss him very much in that respect. With all this he would be very much astonished if he knew that I think his understanding the weak part of him. He has a wonderful memory, a very cheerful and very busy mind, and his education has been, by himself chiefly, *très soigné*; but it is his judgment that fails, and the calibre of his mind is not above being actuated and governed by a hundred little motives. In short, make him a cleverer man, and he would be everything one could wish. At the same time I think him much better and more amiable in fact than in appearance, and an infinitely pleasanter and gayer companion than many cleverer men. He adores her, but his fault *en ménage* is keeping her back in spirits, conversation, and importance, not by any active measure, but by a habit of never having in society the least consideration, deference, or delicacy of feeling towards anybody. I think that is the great *péché* in his character, and it exasperates his enemies and depresses his friends. She has none of his faults, is very fond of him, and visits upon herself the effects of his *manière*

d'être. She is quite adored, and I think most by Susy, Mr. Frere, and myself.

To-day we dine early, and Granville and I go to see 'Le Roman,' a very good play of Delavigne's.

The Duchess of Hamilton came the other night. She looks thin, but always beautiful. Her manner I think very disagreeable, so forced in gaiety, making her so little available as a companion upon any subject. All my natural thoughts and movements abandon me when I am sitting with her, and I remain looking at her fine face, now all astonishment, and now all animation, and now all tenderness for the Duke, just as I sit looking at a diorama. God bless you, dear, dearest sister.

TO LADY G. MORPETH.

Paris : August 1, 1825.

Dearest sister,—I did not hear from you last night, but I have not answered your letter of the courier before. It is odd that you should have made all the reflections which have been lately crowding into my mind, and that you should have begun occupying yourself more at the precise time I have.

I have begun reading the Bible with notes regularly. I always liked what is called serious reading, to me so much more light in hand than much that is called lively.

But the conviction that study of the Scriptures and prayer gives to one's feelings the warmth and life which we attribute the want of to very different causes is stronger in me every day; and I think it a beautiful and most delightful confirmation of all that the Bible is, that it should be not only the most interesting, but the most awakening pursuit, so that all that is in the letter, when once read in the spirit, becomes the delight and comfort of one's life. I do not say one word yet as to myself. I am so far from what I ought to be; but I am much better in intention, a little in practice.

I ascribe to talking with your Georgiana and some books Agar lent me a much stronger wish to do right, a much greater conviction of having been wrong than I have felt for years.

It is such a mistake thinking that religion is a damper of happiness, or relaxes one's performance of moral duties. I have not time to say half what I think now, but there is no danger of not having enough of me on the subject in the course of time.

We are now living really in retirement, dining constantly alone, our evenings almost always at home.

Last Friday was the best proof of the best part of society having left Paris. I was really, and for the first time, quite *excédée* with a long soirée, not enlivened by one agreeable addition, or at least the few such were quite overlaid by bores and tigers.

*TO LADY CARLISLE.*¹

Paris: September 1825.

I own myself wholly selfish, my dearest sister. I am quite engrossed with one idea. I cannot resist the hope that you will spend the winter here. Granville and Abercromby think it almost certain. You must not wonder, then, if a prospect of so much happiness, happiness that would hardly leave me a wish, quite fills my mind. Abercromby tells me the Hollands are at Calais, that my brother comes in October. Add us, and I think there are inducements enough in point of society. Then surely as a matter of prudence and arrangement your coming abroad must be almost indispensable. I am glad to hear that poor Lord Carlisle's death was so tranquil. I suppose you will go to Chatsworth in the first instance.

I have been occupied all day with nursing my

¹ Lord Morpeth succeeded his father on September 4.

darling little Granville. He has had a most feverish attack, which has obliged us to delay his journey for two or three days.

Monday.—My dearest little Granville has been very unwell. He had, I believe, a little overdone riding, swimming, and all the pleasures of holidays at Paris. He has had violent headache and fever, but is much better to-day. God bless you. Granville's best love to you both.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: October 1825.

My dearest G.,—The day that shortened my last turned out very well. We had a delightful drive to the Château du Marais, which is very pretty and real country. A short dinner, at which nobody teased me to eat, a beautiful walk by moonlight till nine. Then the 'Philosophe sans le Savoir' and 'L'Héritière,' both extremely well acted. Then supper, then *les récitations* by Madame Delphine Gay, which are quite beautiful. In short, I was landed at the Hôtel d'Eckmuhl at five o'clock in the morning and asleep about all the next day.

Lady Hertford,¹ Lady Hampden,² Pozzo, Rothschild, and four or five men dined here. La Marquise seemed pleased, but very grand and abusing everything. Why did she come? She says herself, 'I really don't know,' so who can?

Yesterday we dined at St. Germain. We found Mesdames de Duras et de Rauzan in a very large, *vieille cour, délabrée* old house. Humboldt and Cuvier dined with us. In the evening we had a great deal of very agreeable talk, and at ten in ran St. Germain, that is, three Davidoffs, Mme. de Fimarçon, Mr. and Miss Cunningham, Mme. de Nadaillac and whiskered men to

¹ Widow of the second Marquis.

² Widow of the last Lord Hampden, who died in 1824.

correspond. They set to and I left them dancing at half-past eleven.

This morning we have been to St. Cloud. Sir T. Lawrence's picture of the King and Dauphin promises perfection. It is really admirable. He has seized the King's countenance and given the Dauphin one.

I think Lord Carlisle will like to know some tidings of the Hollands. I have been there two evenings running. He was very low the first with gout in both hands and one shoulder. She less so, but a very thin woman. She certainly looks older, but, as I tell her, I cannot regret her fat. Yesterday he was much better.

The Duke of Cumberland is arrived. He sits here a good deal of the morning, drops into the Opera box, comes here this evening, dines here to-morrow, and again Friday, to meet, I believe, the Ambassadors and Ministers.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: October 1825.

Well, my dear beloved brother and sister. How are ye? as the Mouchy says. I cannot get above the loss of the one and doubt of the other. I want to lodge an affection in the upper story. Cannot you and Lord Carlisle come for a month merely to economise?

Yesterday in the evening Mme. Appony and some others dropped in and were pleasant.

Private and confidential.—Mme. Appony cried—real hot tears—says she hates it, wishes she could go, is in despair. ‘Elle ne peut pas ouvrir son cœur’ to people who have not the least attraction for her. Now the truth is, she is disgusted with what they have, an impenetrable rudeness and coldness, till they see, like the children, that you mean to like, amuse, and please them. I could not resist telling her that she did open

her heart to myriads of vulgar English. She says, 'C'est que j'adore les Anglais.' But the truth is, they arrived at Rome to fall at her feet and worship her, which, *comme de raison*, makes the task much pleasanter. Her mania is to adore and be adored, which springs from her most amiable and *aimante* disposition, and she is absolutely heart-broken to find that the French do not love her, and that she cannot love them. The mistake is thinking that diplomacy is sentiment, and that the representative of a nation is to find Paris overflowing with sentiment, and rushing into its arms without bribe or reward. To be just to the nation, the cases she compares are different. To be sure the English, when they found her a *puissance* at Rome, with an unbounded house, to which she asked Jack, John, and Jill, idolised her; but I should like to see them, if she had arrived a stranger in London, as she has here, lamenting over her fate, living entirely with Mme. de Polignac and foreigners, and regretting Paris all day long! I do not mean to disparage her in all this. She is a most pleasing, excellent, and, I am sure, attaching person, and her crotchets come from her merits. She is all kindness and warmth to me, and I like her better every time I see her.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1825.

Dearest G.,—We go on with our Cumberland fillip. He joined Susy and me at the Opera last night, and we had also little Prince Frédérique, his son-in-law.¹ Tomorrow we have a dinner of forty people for him, all the Dips and Ministers.

Oh, that I had you with me now! I enjoy myself so much. I never felt so well. The troubles, dissi-

¹ Rather step-son. His mother, Princess Frederick of Prussia, married secondly the Duke of Cumberland.

pation, hot weather, all over. Early hours, regular habits, and long daily drives and expeditions in the curricule or *calèche* have braced me almost up to sprack point. Then my darling Susy is becoming every day more of an occupation, interest, and delight to me.

Dearest, what an odd thing life is, and how it ups and downs, and ebbs and flows, rises and sinks for human beings in general, Mary Fox in particular! You know in England she has short legs, looks a little gummy, is taken out as a good work, and Lansdowne and you find her rather a heavy shuttlecock. You are glad when sparks dance and speak. Here she is a Venus—she is ‘*la plus belle, la plus magnifique, la plus piquante : l’esprit brille dans ses yeux, son âme se voit dans sa charmante figure.*’ She *débutéd* at a little soirée on Monday. Prince Frederick of Prussia did not admire, he immediately fell over head and ears in love. Abercromby, Lord Wriothsesley Russell, young Molyneux ditto, Cradock, Gore, complain of the unfair advantage these early acquaintances have over them, that they cannot approach the most beautiful creature they ever saw. Granville says that at the Princesse Bagration’s she enquired anxiously if ‘*cette belle personne qui vient d’arriver*’ was to be *chez moi* on Friday. In short, Mary is a sort of sky-rocket in Paris. I see her with my London eyes. I see her a bright, good, amiable little thing—rather too precise, but a perfectly amiable little soul. But do you know, the divinity she is considered here makes me laugh, and I think it extremely funny. Seriously, it is delightful, a most charming specimen of *les compensations de la destinée*. I think, (private and confidential) either Ralph Abercromby or Wrio Russell would propose to-morrow, but I believe they would approve of neither. I think Mrs. Abercromby would like it of all things, she loves Mary so very much.

Mrs. Fox is also very fond of her; says she is the best little creature that ever was.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1825.

My dearest sister,—I have not left my room till this morning. You have therefore to represent to yourself myself in bed or on a couch, drinking gruel, and yesterday, very comfortable I must own, with Granville and the children about me, instead of going to a ball at Stanislas Potoski.

Lady Holland would not let Mary go, though I had made Stanislas ask Charles and Mrs. Fox. I must be explicit with her about my impossibility of being chaperon. I delight in having her *chez moi* and taking her to the Opera, but more I cannot do.

The Huskissons arrive on Saturday. We lodge them in your rooms and remain here till the 1st of November. I am delighted at this, for I have a terror of a smell of paint. I believe I told you that Mr. Luttrell is arrived. Also Mr. and Miss Rogers. Sir T. Lawrence is still here. The Duke of Cumberland stayed two hours with me this morning, and I felt the old story of ‘not tired, sir, but ill.’ It was the first return I made to high life below stairs—I was dying for my gruel, and am, in short, in a very poor way.

I must tell you an instance of Frenchness, unparalleled, I think. You know that I went to the Marais. You don’t know perhaps that the heroine of *les deux pièces* was Madame Molé—that she acted *des rôles de dix-sept ans*, being nearer fifty than forty, acts them in despite of its being so offensive to her husband, that he leaves the house during the performance. Five or six days ago this same Madame Molé sent to entreat me to lend her ‘Mathilda,’ that she was dying to read it. Yesterday

Madame Molé's breast was cut off for a cancer. I can think of nothing else, and her figure in the *rôle de l'Héritière* is constantly before me.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1825.

My dearest Sis,—The last days have been terribly busy. Court on Sunday, and yesterday a day of pleasure at Bagration's. We assembled at one. I sat through a two hours' *déjeuner* between Prussia and Cumberland. Mary Fox at my right hand, between Prince Augustus and the Duke of Brunswick. Dancing afterwards. The admiration of Mary is quite wondrous. All the Royalties were *à ses troussees*, but I tremble for the question of real business. Lord Wrio is gone to England, where, I hear, he is attached to Miss Russell. Abercromby, with his usual prudence, has *tiré son épingle du jeu*. The Major, admiring her enthusiastically, pays her no attention, thinking her, I suppose, about thirty years too young. Lord Holland was at the breakfast as happy and sprack as possible. She is better, and Grantham having stuck to the *premier*, she is resigned and about to descend to the *rez de chaussée*.

I had hoped that Mary's charms and success would have attracted numberless sparks to the Hôtel Meurice, but what with the shades on the candles and the awfulness of the *séance*, it seems to me that nobody goes there but the old *affidés*, Luttrell, Rogers, etc., and a few old *savants*.

To-day we have at dinner the Abercrombys, their last day, alas ! I like them both extremely. The little faults are all skin-deep, and she is excellent, devoted to her husband and Ralph. I do not mean to put forth that she is faithfully devoted to the elder as a merit, but she is attentive and unselfish, and that has nothing to

do with an ugly or pretty face. My brother's eye will see upon her the last *nuances* of the fashion.

Mme. de Guiche reappeared yesterday. The Major stayed away, which *intrigué*d the world very much. Some think he has had a quarrel with Bagration, others that an encounter with the rival queens would have been too much for his nerves.

Mme. Juste came forth also, just as civil, good-humoured, and gracious as when she went in, evidently having passed all the summer in saying ah-a-a-ah.

We have not begun to dress yet, but are wearing out our old clothes. There is going to be another respite, the King being gone to-day till the 4th, when the Court returns from Compiègne.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 1825.

I was delighted to receive your letter last night, my very dear sister. I can fancy I see you all, and Sterky amongst you. A *douceur* to a governess always goes to my heart, and she does so richly deserve it.

I did not write by the last courier, and for why? I have been tormented with pain in my face, and its effect was so wearying and discouraging that I felt a letter would have been worse than none. I am better, but was awake almost all last night with it. The fact is, my dear, I must have a tooth out, which makes me frightened and like a naughty child, but it is the only real remedy. We live a great deal now *en petit comité*. Huskissons, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Luttrell, Nugent, often Hollands. Lady Holland has got a house in the Rue Grange Batelière. Mary is still admired with enthusiasm at my soirées, but there is nothing like a prospect. I am sure Lady Holland would scorn the attachés, and her manner has already warned them all off. Mary generally sits between Charles and Mrs.

Fox—I conclude ordered to do so, and yesterday evening I called there and only found the two doctors, old Gallois and an author by way of sparks. The Sandons dined here yesterday. They go to-day. She is perfectly beautiful when she does not speak, and only rather less so when she does. You can imagine nothing like the beauty of the profile and forehead, but it is the pure result of one's reasoning faculties, for she is without the usual little traps for one's imagination, *sans* curl, *sans* flounce, *sans* stays, *sans* everything but a few shifts, the upper one smarter than the others, tied round her with a string, and her hair dragged and tied out of the way as if to prepare for bathing. She seems very pleasing, he is delightful.

Is dearest Hart coming? How enraptured he will be with our house! We shall be settled there in a week. I will draw you a plan, and describe colours, furniture, etc., to enclose in my next. How happy I shall be to have him again!

To-night I have a tiny soirée for Prince Frederick of Prussia, who goes on Friday.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 1825.

Dearest G.,—Only a few lines to-day, my dearest, to tell you I have been suffering more or less from toothache ever since I last wrote. You will pity me when I tell you that I have not even time for tooth-drawing.

I had the *traitement* yesterday, to-day a dinner at Villèle's, to-morrow my soirée, Saturday and Sunday dinners at home. All this extra work in honour of Mr. Huskisson. Tuesday, *je subirai l'opération*—pity your cowardly sister. I do not spare you the details. It is my front tooth I must lose, but we part to meet again. My dentist tells me it will not be a very painful job,

and *embellira ma bouche d'une manière étonnante*. It is now much longer than the others, discoloured, all shaking. He will extricate it with his finger and thumb, restore its hue, file it, and stick it in again, quite even with the others. Monsieur de Forges, a charming man, makes it quite pleasant. *Nous passerons la matinée ensemble*, as I am to sit with a false tooth in my mouth till he has prepared my own. I am so worn with pain that I am reduced to long for Tuesday.

I am beginning to return my visits, that I may not let them accumulate. I do not wear myself, and it is over for the year. I seldom, now I know their dear little habits and outings, find anybody at home. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Hôtel d'Eckmuhl, Paris: November 1825.

Yes, my dear. Here I am, free from pain, with a gap in my mouth as big as the middle arch of London Bridge. The tooth is out, and the sensation of room and purity and *aisance* in my mouth is so delicious, that I cannot bear the idea of having it replaced.

I am shut up, and sent excuses to a dinner at Neuilly yesterday, one at Rothschild's to-morrow, Villèle's to-day, Mr. Brown Saturday.

About Thursday I shall reappear to the world, new toothed and new furnished.

I hope Hart will not arrive till the gap is filled up. He would swoon at the sight. Everybody knows I am ill, and Mrs. Huskisson, who is extremely kind and zealous, goes about making a great case of me. I am one, but only to the eye at this moment.

I have been this morning very busy, packing up all my goods, burning notes, sorting papers, sending back home borrowed books.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: November 1825.

Dearest sister,—I am quite free from pain, but do not go out of an evening. We have very agreeable ones, *en très petit comité*.

Mr. Sneyd is delightful, for with all his faults he has a mind that reaches all subjects, and understands all thoughts, and a real attachment and devotion to his friends. We had a two hours' talk yesterday, which brushed up my wits, and made me remember the time when I was intelligent.

Here is Mr. Jones in an agitation about covers for chairs and some new couches, and I must heed him.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: November 1825.

My dearest sister,—The comfort and delight of being *chez nous* in this delicious house, everything clean and warm, is not to be described, especially as the Hôtel d'Eckmuhl had begun to look gloomy without, and to feel cold within.

My mouth is so comfortable without its tooth that I cannot bear to have the new one stuck in. Yet, *vu* many considerations, to-morrow at twelve I go to the dentist. It is not to hurt at all, and I shall not be obliged to look demure, and pinch up my ideas and mouth as I did yesterday, when, in compliance with Granville's wish, I dined at home with Huskissons, Mr. Wilmot, Vesey Fitzgerald and attachés, gap and all. They seemed to observe nothing, and, unless I am very merry indeed, it is not very obvious. I have been out for the first time this morning, paying about fifteen visits. I only found two old ladies at home, both toothless themselves, so I hope not *exigeantes* on that score.

Dearest sister, I must have done, as the post is going.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 29, 1825.

I hasten to make up by one line for my idleness. It will not outlive the Gowers, who, alas! have fixed their departure for the 4th. She is a dear and delightful person, not Georgiana, but I love her very much. Elizabeth is a little heaven-born *grande dame*.

Yesterday we went to a brilliant *soirée* at Mme. Appony's, on Friday I have another *soirée dansante*. What would the *parlez-vous* do without us? We are both worried, as she invites, and the worry of it is tremendous, as my Fridays are reception to the French and I have the dread of numbers. I trust in my house, which I believe could hold five or six hundred, even when but half of it is open. But it is the devil of a question between *prier et non prier*. Madame Appony finds that many come without invitation, and the immense trouble of inviting for each separate day, besides affronts, forgets, etc.

This made me determine to receive, and hitherto none but the best company have ventured; but I am aware of the danger, though assured by many that none will come without knowing me well, an invitation *de vive voix*, or some sort of encouragement. You may, however, *entrevoir* how these perplexities annoy at times ambassadors, those poor drudges of society, and that are increased to me by the shoals of English, furious at not being always invited, and all the better sort of English and French disgusted if they are. The *nuances* to be observed make it a *travail*, wearing to my spirit and Madame Appony's flesh, of which, poor suffering saint, she is almost bereaved. Cattie¹ came to a *partie fine* the other day. I thought she would have

¹ Lady Catherine, wife of Mr. Charles Cavendish, created in 1858 Lord Chesham.

died of it, and she sat squaring at them with a look of defiance.

I sometimes wish the game was played, and then thoughts of selfishness, Granville, my comforts and enjoyments rush upon me. I get hot all over and am tempted to make a curtsey to the situation and say, 'I beg you a thousand pardons. I am as happy as possible.'

Pray understand me and keep all my secrets.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 5, 1825.

(Dearest sister,—I had begun to the Duchess of Northumberland, repent and send it to you.)

A thousand thanks, my dearest Duchess, for your kind letter. I always hear of you and from you with a mixture of two feelings, regret for myself that I have no chance of seeing you here, and disinterested satisfaction for you that you have no chance of coming. I think the mere remembrance of your last visit would take away from you all enjoyment. And yet if you could persuade yourself to leave England once more for France, and above all, if you were to date your visit any time between June and November, I think you would find it answer to you as pleasure, without obliging you to pay any tax for it.

My life is now one of great comparative repose. I have stated days for my various duties, and many of complete leisure. I like some people better, and know how to keep off those I do not. Society is not the sort of puzzling maze it was to me at my first arrival, and I often think of how much more use I could be to you when sitting in judgment over a visiting-list. I do not think intimacy is either sought or to be found here. Their object is to be amused and received. They are

like children, clever, lively, troublesome children, without tact, without *suite*, noisy and rude—if you spoil them. If kept in order, gay and animated, easily pleased and rarely offended. I do not think them as a nation false or capricious, or that they are to be measured by the same rule as any other people on earth. Their impressions are all uncommonly vivid. Their expressions of affection, admiration, delight proportionately strong. You deceive yourself, if you reckon upon this, but it is your own fault.

Dearest sister, I have little time and must write to the Duchess,¹ but it occurs to me, prudent, diplomatic creature that I am, *à quoi bon* to put her in possession of my secret, my great secret, what I think of the *parlez-vous*.

Dearest sister, we are much shocked to see in ‘Galignani’ an account of the poor Duchess’s² death. No private letter had mentioned it.

The following letter was addressed, unsigned, to the Duke of Devonshire, and it is here inserted, as giving an amusing account of society in Paris at this time:—

Paris : December 14, 1825.

The Duke of Hamilton is not Duke of Chatelleraut³ at last, which strikes me as comical. It is true the King said, ‘Madame, vous voilà à votre place.’ It is true that the Duke claimed the *petites entrées*, was stopped, and the obstacle removed by the voice of the Duc de Damas, which smote the ears of the astonished pages with, ‘Laissez entrer Monsieur le Duc de Chatelleraut,’ and yet it is equally true that this most high, puissant, and illustrious mountebank must for the pre-

¹ Duchess of Northumberland.

² The Duchess of Rutland, Lord Carlisle’s sister.

³ The Duke of Abercorn claims this title as heir male of the first Duke, but Louis Napoleon granted it to the Duke of Hamilton, no doubt because he had married his cousin Princess Marie of Baden.

sent live on ham and bran.¹ That perfidious monarch, Charles X., entirely denies that he has admitted the claim or given any decision on the case, and when reminded of his speech to the Duchess, he said that any English duchess who asked for the *tabouret* should have it equally with those of France. This was the unkindest cut of all, since it robs the barren honour of the only distinction it conferred.

There is an excellent batch of English. The Hollands have a good apartment and an excellent cook. She is very well and to me all smiles, but to her *alentours* rather more in the termagant line than common. To the awestruck world who frequent her house (the most strict, undivorced, and ultra-duchesses now go there) she appears encompassed by a solemnity and state of fan and elbow-chair and shaded light which make them suppose themselves in the presence of Maria Theresa at least.

Lady Grantham goes forth into the haunts of men and women, and the men treat her with the sort of homage one hears was shown to Lady Coventry in former times. The admiration she excites is quite curious and, when one sees her sail like a swan into a covey of old crows such as Lady Granville's *salon* usually exhibits, one must admit very just.

The little Lady—— sits at the end of a long table, dressed like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, doing the honours (you know) of the most costly banquets (you know) and getting as drunk as a fiddler (you know).

Lady Granville is still the people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme, De Noailles' vision, Mrs. Mitchell's dream. From the most insolent of the Frenchwomen to the vulgarest of the English her popularity runs through all the compass of the notes. And what is

¹ Hamilton and Brandon.

still more charming of her, she is exactly the same as she used to be.

Old Vaudémont, who is charming, received me with open arms. She had an audience of the King the other day, to return thanks for his condolences on the death of the Prince de Lambesc,¹ and she could think of nothing more pressing than to give him a regular scold for the state of the road between Paris and Turenne. Unfortunately, she concluded her tirade with, 'Sire, on en parle, on dit des choses.' 'Qu'on dise ce qu'on veut, madame, cela m'est égal; je ne m'en soucie guère,' interrupted the most Christian, who is at this moment particularly sore on the subject of *on dits*.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 18, 1825.

I am ashamed of the shabby scrap I wrote last post, but I had so much to do, I did not know how to get through my work.

Dearest sister, when I give my sweeping condemnation of the French, you must not only not quote me, but you must not believe me.

What I mean is that when instances of individual *noirceur* come out, I feel disgusted with the offender, and irritated with them all for feeling nothing about anything, but as I go on I like some of them much better, and in my calmer moments I allow for them.

The two things that have exasperated me of late have been their total insensibility to Mme. de Guiche's danger and dreadful sufferings, her dearest friends just as gay and dissipated at the moment she was supposed to be dying, and the little sensation made by Mme. de——'s conduct and the duel. They treated it as a joke and a speculation, and now that she has weathered it, they will treat her just as before.

¹ Brother of the Prince de Vaudémont.

What, however, is all this to me? I deaf and dumb it, and am going this evening to see all the actors chirping together like grasshoppers at Mme. Juste's.

I have just had with me dear innocent Mrs. Ellice, whom I love. Whenever there is troubled water she is sure to be a fish in it, but never from inclination or malice, always dipped into it by some wily angler.

Lady Grantham is very much admired and very much liked. The girl seems a fine, animated, intelligent creature, but they do not admire her looks, and will not believe she is not *sœur aînée* to Lady G.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 1825!

Where are you, my own dearest sister? If Hart is with you, tell him I implore him to send me Derbyshire productions. They asked me mints in a shop the other day for two hideous bits of the old purple spa, set as candlesticks. Ask him if he thinks I ought to send *étrennes* to my English here as well as my French, such as Lady Hunloke, Lady Bath, and Mrs. Ellice, or if it will be considered as fishing for a return, and if to the French, he advises my sending them off in the first instance or waiting to return those I receive. What am I to do to Rothschild, who gave my boy a magnificent *étrenne* last year? I implore him to write an essay upon the subject. It is as bad as the 'Sacre.' I have commissioned the Poodle to send me some English china, steel things, poplins, and any new sort of trinket. Also a model of the passage under the Thames—have you seen or heard of it? Some of the French have seen one and rave of it, and dear Mrs. Juste said, 'Mon Dieu, comme j'aimerais en avoir un pour étrenne!' looking me full in the face.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 1825.

I have been paying visits till I am half dead, my dearest sister, and met at some of them poor dear Lady Grantham, wading away *de son côté*, looking worn and exhausted at the laborious work. To me it is a mere joke compared with last year, and to you I may say that the sort of enthusiastic *accueil* I now receive must and does gild the pill. In one way I deserve it, for I go it like a dray-horse, and the reward is meeting civil and conciliated faces at every turn.

I found Lady Bath having just heard of the Dowager Lady Bath's ¹ death. She fell out of bed and broke her leg. The manner of it more than the event, which they had long expected, makes it a shock to them.

Lady Grantham and her girl were at a ball at Lady Aldborough's last night. Miss Robinson, dressed by Frédérique and Victorine, looked very handsome and was much admired. They rave of Lady Grantham's beauty, as well they may. She looks amongst them like a moon shining upon a common of furze bushes.

Saturday.—The Emperor of Russia is dead. The news is this moment arrived. I heard it at the Duchesse de Duras' and have not yet seen Granville. It is a great event and makes a sensation, to judge by her *salon*, that private calamities never do at Paris. I do not understand the bearings of political events, but great effects seem to be expected, and the politicians seem all to be in a tumult of emotion. I am very sorry for Pozzo. It is a shame even to think that I do not go to Court to-morrow, that a *spectacle à la cour* and two great balls at Pozzo's and Potoski's are taken off the load of this week.

¹ She was ninety-one.

1826

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: January 1826.

Dearest of dear sisters,—I was so busy about my ball, that I had not one moment last courier.

My invitations are all gone, and I have now only left the bore of answering fresh applications.

My house, which was opened last night with a dinner of forty-four English, looks more brilliant and enormous than I can describe. I have asked eleven hundred and fifty, and as the Russians and several great mournings in private families have brought me a number of excuses, I have no fear of crowd. We open the *rez de chaussée*—the *serre* with a carpet doubled of scarlet cloth, eighteen lustres with lamps and six divans, the same temperature as the rooms, with all the doors and windows taken off in the ball- and drawing-rooms. Three *salons au premier*, five whist-tables in the *salon vert*, *écarté*, newspapers and books of prints in the *State couleur de paille* bedroom.

A buffet below in the first dining-room till supper. At one the large dining-room open with hot and cold supper.

Royalty does not come. The King wishes Mme. de Berri not to go beyond the Tuileries. This is charming.

My dearest, your letter about George¹ and his address made me pipe. He is adorable in all he does.

¹ Lady Granville was very fond of her nephew Lord Morpeth, and he was much attached to her. In his Journal, which has been privately printed, he wrote of her at the time of her death as follows: 'So pass a heart and mind seldom equalled singly, but in their union perhaps never.'

I think everybody seems to think that for so young a man, and with such prospects of every kind, the giving up was right as to taste and policy. I hope whatever he does, whenever he does, he will always be perfectly independent, stand upon his own ground, act upon his own thoughts, because nobody has such sound ones, give his own vote, because it is sure to be the right one.

All this may be slip-slop, or nonsense, or treason. *Je vous le jette en passant.* You need not pick it up if you do not fancy it.

Here is a note. 'Que de grâce ne mettez-vous pas à tout ce que vous faites, à tout ce que vous pensez, à tout ce que vous devinez même!' I quote, because butter gives no pleasure, unless that of your knowing it is spread.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : January 1826.

Dearest,—I have a worried feel to-day, and I ask why, and I say,—

I tore open a letter directed to Mme. de Gontaut by mistake.

I can't make my accounts come right.

I have had a very cross letter from Lady Jersey, and though I can't abide her, I am sorry that her hats and pelisses don't fit her. I know the cap that does.

I went last night to a soirée, and five little insolent *élégantes* gave themselves airs, and I felt angry, and am ashamed of the feeling.

My Fridays worry me. On the last, numbers of French came without invitations, and I hear, do not repeat this, that in consequence of the novelty and success of my ball, they all intend coming every Friday in the year, and I hear of several people I scarcely know pretending they have received a general invitation to cover their proceedings. Now if I get out of this scrape

I make them furious. If I do not, my house will soon be like a bear-garden. Granville says never mind, and I am sorry I do. The English are angels, never come unasked and charmed when they are, and such dears.

The middle windows of the white and gold drawing-room and the furthest of the two end rooms open to the conservatory, which is like a long gallery, full of flowers, divans, chairs, etc. Oh, could you see the flirtations!

From this, being so unlike anything else, you can have no idea of the fuss made about it, and from this springs my woe. They all tell me I have spoilt them for anything else, and I hear people go about the balls saying: 'Ah, mon Dieu, il n'y a pas de serre ici.' I believe the truth, because of the misfortune. Had I an ugly house and nobody liking to come, I suppose I should fret about that. And these are the people who pretend not to go out during the *Carême*. *Au reste*, when their curiosity is satiated, and the daring have had a look, I suppose they will be ashamed of persevering, and as my rooms are large, I hope to weather the first rush, especially as I have sent out formal invitations for next Friday and tell all my friends to put it about that I do not receive, but invite.

What little *misères* these must seem to you, my dearest dear sis. But my life is brimful of them, and it is a pity that what is called success does not elate me, and that little *contretemps* disturb me.

You are not in my debt, and Susy will not let you go astray in money matters, rest assured. She governs the whole house, our pockets and hearts. God bless you, ever dearest.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: February 1826.

Dearest sister,—I have been worried, but easy again. I invite, and it is now only the bore of having to do it,

and the complaints and grievances of those who are omitted or forgotten.

People talk of nothing but me and my soirées to me, but I never believe one word they say. I admire my house and not myself, so I am still less credulous about the latter than the former. How does Hart manage in London? I do not think people ever grumble about not being asked, or come if they are not.

Lady Grantham went with me last night to a little soirée. They admired her extremely, but it was hot, noisy, and ill-bred, and I came home with her, both agreeing that they do not understand society.

At my ball I heard that when the French people came up to a quadrille, they turned from it with disgust if there were any English. ‘Ah, mon Dieu, il y a des Anglaises.’ The fact is that the butter is spread upon a *fonds* of hatred and jealousy towards *nous autres*, and then we meet it with an undue degree of *hauteur* and coldness. I do not mean me. They are really in general civil and so am I, but it is in spite of our teeth.

I went to see the Duchess of Bedford yesterday morning. She is still on her couch, very entertaining and agreeable, and her *franc-parler* is a treasure here.

Granville seems to have no thought of asking for leave this year. Will it bring you here? I have no philosophy for this failing me. I look to it as to Heaven. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : February 9, 1826.

Dear, dearest sister,—I am so happy to hear of Caroline’s¹ confinement, and trust in your next letter you will be able to tell me that her recovery is without a drawback.

¹ Lascelles.

We have the most heavenly weather, and I have been enjoying myself to the greatest degree in the Champs Elysées. It was rather too fashionable, and I am obliged to squiddle, and to link and loop home with Mons. Molé. This will change my hour.

This evening I expect a very few people. I had nearly four hundred last Friday, but such is the delight of my conservatory that the only fault of my soirée was, with that number, not being quite full enough, such is the space for meandering and circulating.

Conceive my rage, having thought myself particularly careful and select the Friday before last, in inviting but few people, with the addition of several who came uninvited, when Madame Davidoff said to me, 'Je vous avoue, ma chère, que je suis indignée de voir que plus de Français ne viennent chez vous,' and this in the simplicity of her heart, really thinking that the French honour me by coming, not I them by asking. This makes me see that I am quite right in having made my Fridays invited soirées instead of receptions. They will be much more valued and people will find that I am not at their mercy.

This would not do if they were ugly, but as they really are very nice, and that the Château people are my *affidés*, and come whenever my door is open, and also the Orleans people, quite a different set, I dare risk leaving out some.

This is for you alone. I sometimes let out a bit of my mind, but they are all the better for beating.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : February 15, 1826.

Much writing is out of the question this week, dear, dearest sister. You have no idea of the turmoil. I have just torn off my finery, having been all day at a child's ball given in the morning by the Duchesse de Berri.

There are balls and soirées every night, everybody poking in their little efforts at the expiration of the *Carnaval*. I fear they will live to dance another day, and that the *Carême* is not the holiday it pretends to be.

Everybody thinks Granville is going to be sent to Ireland, and Lord Wellesley to India, and the Duke of Bedford told him to-day it is given as the reason that Mr. Canning is afraid of his ruining himself if he remains here.

Little Johnny Russell¹ is here, white as a sheet and smelling of ether. I am afraid he must be in very bad health.

The Duchesse de Guiche² is worse again. Doratt has been called in, and I hear doubts the possibility of her recovery. The Duchesse de Financourt drags her Duke about to all the balls, making the most absurd and disgusting demonstrations of tenderness, sits by him at supper, all but kisses him.

Lady Grantham is very happy and well-amused, and her girl is a fine, natural, well-disposed creature, but body and mind want pruning.

My love to Lord Carlisle and George. When will he come to give me spirits and enjoyment, and my brother, whom the *élégantes* are yearning for?

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: February 1826.

The prospect of seeing dearest Hart is most delightful. It will be such real happiness, which few things are. Thank him for his letter and advice.

My morning has been swallowed up by a long visit from Mme. de Broglie. You know what I think of her. She is the best person I know, and totally unlike a Frenchwoman. Perfectly true in manner and in mind,

¹ He died in 1878, in his eighty-sixth year.

² She lived to a very advanced age.

and her beauty and attraction give a most peculiar charm to her simplicity and unworldliness.

I have only two more Fridays after to-night—a fortnight's rest, and on the 31st a concert. Tell dearest Hart to be here. I have been arranging it with Rossini already—four hundred people in my great room and all the best singers.

I am so relieved and light in spirits. Write to me. It is such a joy to hear from you now.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: February 1826.

I hear of nothing but the universal distress and poverty in England, but the breaking of the Malton bank is what really vexes me, as anything that annoys or worries you must always do.

A lady I have not asked to-night has just sent me a note to beg me to allow her to bring her uncle.¹ It is too difficult and troublesome, but I must put everything on a better and severer footing.

En attendant, the crack people flock to me, and when I see how rude they are to one another, I cannot be surprised at anything.

The Duc de Dalberg gave an assembly the other night. The *entrée* and *sortie* were difficult and tedious, and the company very mixed. They complained and scolded, and the exquisites boasted of having told him they never would go near them again. I sometimes wish they would tell me so and keep their word, but as far as that goes one lady told me at Mme. de Dalberg's in her hearing, 'Il n'y a que chez vous qu'on est bien. Ceci est insupportable.' They are born bears.

¹ Lady Granville once said to a lady who came to a party unasked, 'Toujours enchantée de vous voir, invitée ou pas invitée.'

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : March 10, 1826.

Dearest sister,—Your account of Belvoir is just what I think we should have expected, but I think him, when he has ceased doing all he seems to do for her memory and his sense of her merits, from circumstances and feelings the most likely man in the world to marry again.

Dearest Hart. You cannot conceive with all your powers of conception, I beg your pardon, what a delight it is to me to have him. He enters into all my pleasures and worries—understands the last and doubles the former. He tells me he is pleased with a room near the sky, consequently airy, with a view of the gold dome of the Invalides, which has been backed by an Italian blue sky from the moment he arrived. He allows my little pretension of comparing my villa in the Faubourg St. Honoré to Chiswick. And, dear sis, if you could see me at this moment! I am writing in the end of the conservatory. Behind my soft comfortable divan is a little grove of orange-trees and lilacs, a large basketful of moss and violets upon the table, and, all along the gallery I look down, every flower of the spring. My garden will double my enjoyment, but for the moment I shut it quite out, as the grass, newly sown, and the bare bones of the trees form only a contrast to the hot glowing summer within. I always come down after breakfast, and walk and talk and sit with Hart for about an hour. At two we went the well-known round—Northumberland, Dalberg, Juste, Alfred, Mme. Appony, Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Granard, where we found Lady Ranccliffe. Hart was good-natured and I civil.

We have given Clifford a room in the house. He is such a good and amiable creature and fit to die of pleasure and laughter.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : March 1826.

My dearest sister,—We are very well and I have ten days' quiet before me. The procession to-day was beautiful. Hart, Mr. Sneyd, Bourke, Susy, Lady Charlotte Thynne and I squeezed into a balcony, in spite of the east wind. A bright sun and bright blue sky. Crowds of people, but a broad space found for the procession.

First, myriads of priests, all in their full costume, walking in two rows and chaunting. Then the Cross, with the higher orders of the clergy.

Then the Duc de Chartres in uniform, a handsome boy, walking with his father and aides-de-camp. The Duke of Orleans looking like thunder.

Then the Dauphin and suite, looking hustled, his eyes fixed on his book.

Then the King, pale, old, adorable.

Then Madame, white hat and feather, and pelisse.

Then Berri, all over ermine.

Then *les Dames de la Cour, outrées*, blown by the wind, overwhelmed by the crowd, fasting, perished, fatigued.

It is the first time this has happened in France, and the sensation is extreme. Bourke furious. 'Oh ! quelle belle arlequinade, et moi je suis d—ée pour être avec vous autres. Les dames iront demain au Père-Lachaise.'

I thought it a very imposing spectacle, but the folly of supposing it a virtue. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : April 1826.

I am so delighted with your letter. Do I like the situation of Grosvenor Place? Why, my dear, with your balcony and fields you may make it like a villa.

We have been spending a delicious morning at

nursery gardens, and what do you think that dear, kind, magnificent brother has done? Seeing that my garden is my hobby, and aware of what the beauty of the conservatory is to me, how it enlivens the Saturday mornings and concerts to have *élégantes* overshadowed by camelias, etc., he has spent an enormous sum, ordering me the finest plants you ever saw. The *pivoine en arbre*, double red camelias, two, three hundred francs each, and some more things, which people go to see as as a sight, will all be found flourishing in my *serre*. I am pleased beyond reason and diamonds. A minor but great satisfaction is that my grass is beginning to grow, and will be green for my breakfasts. When shall I see you, beloved sister, sitting in bowers?

The bother now is innumerable dinners and Court dress every fortnight for the dreadful *jeux* at the Tuileries.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: May 1826.

Dearest sister,—I am just come from the Tuileries. Think of dressing at five, swallowing dinner like pills, rushing out on a winter night, and all to find I had mistaken the day, and have it all to do over again on Sunday next!

Yesterday morning I woke upon a storm of snow and hail, fine weather for a *déjeuner* methought. However, nothing discouraged, I had, this is for Hart, the calorifers heated, fires lit in the green and yellow drawing-rooms, and luncheon prepared, expecting nobody. Well, as it happened, it was the most brilliant *matinée* I have had. All enchanted. They dread the air as cats do water, and the beauty and warmth of the *serre*—imagine it with the geraniums and roses all blown, and occasionally bright gleams of sun, with the garden looking through the windows like a diorama

—prove to me that my house defies climate as it does crowd. They staid till half-past five and licked all the platters quite clean, and talked of the *jardin d'hiver*, *et le palais d'Armide et la fée bienfaisante*, till even I was tired with my hobby.

I ought to be at this moment at Mme. de Villèle's and Lady Grantham's, but I thought I owed myself a *dédommagement* for my Tuileries mishap, so I came home, dragged off my diamonds and put on my bedgown, *et me voici comme coq en pâte*.

Poor Mme. de Guiche is, I fear, dying. The accounts to-day are very bad. Not a soirée do her bosom friends forego, and Mme. Juste is at home to-morrow.

Sydney Smith preached a most beautiful, eloquent sermon this morning to a crowded, alas! dining-room. I like him better so than when in society. He is, as Mr. Sneyd says, something between Cato and Punch. You must allow that this describes his physique admirably.

What I meant about Mary Fox is that by nature a little gummy, she is so tied by the leg, watched by the eye, so regulated, so tamed, so told not to say this, not to do that, not to go here, not to stay there, to cut this man, to avoid that girl, that she has lost all effect in society but that of being *généé* herself and a *gêne* to others. Her very beauty suffers from it. She has no spirits, no opinion, no expression, no conversation. Yet she is not low, she is not grave, she is not foolish. She sits by the side of our ladies, and answers very prettily when she is spoken to. I never saw so many natural advantages thrown away. Ibby has as much chance of a lover as she has.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: July 1826.

My dearest beloved sister,—I can only repeat that Paris will do you all the good and just the good you want.

I just now walked into Granville's room and there I found Lord Burghersh.¹ I was not in a plight to squiddle, so I know nothing of him and his rib.

We spent yesterday with the Vaudémonts. I took the Rosamoufskis there, and Granville followed us. Never did I see such a lovely place. The Seine, the roses, the verandah, the shade, all ravished me. Tell Agar we found her delicious *salon* as cool as a well, and full of vases of flowers, low sofas, fauteuils, on which sat and sprawled half a dozen one-eyed elderly ladies in more than *déshabillé*. They look like ogresses. I wish they would eat the dogs.

I find Lord Burghersh is come alone. She is too ill to leave London. He is in high talk and spirits. It is rather hot for both.

It is also too hot to think and write, or do anything but long to see you, and imagine the perfect happiness it will be. I can hardly wait with patience.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: July 2, 1826.

Dearest of sisters,—I have this moment received your long letter, and the hope of seeing you drives me quite wild. I think of it, plan it, rejoice over it all day long, and at a moment when earth, sea, and skies will all be so propitious for enjoyment.

Pray say a great deal from me to Lord Clanwilliam. I can well understand his rapture at being in England

¹ At that time Minister at Florence, and subsequently Ambassador at Vienna. Succeeded his father as Lord Westmorland in 1841.

again, especially after Berlin. Lady Grantham is brimful of speculation, why this and not that and if the other. She is a dear good soul, and tell her I am sorry she is gone, and miss her, for both are true, and she is sometimes so trying, from want of tact and a sort of clumsiness of mind and conduct, that I am pleased and perhaps more surprised at it. As to Lady Caroline and Mr. Sneyd, I am undone without them.

Is Paris in the way to Vienna? That will be a real grievance. I shall die of it, and show the *dépérissement* at each corner of my mouth. Tell her¹ that Herbault² is dead, that the Jesuits have forbidden women to talk, that I am grown beautiful, that there is not a Whig in Paris, and anything you can, to ward off from us this calamity. Leopold, the Duke of Clarence, and all the unseated members we are threatened with are jokes to it. I had rather tuck George the Fourth up in the yellow bed, and have a *sacre* every fortnight. It would be less of weariness and vexation of spirit.

I have nothing to add but that it is a delicious day, and that I have been settling which two chairs in the garden we should sit and talk upon, and what a talk, oh, Heavens!

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: July 10, 1826.

I am perfectly happy now about William. I have written to Mr. Bradford, and have now nothing but hope upon the subject of this dear child, who is, with all his infirmities and peculiarities, a great love. I hope he feels all the kindness that has been shown him, but, as children are odd things, we at all events must supply any deficiencies in that line.

Well, we have got Leopold, and to-day I give him a

¹ Lady Jersey.

² The fashionable milliner.

little soirée, and to-morrow a matinée, and Sunday a dinner. The Baths and the Uptons are our only two *pièces de résistance* remaining *en fait de* society, but there are still here all the Noailles, Standishes, Girardins, Maillés, and many men, such as they are. My garden *fait fureur*, and it is *ravissant* and the wind is westerly, and I hope for such a Saturday as never was to-morrow. It enables me to ravish the new and passing bulls without admitting them into my soirées, and with my boxes to satisfy them.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : July 13, 1826.

Dearest,—Yesterday brought me a great mixture of feelings, and so much to do that I can only write you a few lines.

First, my darling boy very well and such a love. That is unmixed pleasure. Then comes a letter from ——. She is coming immediately. I think this may be a terrible *corvée*, but on the other hand I feel just now a little Quixotic about it, and as if it were possible to do her good. Also great compassion for her, which, however, she may very likely immediately destroy. Next, my dearest, I am in a fever about the black veil. Pray ask Lady Bathurst if Mr. Mitford told her he had left it with me. If he did, I must have sent it, for here it is not. If she hears no more of it, I will send her one, as I am rich and know what sort of veil it was. Then, my dear, where are the white gloves, which I sealed up with my own paw? And now last and biggest. The Curzons. On the head of the *facteur* is the sin of not returning his card, but I cannot but regret not having been civil to friends of Hart. My excuse is that I deprecate people, unless very intimate, not bringing me letters from some one. Why did not Lady Hunloke mention them to me? I see, for

example, Major Curzon in my book. I cannot ask him to dinner at a venture. He may be anybody or nobody.

Adieu, dearest. My three boys are at my elbow. Granville the great is quite well, but his foot does not gain ground. God bless you, ever dearest.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : July 17, 1826.

My own dear sister,—I have made a resolution which I am sure will please you. It is never to let any day pass without doing something which I think particularly disagreeable, such as paying a visit, sending a note, writing a letter, leaving a card, seeing somebody on business, being measured for something. I may do more, but will never allow myself to do less. Yesterday my new rule took me to Lady Burghersh, to-day it made me take Miss Rumbold out in the open carriage and a visit to the Swedish Minister's wife.

My dear, I resume my pen, having dictated to Dody¹ during the pleasure of the *toilette*. Here I am in a lilac *négligé*, waiting for my company, it being Friday again.

My gossip is that Mlle. Sontag quizzes Lord Clanwilliam and laughs at the reports about their intended marriage as the height of absurdity.

Pasta gives us too much of 'Tancredi,' and Mlle. Mars acts rarely; the little theatres are too hot, and our evenings are chiefly spent in the green drawing-room.

My children desire me to say that the Egyptian Gallery is most interesting and amusing. I took them there the day before yesterday. They spent this morning at the Louvre. Susan was delighted.

¹ Her daughter Georgiana.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: August 30, 1826.

I have persevered in doing right things. To-day Madame de Vaudémont paid me a long visit. She charmed me with her strong sense and originality. I feel as if I could get very fond of her, were it not for the monkey, dogs, and Madame de Dino, but these *habitués* warn me off her manor.

There is a great military *fête* to-morrow on the heights of Chaillot at eight o'clock in the evening. Eight thousand men are to enact the siege of Trocadéro,¹ and we are to be in tents, fired at with blue lights and squibs and finally taken by storm. I have great thoughts of not standing the siege, which sounds alarming.

My forty-first birthday was celebrated yesterday. Colin gave me a basket of flowers, surmounted by a picture of Freddy painted by Colin's sister. Susy a citron-wood box with a drawing of her own upon it. Granville² a very pretty *bougeoir* with a copy of verses beginning—

To thee, my mother, kind and good,
Who often in a cheerful mood,
That made me happy more and more
Than ever boy was made before.

Georgy a basket of her own manufacture. William a little inkstand, and Freddy a smelling-bottle. They are adorable darlings. Good-night.

Friday.—The *prise du Trocadéro* was, I hear, beautiful. Both the Granvilles were delighted with it.

¹ The fortress on the island of Léon, opposite Cadiz, was taken from the Spanish insurgents by the Duc d'Angoulême, which brought about the surrender of the town.

² He was eleven years old.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : September 11, 1826.

Lady Jersey is expected to-day. The Cannings will be here on Friday or Saturday, the Clanricardes on the 23rd. Jerseys and Cowpers are not exactly the people we should have selected to complete the society, but I have no doubt it will do very well, especially as there will be coming and returning about the same time. To-morrow we have a little repast here. Hayter and three recommended sparks, all unknown.

God bless you, my dear. I wish dear Hart could come in time to soothe and loop and link the Countesses a little while.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : September 1826.

Dearest sister,—Why can I only write a line? I am nervous, worried. This is for you and the Ellises alone. Conceive my astonishment to find that when I had done more by Lady Jersey than by any person who has been at Paris, thought her more than satisfied, I found she was in a positive fury. The grievances are, like herself, unique. She says she has always loved me with the greatest affection and that I returned it. That she came here under these impressions and was received with the utmost neglect and unkindness. Granville had a long interview, Lord Seaford another, but it is the winds and the waves. These are our attentions. Granville went to her the evening she came. We asked them to dinner the next day, appointed her to meet us at St. Cloud the next. I took her that evening to the Opera. I called upon her twice and found her at home both times, went with her to the Variétés, have lent her my boxes repeatedly. She dined with us again ; we asked her a third time, when she was engaged.

These are her grievances. I did not offer to bring her home from St. Cloud. She was there with Lord Jersey and her three sons. I was in the curricule with Granville, and Edward and all the children in the calèche. That I never asked what her illness had been at Munich. That I do not love her, that I desired her not to call on me. That I was so fond of her in England that I gave her a lock of my hair.

I can give no better proof of what my reception of her was than by telling you that Granville was extremely pleased with me for it. Mrs. Canning laughed at me for it, and said my attentions to her were a proof of how she could wind people round her little finger. Lady Hardy told her that she had not seen me so civil to anybody else.

In short, dearest, we were all thunder-struck when the storm burst. For heaven's sake talk of it to nobody. It must be blown over soon. I saw a great friend of hers this morning, not Lady Cowper, but a man who came to remonstrate upon my receiving her so ill. I never saw anything like his astonishment when I told him what attentions we had shown her.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : 1826.

Dearest sister,—I was delighted to receive your letter last night. Pray do not in the first instance mention the storm, but if Mrs. Lamb states a false case, state a true one.

I have seen Lady J. only twice since I wrote. What has made the followers-up of her extraordinary proceedings more provoked with her has made no difference in my feelings or opinions. She is quite come round and apparently very fond of me. They see in this an ineffectual attempt at first to get up a grand war about nothing, and upon a complete failure, a mean and

absurd submission on her part. I only see Lady Jersey, a tiresome, quarrelsome woman, but having in her no rancour or bad feeling, and forgetting one minute what she has said, done, or thought the last.

She stays till Monday, but I have been so entirely satisfied with my line towards her and so undeviating in it, that I hardly think of her enough to care whether she goes or not.

Lord Ashley is arrived. My cold has prevented my seeing him, but he is coming this evening.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : 1826.

Since I last wrote I have spent all my evenings at work with Mrs. Canning and the girls over the fire, as the men have had great Dip dinners. The weather has been so damp and cold that we gave up the *spectacles*.

We went for a little while on Wednesday to Madame Juste's, and found there a sprinkling of French, Madame Appony and the Ladies Jersey and Cowper. The former appears recovered from her late attack and dines here to-day. We have never mentioned the storm, but ingeniously gave each other to understand that we would meet but seldom, and only, as to-day at dinner here, all in a lump. Lady Cowper is enchanted with Paris.

I am every day more convinced that any amalgamation of French and English in society is impossible. The only time when Lady Cowper was bored to death was at the *partie fine* at Madame de Noailles', and Mrs. Canning nearly died of it. The French show no *prévenance*; they keep apart and eye the intruders, and the English, not paid for it, like me, will not make the quarter of a step towards an amelioration of this state of things.

To-night I expect a great many people. The real

improvement to our society is a number of Englishmen. Cradock is returned, Lord William Hervey, Lord John Russell, Mr. Frere, Leveson Smith, Mr. Denison,¹ Howard, young Labouchere,² the Vice-Chancellor!! sparks for all tastes and all ages. Lord Harrowby and Mary Ryder arrive on Monday. Adieu, my dear, dearest G.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : September 22, 1826.

We go on very prosperously. Lady Jersey's time is all filled up without my intervention. She goes everywhere, in and out of Paris every day and all day long. She is coming to-night with Madame Juste, who is here for a day. We have a dinner of forty-five, no women but Mrs. Canning, Lady Clanricarde, and myself. I have hardly seen Lady C., who arrived yesterday. The Cannings are both of them most amiable and seem delighted with their sojourn here. Her health is still very uncomfortable at times; yesterday she was confined with a bad headache. I took Mr. Canning to see Pasta for the first time in 'Otello.' He was very honest about it, which is all I can say; she does not appear to him better than another.

We are going to-morrow, Cannings, selves and the children, to Neuilly at two o'clock in large *char-à-banc* to see the place. The Duke³ is very proud of it and delights in these sorts of expeditions.

God bless you, dearest. Mr. Denison is coming immediately.

¹ Mr. Evelyn Denison, who became Speaker, and on his retirement in 1872 was created Lord Ossington.

² The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, created Lord Taunton in 1859. He was married to Lady Carlisle's daughter in 1852.

³ Its owner, the Duke of Orleans.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: September 30, 1826.

For three hours last night did I suffer violent tooth-ache, whilst curtseying and grinning to the edification of all beholders. I am in heaven to-day, the pain being entirely gone.

Lady Jersey arrived last night in high good-humour. I could amuse you *à ses dépens* and think I will, for I am sure you are too much afraid of thunder and lightning to repeat, and will not suspect me of taking any pleasure in recounting but that of the sport itself. She has made herself more ridiculous, my story apart, than I have words to say. Perhaps it is only that being alone here and people unused to her ways, her absurdities appear more prominent. Her great objects have been the Bourbons and Villèles. She sent to be received, and said she had been sent for to St. Cloud. This immediately stirred the blood of Mrs. Canning, who rested not till she discovered that the move had been made by the Countess. Three or four days after came the *spectacle* at St. Cloud, and she was not invited. She then told everybody they had expected me to bring her and that I would not. She distressed Madame Appony next by insisting upon her calling with her on Madame de Villèle. Austria in vain remonstrated, asked if she knew her, told her that, Madame de Villèle having no day for reception at this time of the year, it was only *les intimes* who went to her. ‘C’est égal, je veux la voir.’ Even Madame de Richemont, Monsieur de Villèle’s sister, told me last night that, having seen Lady Jersey about twelve years ago, she was really *penétrée* by her goodness in having written a pressing note to beg to see her immediately. What makes this more farcical is that when she has made these *démarches* she goes about saying all these people have sent to beg to see her, which, as she is not here in an official

capacity, causes universal astonishment. Another of her *ridicules* is to talk long and loud, *à qui veut l'entendre*, of her lonely and deserted situation here and her grief at being separated from *son mari et ses enfans*. 'Pourquoi est-elle restée?' is repeatedly asked with perfect *bonhomie* on the part of the enquirers, and I on principle answer 'Je ne sais pas.' Another scene in her own *genre* which was enacted the other day caused much amusement. She was going a junket with Madame de Bourke and Lord John Russell. The Bourke at the moment of departure excused herself. Then comes great agitation, a positive declaration of the impossibility of going alone in a carriage with *le cadet Roussel*, and finally an entreaty to Alava to go as chaperon. All she got, as he told me himself with shouts of laughter. 'Diable, vous devez être peu sûre de vous, si vous craignez rester seule avec le petit Lor' Jan.' She has delayed her departure till Monday, but as she is quite pacified I am in no hurry.

Lady — and Cradock have set up a regular flirtation. As he is extremely *empressé*, she can be dignified with perfect impunity, and only looks charmed and thinks Paris the most delightful place she ever was in, and wishes to stay and hopes to come back. Lord — seems very easy about it.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: October 2, 1826.

I am sorry you have been worried, my dearest sister. It is an unfortunate condition attached to existence. I did not mean to make such a fine phrase, but you have my whole sympathy as well as my whole heart, for I feel at this moment worried to death. Granville has had a bad feverish cold, and he has an unusual amount of business on his hands. I live in dread of its bringing on gout, of which he had a

symptom two nights ago. I cannot bear the idea of your giving up your flower garden, and I hope it is only delay. It would be so ornamental, so interesting, so delightful, but here, too, come in the thorns. Colin has been misbehaving. The bills, independently of his own large wages, for furnishing the *serre* came in enormous and exorbitant. He is penitent and forgiven, and a more economical arrangement has been made with an old woman. Plants for a quarter the price, no sum for carriage, she agreeing to take back the old ones. I blow it over, but with a loud sigh and vexation that my hobby should have been a great additional expense.

Then it is evident *lo sposo* has taken up the little affair I mentioned to you in my last letter. I like her so much and have had her so constantly here, that I cannot, *vu* all our positions, avoid what I think will get two such imprudent persons into scrapes, and one most respectable one into hot water and annoyance. My little dinners and soirées will all become distresses. In short, all my strings are too tight to-day. When I read your dear letter I fret over your worries and mine own, and wish we were both, like Lady Jersey, without a grain of feeling and with a quantity of imaginary grievances. We should cry a great deal, as she does, but never be the least out of spirits or subdued.

This is not a cheerful letter, but I send myself in the mood of the moment, and would rather fret with you than chuckle with another. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: October 9, 1826.

The *séjour* of the Cannings here has been most prosperous in every way. The King's asking him to a dinner *en famille* was as flattering as anything of that kind can be. People of all sorts have been civil and *empressés* beyond measure, and no bitterness on any side

has been strong beyond suppression. He is in spirits that I had never seen, she in unequal health, but most kind, friendly, leaving me to go entirely my own way; she is out or in her room all the morning. Often in bed by nine o'clock, but when I have society exerting herself and behaving very prettily. *La figlia* is apparently very happy.

The Countess has written a letter to Granville. She is sure we shall be sorry when we reflect upon our unkindness to her. However, Lady Elizabeth Fielding, who met her upon the road, arrived innocent of the whole story, and told Lady Hardy that Lady Jersey raved of Paris, said she never had been so happy, that she had been so *fêtée* and well received by everybody, had the utmost difficulty in tearing herself away.

It has been hard work to dine and soireé all the people that had a right to expect it during Mr. Canning's *séjour*. It has been at the rate of eighteen to twenty-five people almost every day. I had a large assembly on Friday last, with about one hundred bulls, a small soirée yesterday, entirely French, with the exception of Cowpers, Hardys, and Lord Ashley. I introduced him to the *élégantes*, who think him *superbe*, *magnifique*, and he is much pleased. 'Dear delicious women,' especially Madame de Dalberg and Madame Sobenska. Madame du Cayla was here with all the Crown jewels on. Her daughter Madame de Craon, whose child, four months old, sucks a goat because, 'Valentine ne pouvait se résoudre à le céder à d'autre rivale qu'une chèvre.' Rumford and Bourke *en négligés*. Madame de Chatenay, a very agreeable woman. Madame Appony, a dear, comfortable, suffering angel, for she does suffer when she has the toothache and when the French people do not love her. Madame de Courbonne and her daughter, Lady Gower's adorers. You see us in the yellow drawing-room. The conservatory, *à demi-*

jour, no carpet yet, but all the plants within, oranges bending over the divans, is Mr. Canning's delight, and his walk with alternate Ministers and Dips. To-morrow Monsieur and Madame de Villèle ends the whole. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1826.

We are not annoyed at what you have done, my dearest G., but I must endeavour as strictly as possible to set Mr. Abercromby's mind right upon one point, which I think you must have forgot or you would have done it. Far from the conversation that took place on Gore's appointment being the beginning of any unpleasant state of things between Ralph and ourselves, the impatience he displayed upon it appeared to be a key to the change we had for a long time lamented in him, and it was not his opening his mind to Granville upon his wishes, but the doing it with a want of temper and respect, that was observed by Granville and felt by me. I wish this to be understood, because it is a peculiar and beautiful part of Granville's character never to be influenced by irritation, and as a proof of this, when I, who boast no such equanimity, said, 'I regret all this, because it must make a change in your opinion of him which Mr. Canning will ask you for,' he answered, 'None in the least. Abercromby's conduct in the Chancellerie and his manner of doing business are just what they always were. My grievances with regard to him are all personal, and therefore cannot do him any prejudice in the question of promotion.' What I felt upon this distinction is not to be described, or perhaps to be justified, having seen Granville treat him with more kindness and feel for him more regard than he scarcely ever did for any person out of his own family.

It is an ungracious task to detail petty offences. I

will therefore only say generally that for months past Abercromby's manner to us both has been cold, ungracious, and reserved. He has absented himself almost entirely from my evening society, the only mark of personal attention which in my *genre de vie* an attaché can give me. Granville has in two instances expressed a wish to him as to his conduct to which he has paid no attention. He is completely changed as to all appearance of attachment and zeal in what regards us, so that we have often said, Can this be the man who was so devoted to us?

My only solution of the problem is this. Abercromby's wish to rise in his profession gets the better of every other feeling. He is restless, susceptible under the delay. It makes him act unbecomingly, and at the least mark of this being felt by those he lives with, throws him back into the natural reserve of his character, and shuts up every good feeling I believe him all the time to possess, under an appearance of distant and gloomy indifference.

To all this I think there is no remedy. I am convinced he never will be happy till he is promoted, and that he will be so there is every reasonable prospect, if he betrays no impatience or bitterness when any grievance upon the subject appears to him to justify it.

I loved him almost as a son, which perhaps makes me unreasonable. I now esteem him highly in many ways, and always shall feel the deepest interest in his welfare, but the disappointment with regard to him has been unbounded.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1826.

My dearest,—I have only one moment. I must tell you that Granville has had a conversation with A. He has been amiable, and has been perfectly attentive

and apparently penitent since. Mr. Canning has been very kind to him.

We parted with the Cannings with great regret. Nothing can have been more amiable and kind than they have been. I have already told you of his unique reception here.

We had a pleasant little repast yesterday. Lord Ashley and Mr. Denison, who are behaving beautifully and go out every morning to sit with foreigners of distinction.

Everybody compliments me about Hart¹ and his doings. God bless you, dearest.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 19, 1826.

Mr. Canning's speech,² stronger in the newspaper than in his mouth, has made a prodigious uproar here. Pray do not repeat one word I say. Methinks it is all the better to take a high tone and alarm and awe them, but that one or two sentences were imprudent. I am convinced, however, that no mischief is done by it beyond irritating them violently *pour le moment*; but I felt nervous at walking last night into an assembly of all the most furious. However, they were gracious and civil to us, and a country may do what it pleases if its ambassador has *des violons chez lui*. Ultras and factious all come and foot it *vis-à-vis* to each other with *la meilleure grâce du monde*. I dance next Friday and have no qualms. I am uncertain how many I shall have. Almost all the French *demoiselles* are not allowed to dance so near Christmas Day, but all the young married women do, an odd *nuance*. Amongst the latter, the

¹ The Duke had gone to Moscow as special Ambassador for the coronation of Nicholas.

² The speech in which he said, 'I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.'

Duchesse de Dalberg and Madame d'Oudenarde told me last night they meant to profit amazingly by the absence of the unmarried, and Lord Aboyne¹ is indefatigable.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: December 22, 1826.

There has been an immense sensation made by Mr. Canning's speech. It is now all explained, pretty generally understood, and Damas made a manly, judicious, friendly, and pacific speech in the Chambre. The fury of the Faubourg St. Germain is all turned against him. They say he is a *faux frère*.

¹ Afterwards Lord Huntly. He danced with Marie Antoinette, and was still dancing at the London balls in the early years of the present reign.

1827

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: January 6, 1827.

My dearest Sis,—We have this moment heard of the death of the Duke of York. I felt a great regard and liking for him when I saw him every day at breakfast at the Pavilion, and more so now when everybody agrees in the perfection of his conduct in the last trial of all. All the accounts received of his illness and the admirable patience and consideration for those about him add to the pity I feel for General Upton, C. Greville, and others of his friends, to whom his loss must be quite irreparable.

We shall now have a week or ten days of perfect rest and quiet, as we do not mean to go out any more till after the funeral, and then I hope black gloves will be an excuse for balls, etc.

I have been twice at the Duchesse de Berri's this week, at a concert and a children's ball, where Granville and Freddy were the happiest of the happy. They are going to-night to draw King and Queen at Mrs. Cadogan's.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: January 8, 1827.

Beloved sister,—The poor Duke's death brings me great reprieves. I have been already saved from Pozzo's great drum, a concert at the Palais Royal, ditto at the Ministre de la Maison du Roi, a party at Mme. de

Noailles', a concert and drum to-morrow, a great official dinner!!! on Monday. And all this is saved out of one horrid epoch here, the *Carnaval*, which ends the 28th of February.

We have not been told the length of the mourning, but as we are to put our household into mourning, it cannot be short, and whilst it continues dancing is out of the question, and when it is over Lent will be begun.

I might have had a ball the *Mi-Carême*, and had indeed promised it to Susy, but that little lynx, the Duchesse de Raguse, has engaged Mons. Baudouin, and prepared all her matters, so I must put off all my projects of gaiety for this year.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : January 12, 1827.

Dearest of sisters,—I have been so long at home that I hope it will give me courage to begin the *tourbillon* again. Sunday I begin with a little soirée at Mrs. Standish's, and for the next week I shall not have one single evening without three things at least to go to. Till the 28th of February there will be no *relache*. I begin my Fridays again on the 1st. Three assemblies, and then, if the mourning permits, a ball on the 23rd and *des soirées dansantes* till the *Mi-Carême*, at the last of which darling Susy is to prance about. If the mourning lasts three months, I shall not be able to dance this year.

Our plans are all *en l'air*. I hope they will alight in Grosvenor Place, but I sometimes tremble when I see Granville up to his neck in despatches and business.

I send some gossip for Hart, as I believe he knows all the parties. Jules de l'Aigle is desperately in love with Mme. Vatry, and so they say is le Prince de Talleyrand. She is a pretty *précieuse*, wife of an *agent de change*.

Henri de l'Aigle is more in love than ever with Mme. Alfred and proposes twice a week. They say that, as she encourages him with all the pleasure that such an adorer gives to ladies of thirty-six, it is *la crainte du ridicule* alone that makes her refuse him twice a week. *En attendant*, there is a caricature of her as the *colonne* in the Place Vendôme, *les quatre aigles à ses pieds*.

There is a new hero just turned up. A Monsieur de Colbert, twenty-three. 'Il est bien de figure, chante comme un rossignol; il vient de tuer son homme dans un duel, mais il s'est conduit comme un ange; on le dit amoureux de moi ou de ma sœur. Je crois que c'est Ida.' This was Mathilde de Finguerlin's account of him to Miss Hardy. Mrs. Strickland is Ida, *belle et belle*. They are Mr. Standish's sisters.

Mons. Molé is desperate for Mme. Sobenska, which kills Mme. de Marmier, who is gone to *ses terres* to join her married daughter, Mme. de Fitzjames. Her only consolation is that *le jeune* Fitzjames, youngest brother to her son-in-law, has fallen desperately in love with her. He is about nineteen, she near fifty. We think it *touchant*, and her *très intéressante*.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: January 1827.

Dearest G.,—I am just returned from a little round of visits, and a fine frosty day allowed me to pay them with impunity.

I go out in the morning, but do not dine or stir out in the evening, and this piece taken out of the *Carnaval* is a reprieve and a delight not to be expressed.

I am delighted with your letter and George's verses. I should like so much to read them to Mrs. Canning, but wait your leave. I had also a letter from Agar,

with delightful accounts of Georgiana. How you do people the nation?

Numbers of people are shut up with colds, sore throats, etc.

Mme. de Maillé has an *érysipèle*, Mr. Standish an influenza, dear Juste an *enrouement*, the pretty Mme. Sobenska a fever, which has confined her and Mons. Molé to her room for nearly two months. Mme. de Montjoie and Mme. de St. Aulaire both very ill.

The 21st is the anniversary of Louis XVI.'s death, therefore I shall not go out again till the 22nd, and then no small comfort to go about in a black gown and have none of the bore of toilette.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: January 23, 1827.

Dearest of sisters,—I can understand your dreading a long journey at this time of the year. We Parisians cannot imagine such a thing. We have a little snow here and the weather less cold in consequence, and I have begun to go out again.

Politics are so interesting just now that they rouse even me. The brutal attack made upon Talleyrand has excited an enormous sensation. He is better and has been, some say magnanimous, others cowardly, in not wishing to prosecute Maubreuil.¹

They say that the French are furious against England, but all I know is that they are just as civil to us as ever individually, and yesterday at Court Madame shook hands with me for the first time, and they were all as good-humoured as possible.

¹ An adventurer, who had accused Talleyrand of offering him in 1814 enormous bribes to assassinate Napoleon, and for this and other offences was several times imprisoned. To call attention to what he considered his grievances he attacked Talleyrand in the church of St. Stephen and knocked him down. For this he was prosecuted by the Government and again imprisoned.

Granville and Freddy are very popular. They *soutiennent les bals*, and are reckoned very pleasant young men.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : 1827.

Dearest,—I am glad I have done Silence good. I think if her friends would be stout and leave off toadying her, and above all say to her the quarter of what they think of her, she might be a very decent old woman.

How happy you must be at Chatsworth! Thank dearest Hart for his letter, his kindness, and then tell him I begin to be afraid he will never come to the garret again.

Give my love to dear Mrs. Lamb. How snug she would be in the garret, and how she would enjoy herself!

There is the devil to pay here about the Apponys having been desired by their Government to refuse the Marshals their titles. The irritation is such that they say amongst all the military men there is a cry for war against Austria.

Soult and Oudinot, Duc de Reggio and Duc de Dalmatie, have sent back their invitations, and many both ultra and liberals, fifty peers and all that belong to the army, have agreed that they will not go to the house.

I think it is an *enfantillage*, a *bêtise*, on the part of the Austrian Government, and most natural of the Marshals and their wives not to go to Appony's. The Duchesse de Massa, for example, as Madame Regnier; but it is odious of the French to visit it upon the Apponys, who have nothing to do with it, being obliged to follow Metternich's instructions. Monsieur Molé and many of the best sort agree with me entirely.

I do not know how much it annoys them. The Duc de Reggio was with the utmost difficulty prevented fighting Appony. The papers are all full of it.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : 1827.

Dearest sister,—I have been for the last week entirely occupied with Mme. Appony and her difficulties and annoyances. The French, with the exception of the Ministers, who were ordered to go, and about seven peers, and a dozen very stout friends, staid away *en masse* from her ball. Fortunately for her, she is acquainted with almost as many English as I am, and she has acquaintances here of all nations, so that her ball was crowded, which was the essential, and she told me she thought it the gayest and pleasantest she had had. It is now a strange position for her. The people having declined to go to her house, she will not go to theirs.

I am quite delighted to think that I am a comfort to her.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : 1827.

Dearest sister,—I think you will be glad to hear that my ball is over, that it was much admired, and that I am alive after the fatigue of receiving from nine and going to bed at six. Granville did likewise, but, as everybody seemed pleased, it was a reward for the exertion.

To-night at seven I take my girls to a ball at the Palais Royal. Granville and Freddy are both confined to the house with bad colds, which is a drawback to the immense pleasure of taking Suky and Dody, in pink tulle gowns, fastened with one bunch of pink roses on one side of the flounce. I will sketch them by the next courier, dancing very prettily. Susy in perfect health and her very best looks, dressed *à la*

Cléopâtre, which embellishes her to an incredible degree. This is pleasure and tells, even tired to death as I am.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Dover: May 21, 1827.

We have had a delicious day for our journey, my own dearest sister. The country looking beautiful and smelling as sweet as Chiswick all the way.

We dined at Sittingbourne, have been drinking tea here, and just going to bed, as we are to get up at half-past five to-morrow.

Give my love to my dearest brother. Tell him that I am sorry to say it, but London with all its perfections is hot and heavy, and one feels at about the fifth milestone, whatever may be the spirits, that one's health improves.

Dearest, dear sister, I have been so happy with you, that it is hard work to reconcile myself to a fresh separation. Good-night. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

May 25, 1827.

I feel, my very dearest sister, as if I had been absent from you more than half a year, I have done and felt so much in the last week. I found Susy¹ more adorable than ever and Georgy improved in health, look, and manner, and both of them so delightful, so pleasant, so affectionate and attaching, that to leave them yesterday was to both Granville and myself a pang not to be described. I shall take the boys with me there on Saturday week, and stay with them, in the most delicious, enjoyable, elastic, renovating place I ever was in, for a week or ten days, but I shall have left Granville, and that will be worse than all, and back I shall come with

¹ At Dieppe.

the hope of another little expedition there with him before the summer is over. My two darling little boys are delighted to have me, an old playfellow being better than none, and we have been gardening for the last two hours. In the middle of all this come recollections and regrets, an intense wish for Hart and you, both alive to my enjoyable existence here and more than doubling it, and a longing for my girls, almost fancying I see them at every turn.

And yet, dearest G., to whom I talk, it is my greatest comfort, and in a light-headed way there is much more of melancholy than bitterness in me to-day. It is not anxiety and careworn look and gnawing at my heart. I only lament over the absent, and cry a little and sigh a great deal. I am delighted to see Granville here again. It is his element. I like to go this evening with him, when the fatigues of his courier day are done, to the Académie, to hear 'Moïse' with a new act by Rossini.

Tell me all the political news you can. Granville has just given me the debate of Monday to read. I am glad Lord Harrowby spoke well in the House of Lords. Poor Lord Londonderry has enough of the pension story. I am glad to see the Infanta is recovering. It is a great perplexity out of the way, and that Prince Borghese has been 'conveyed from the fiery packet to the beach,' *une grande difficulté vaincue*.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

May 28, 1827.

Your letter, my own dearest G., arrived here from Dieppe this morning. I had a sad fear of the Chiswick to-day, for nothing could be more universal-looking than the horrid weather we had on Tuesday; but Chiswick in the rain is prettier than most places in the shine, and food and music pass through the dampest day.

On Friday evening Granville, Mrs. Hamilton, and I went to see 'Moïse.' It is very fine, and the French are beginning to sing in a rational manner. They have left off screaming, and with the help of Cinti the *ensemble* is very good.

On Saturday I took Mme. Appony, the Johnstons, and Miss Vernon¹ to the Italiens, and there we had Pisaroni, magnificent, wonderful, *entraînante*, electrifying Pisaroni. Hideous, distorted, deformed, dwarfish Pisaroni. She has an immense head, a remarkably ugly face. When she smiles or sings her mouth is drawn up to her ear, with a look of a person convulsed with pain. She has two legs that stand out like sugar-tongs, one shorter than the other. Her stomach sticks out on one side of her body, and she has a hump on the other, not where stomachs or humps usually are, but sideways, like paniers.

With all this, she had not sung ten minutes before a Paris audience was in ecstasies, forgot all its notions of *tournure* and *grâce*, and applauded beyond all hope. I cannot describe her singing, her recitation. Every word is felt, every sound is an expression. Zuchelli's singing with her and after her made one feel, 'What is he at? what is he mumbling? why don't he sing? why don't he feel?' I came home quite enchanted. Mme. Appony never can sleep after she has heard her. This is perfectly conceivable, though I had a vulgar comfortable night's rest after it.

People talk of nothing but English politics and Pisaroni. Lord Lansdowne is a great favourite on the Continent.

It is delicious to talk to Molé. He knows everything, understands everything, talks it all over as if he had been there.

¹ Lady Johnston and Miss Vernon were daughters of the Archbishop of York.

I must say I feel excessively pleased at my reception here. There is the warmest and most natural *accueil* to us from all we like the best, and they do seem to find themselves again in my *salon* with real pleasure.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : June 1, 1827.

My dearest sister,—The 'Etoile' gave us the numbers of the division¹ in the House of Lords. You may judge how much we are annoyed at the defeat. This morning I received Agar's letter and book. Pray thank him. I will send his packet in the course of the day. All are here but Mme. de Montjoie, who is gone into Auvergne with Mademoiselle.

I long to hear your account of the cottage,² to which Agar tells me you were all going on Thursday.

The Delmars dined here. She looks very handsome and excessively happy. He is an honest, ugly man, very sickly and occupied about his health, and goes home to bed at nine o'clock to prove that he is not jealous, what though he left Madame la Baronne here till eleven, and conversing with the Major. I think him quite right in his confidence, for I believe her to be as good a soul as ever lived. Pozzo came in the evening and was amusing, a good many French, and pretty little Mme. Sobenska.

The weather is heavenly now, not too hot, but enough to admit of walking in the garden and sitting in the conservatory after dinner, and dining with open windows, to the joy of all but poor Baron Delmar, who looked as if he could have murdered me for it.

There is a piece of news that makes a great sensation here. Mlle. Lafitte, the banker's daughter, pretty, and of boundless riches, is going to marry the son of

¹ Amendment of the Duke of Wellington on the Corn Bill, carried against the Ministry by a majority of four.

² At Virginia Water.

Maréchal Ney, Charles de Mornay and half the young Frenchmen going having proposed to her in vain.

God bless you once more, dearest of sisters.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: June 1827.

Your long and amusing letter delighted me, but your account of your eye annoyed me, though both Hart and you give me good tidings of it. Hold up, dearest Sis, as they say to the horses.

I am much pleased with Mr. Huskisson's speech. The *exposé* fortunately necessary, was necessarily fortunate. I read Morpeth's speech with enthusiasm, and heard myself say aloud, 'Dear darling little boy.' Beg him to forgive the burst from an *aïeule*. Mr. Canning in his letter to Granville says, 'Morpeth spoke in a way that added to his former credit.'

My brother tells me of his ball and his steam hoy projects. I give him up to sea air with less of a pang, for I am used to that *genre* of sacrifice.

I rejoice to hear that Parliament is likely to be prorogued on the 30th, as I hope it will bring Lord Seaford to Dieppe, and Granville if possible to join him there. At all events, I hope to go there for a week or ten days at that time. I also think it may bring us some friends from England, though, alas! not the dearest.

Mme. Appony gave us a very agreeable dinner on Tuesday, and I was glad to find John Gréfuhe and Mons. Molé there, as a pleasant Frenchman is rare, and valuable to her. On Monday evening we went to Mme. du Cayla. Pisaroni is less admirable in a room, and a small room, which you may remember. It brings one too near to her powerful voice and still more powerful ugliness. Her face is distortion, and seeing her for the first time with a gown on and a coiffure of double daisies, revealed her person in a blaze of deformity. Yet her talent is sublime.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : June 1827.

Does it ever happen to you, dearest sister, to begin the day with the despairing conviction that it will be impossible to do one half of what you must do? I began this morning so, at half-past seven. First I wrote a very long letter to my adorable Susan, who lives upon the pleasure a long detailed and daily account of all we do gives her. Then I had more than an hour's work sending out cards and invitations for three dinners this week. I then wrote a long letter to Verity, a shabby little scrap to my brother, and here I am at three o'clock with nothing but a visit from Mme. Appony and my letter to you to occupy me till dinner-time. Some time must be given to my garden. You do not know how enjoyable it is at this moment. It is perfect retirement, and as fresh and as fragrant as if it was fifty miles from a town. Roses and orange-trees are all in bloom, and the grass, having had no heat great enough to blight its new-born greenness, is to French eyes what Herbault's caps are to English ones.

Hart will tell you of my gaieties. They are all now in a quiet way, very unlike yours, my dearest.

I have been interrupted by a very long visit from Mme. Appony. She is in better spirits, and enjoys, as I do, the tranquil life and out-of-doors amusements and freedom from a town mouse life which we now enjoy. I am very glad to see that I am a resource and an enlivenment to her, and she is to me never *de trop* and always pleasing. Many jokes and sayings are the joy of our lives.

I shall like to hear of Windsor and any doings at Devonshire House.

I do not feel happy about Lady Ebrington.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: 1827.

Having written to Lady Wharncliffe, Georgiana Wortley, and to Dieppe, I now, my beloved sister, write to tell you all I suffer. I must make you unhappy by telling you that I am so. I am miserable about Lady Harrowby. I look around in vain for consolation for her. Lady Ebrington is her idol and had deadened every other feeling in her. This blow comes upon her, when the world has lost all attraction, her life all interest. She is fond of Georgiana, but sees her engrossed. Her sister has ceased to be a tie; she is bereaved and desolate, more than anyone but myself knows, and she will bear up and be calm, but it will be despair. My only hope is in Lord E. and the children.

I have to-day heard from Dieppe that Freddy has had a very bad fall. He vomited in the night and had excruciating pain in his head—twelve leeches and a blister removed it. Mlle. Eward writes: '*Freddy est mieux. Doctor Scott m'assure que tout danger est passé.*' Yet, my dearest sister, you may judge with what anxiety I wait for to-morrow's post.

Now I feel much calmer, and do not think me unmindful of my thousand blessings. Among them you, my own best, kindest, dearest sister, to whom I can relieve in unburthening my heart. Our affection and entire sympathy through all the trials of life is indeed a blessing.

Give my love to adorable little Mary. Tell her that her nice little letter surprised and made me very glad.

Lady Bath dines here to-day. Granville wished not to put her off, and I had rather see her than anybody to-day, as she is kind and attached to Lady Harrowby, and will talk upon the only subject I can.

My nervous fears for my little Freddy are only for you, and perhaps it is better for me to be forced to exert myself.

I should like much to go to Dieppe now, but I cannot leave Granville, or else Hart would have preferred it. Yet I would be unhappy away from dearest Granville, leaving him alone, without the resources of society.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: July 22, 1827.

Sunday.—I was in bed when dearest Hart arrived, and received him *à la française*. I am sorry to tell you that the last day at Windsor, the rapid journey, a hot walk and unwholesome dinner at Dieppe, have made him feel very poorly. It is chiefly nervous, and when he talks and gets eager, he forgets it and looks quite well. We have been for the last two hours sitting in the shade in the garden. Politics, gossip, everything, you and dearest Mary, Kings, Ministers. There is no end of talking, and he is the most wonderful person for keeping up our spirits.

Dearest sister, many, many thanks for your letter and most interesting accounts of poor Lady Ebrington. Yet, why do I say poor? I cannot say what I think of such a death.

Dearest Lady Harrowby will find more solace in being with Lord Ebrington from the feeling and devotion he has shown.

I have had most excellent accounts from Dieppe. Freddy is recovering entirely from the effects of his fall. God bless you. I have some painful letters to write.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: July 1827.

My dearest G.,—My brother sets out to-morrow

evening. He is not quite so well, and is worried by a nervous cough, and would go broiling after the giraffe yesterday in the heat of the day. No asthma, however, or anything more unpleasant than *malaise*, as you may judge when I tell you that he is going to see Mlle. Marie Taglioni, the new dancer, to-night.

I am delighted to hear your good account of dearest little Guinea. *Il est très répandu*. I hear of him from Lady Wharncliffe also. How happy he must have been to get his nose into the Haymarket!

The accounts of Mr. Canning's health make me anxious. I hope Chiswick will be of use to him.

I feel there is no hope of Lady Ebrington, yet it must be difficult for her poor, always sanguine mother, not to conceive a degree from the continuance of the same state, and then how much more terrible will be what I am convinced is inevitable!

The revival of London must be terrible. Is Lady Jersey endurable? We are puzzled about Lord Clanwilliam, not his matrimony but his diplomacy.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: August 10, 1827.

I shall say nothing of what I feel, beloved sister. I received Granville's letter on Tuesday evening at Dieppe. Lord Seaford had left Paris, and I arrived here on Wednesday evening. I found Granville in deep sorrow, but still sanguine, still hoping, because not to hope was despair. Indeed, I only wonder for a long time past that we none of us had so little fear of its coming to this. Yesterday morning Villèle sent the fatal intelligence. It is a calamity of so fearful a nature, the loss is so irreparable to his friends, to the world, it is impossible to look at its consequences or to define the change it may bring, the happiness it

destroys, the miseries it may entail, that one feels bewildered as well as grieved. In sorrow and suspense I look forward. I feel most anxious to hear of you all. My brother and Lord Carlisle will have felt this blow, with all its private bitterness and anxious and perplexed agitation. I think the situation of the King is one of unparalleled difficulty. I feel confidence in the characters of those who will be called upon to decide and act, and his loss has so deprived the political existence of his friends of its spirit and its charm, that to do right seems to me the only stimulus and object left. I cannot conceive any one who loved such a man and followed such a mind having any courage to make any effort but what duty absolutely commands. It is such a lesson to the worldly, such a warning to the ambitious, so crushing to the hopes and embittering to the feelings of all who lament his loss, that the weakness of human nature and all selfish considerations must, it seems to me, be subdued. No motive but to honour his memory and promote his views can rouse anyone to exertion.

Write to me, my very dearest sister. We are most anxious to hear every detail of his last days. I fear the suffering was great and the trial to his family heartrending. I hope, yet scarcely, that party spirit will not exasperate minds that should be calm.

I can write on no other subject, yet I have the comfort of leaving my children well and happy. Little Granville is a comfort to his papa. He is all that is exhilarating and buoyant in a child, with consideration and tact that makes him at such a moment a real blessing. I hope you are well, my dearest sister. In a world like this and with such reverses, what unspeakable happiness it is to be spared some greater trials !

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: August 12, 1827.

I received your two last letters, my dearest brother and sister. I do not know any comfort like hearing from you both. We shall be anxious to learn what is decided upon.

Last night, after little Granville, who is an unspeakable comfort, went to bed, we read over some of Mr. Canning's letters. We scarcely talk on any other subject, and when not so occupied I think dearest Granville's depression is greater. When the couriers return or go, there must be for a long time such a renewed feeling of the total change, and to-day, when he has no business to occupy him, nothing to force him to exertion, he is almost more low than I have yet seen him. It will be better when he is again obliged to occupy himself with political business or that the change in everything is complete.

I hear from Lord Clanricarde that nothing roused Mrs. Canning but the thought of Carlo.¹ I like to think that he will become a great object to her and all Mr. C.'s friends.

As far as we can judge, the greatest sensation has been made here, and to us the greatest sympathy and kindness shewn. The only person I have seen since my return has been Lady Bath after church yesterday.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: August 20, 1827.

This letter is to both of you, my dearest, kindest brother and sister. Before I answer your letters, I must tell you the little news I have. Granville had a letter from Mr. Huskisson to-day, dated Basle, much

¹ Succeeded his mother as Viscount Canning in 1837. Was appointed Governor-General of India in 1855. Created Earl Canning in 1859.

fatigued by his journey. He says if the badness of the roads permits they will be here to-day and remain with us two days to recruit his strength.

I am interrupted by their arrival. His deep manly grief is most affecting to see. He is quite exhausted with a rapid journey in the hope of being able to attend the funeral. Now that this is impossible, he will remain here till he receives the letters he has crossed on the road, and those he will receive from England. Repose and quiet are absolutely necessary to him. He says if he had hurried on for the melancholy object he would have been half killed by it. I think him, however, so much stronger a man than he was, that my hope of his being able to meet what is required of him is much greater than it was before I had seen him.

Dearest brother and sister, I hope your more immediate friends will feel that little drawbacks must be overlooked. The Whigs will either from some disappointed hopes throw everything into the hands of the Ultras, or they will, by going on now as things are arranged, secure hereafter a preponderance that must naturally, if not stipulated for now, be eventually theirs. It is not as it was. I cannot comprehend their policy not being now to gain all the strength they can to the Government, without weighing much the balance between the respective forces. There is no one, alas! to alarm them now. If the Government stands, the Whigs must rise. If weakened by dissensions and petty grievances, all sink together.

The Huskissons are gone to their rooms; they dine alone and go to bed early. We have the greatest hope that quiet may bring him again to what he was at Innspruck, the day before the only letter he has received reached him, one from Granville telling him of the danger. He says he never felt anything like what he did when he came in sight of Paris. This followed

eight days' long journeys, shaken to pieces by the badness of the roads and in suspense and sorrow.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : August 1827.

My dearest brother,—I shall write more fully to-morrow ; only one line now by an extra messenger. I devoured your letter. There is every comfort in your all thinking together and your *bonne* intelligence. There are obstacles without end, the King the principal one. When Mr. Huskisson is with you, all must be decided. He arrived so grieved, so exhausted that he could think and speak of nothing but our loss. To-day he is himself again and much improved in health. He hopes to have Lord Goderich's courier, sent after him some time ago, either to-day or to-morrow, but on Saturday he sets out and will be in London on Monday. You will be delighted with him. He will be of infinite use, if use is possible, which I begin to think it is not. At all events, his presence and advice will be invaluable. I never saw such simplicity, such total freedom from selfishness, such devotion as his to the memory of him we have lost. He wishes to express nothing till he is on the spot, and, except to you and the Carlises, I would not even name him.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : August 24, 1827.

Dearest brother and sister,—I have been writing all day, and therefore must only write a line. Mr. Huskisson sets out to-morrow morning, and will be in London on Monday. He is after four days' rest, notwithstanding the depression of his spirits and the anxiety of the moment, so recovered in health, and is so strong in mind and so right in principle, that I have no doubt of his being able to do whatever ought to be done.

I am glad Capo d'Istria is coming here. I cannot help having hopes for Greece. Spain and Portugal are tremendous.

Dearest of relations, one feels sick at heart sometimes and a wish for retirement, but not in a cottage.¹ I think this new mischief comes from Sir W. Knighton. I am glad that Lord Goderich has behaved well, but his nerves were not made to be tried so high, and he is not good at a pinch. Do take care and have a coachman in the gig. I think Mr. Grant would do best, though Mr. Huskisson likes and appreciates Lord Palmerston.

I pity you all for the Windsor expedition. I can conceive nothing more disheartening.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : August 1827.

The post yesterday brought us all the pleasure that politically remains and the heartfelt delight of yours and my brother's kindness in giving us so much of your time and all your thoughts at a moment when we can only live on our accounts from England. His letter was more sanguine than yours, but I trust the indecision and dissatisfaction are over, and that no minor grievance, no secondary consideration will cloud the only hope for the world, the only consolation to Mr. Canning's friends. It is in this spirit that Lord Lansdowne has acted, and I cannot say enough of what I think of his pretensions waved, his self forgot for such an object as the saving of England from the calamity of such men as would have rejoiced and triumphed had he taken any other line. I know I have no charity, but the last three months have given me such a strong feeling, personal as their hostility, against the enemies of one whose memory is so mixed up with their mis-

¹ The Royal cottage.

conduct, that I cannot but add to my dread of measures my dislike of men.

I regret many things, a paragraph in the 'Times,' a delay of a place, for I suppose it is only a delay, offered to Lord Holland, and the consequent want of cordiality that may exist in some quarters. But what are these to the object secured by the enlarged view taken by Lord Lansdowne? Did he act from policy alone I should think him wise, but I honour him as having better motives.

I feel for my dearest brother, who has again been worried and perplexed, and as he says, 'without all that gave a charm and interest to what he was doing.' His letters written daily from Windsor, and as he alone writes, made us pass the day there with him. Granville has no wish but to see Mr. Canning's memory honoured in the arrangements of the moment and his course pursued for the future. If Lord Dudley has nerve and energy enough to tread in his steps without the hand that first guided him in them, his abilities and his knowledge of what was wished and intended make him the fittest person for the arduous task. Mr. Huskisson, as leader of the House of Commons, leaves only the fearful consideration of whether his health will allow him to meet, or if it does to endure, all that such a post will demand. Granville has had a most amiable letter from Lord Dudley, feeling, good sense, diffidence, firmness, but one cannot calculate upon what effect his trying situation may have on his mind.

I am not surprised at Lord Harrowby giving up his office. He has long wished for it. I heard him say often how well he was when abroad and regret his inability to travel more. At his age he felt he had a right to consult both his health and enjoyment, and now that his strongest domestic tie is broken,¹ I am

¹ Alluding to Lady Ebrington's death.

convinced that he will live a great deal out of England.

I hope all the young and promising men on our side will now come forward, and that we may see all that, like your dearest George, were enthusiastically attached to Mr. Canning tending to fill up the void he has left. In so doing they may still work for his fame. I cannot at this moment see any other motive for ambition. For to attain to the height of all worldly greatness seems to me just now to be courting misery and death. Pray, dearest sister, show this letter to no one. I have thought aloud to you and am so hurried I hardly know what I say. It is not in human nature to separate oneself from all the littleness of worldly concerns. I feel to turn from them to higher aims and hopes is the only real happiness. Yet how miserably we cling and return to all that surrounds us here, feeling it nothingness, yet unable, almost unwilling, to burst the bonds! When I think of Lady Ebrington, so pure, so holy, so resigned, so weaned from life, so fit to die, I can scarcely bear to look upon myself, seeing how little detached I am from all that she left without one pang.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: August 31, 1827.

The letters of last night gave us a gleam of hope. The praise and approbation of Mr. Huskisson, the bitterness against the Tories, D. at one ear, the Princesse at the other, with the kind-hearted Marchioness hatching you all under her jewelled wing seems to me the *pour*. The *contre* is in Lord Goderich incapable, Lord Lansdowne disgusted, Mr. Huskisson discouraged in the work of swallowing.

Have you read Mr. Kennedy's speech in the Birmingham paper? It surprised as much as it delighted us. I have faint hopes of things going on as they are, but

I think the country will be with us to a degree I had not ventured to calculate upon, and be it in an English fog or under an Italian sun, this will be a consolation and a pleasure, perhaps not to have been bought by a prolonged struggle. Yet I do hope it will be made. The Whigs are tremendously fond of going out of town.

The courier upon foreign business is just arrived. Mr. Huskisson not yet returned from Windsor the only domestic intelligence. Methinks all will do well. The King will be pleased with one who will in opinions and views remind him of Mr. Canning. Mr. Huskisson will suggest something that will allow him to come off gracefully on his knees. Mr. Huskisson goes, I know, with the strongest wish to succeed. He goes, I suppose, with as much latitude as the Whigs can consistently give him, with his conciliatory prudence, his unpretending sagacity, his easy small talk, and above all with a perfect knowledge of the ground he treads on, and a conviction that the King must be managed, and with the skill and ability to do it.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: September 3, 1827.

I think it a melancholy consideration that a blunder on one hand and the eager grasp at obstacles and unreal shadows on the other should have precipitated matters to the state in which they now stand. Sturges Bourne¹ is beyond my patience. Do you hear 'the voice I cannot hear that says I must not stay?' That Mr. Herries, such as I believe him to be, should be the overturning principle is so vexatious that I cannot think of it. The evils that menace England are appalling, for I see them under Lord Eldon's wig and Lord

¹ An active politician and a follower of Mr. Canning. He refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Herries was appointed, which nearly broke up the Government.

Bathurst's tail. The only stand Mr. Huskisson can or will make can but delay the more entire surrender of King and country into the hands of the Tories. What a fatal man the honest one has been to us! I am told that nothing will induce him to remain with the Ultras, and I believe it, for of his integrity I am as certain as of his incapacity, and through all his blunders and total mismanagement of men and measures I see nothing beyond that from which stronger nerves and a more commanding intellect might have saved us. You may imagine that Granville is annoyed. All that my brother crossed over in his letter had reached us the night before, and we felt pleased, sanguine, and looked forward to union, strength, and all that one little bilious, wayward caprice of this least of men has crushed for ever. We have all laughed at hearing the fly boast of having brought the coach to the top of the hill. Who would have thought of having seen it actually overturn it at the summit!

I cannot in this realisation of all our fears turn one moment to selfish feelings, and more especially at a moment when any compensation I may find cannot be present to any one but myself.

Granville has just been to Villèle. From the 'Courier' of Saturday: 'Monsieur Herries est définitivement nommé Chancelier de l'Echiquier.' I just expect the 'Courier' to-day with one spider's thread in my hand, Lord Lansdowne having obtained something. Mr. Denison writes to me, 'We stand upon a razor's edge.' There is no answer but that it is a sharp one. Heaven be praised, Mr. Huskisson is equally committed *vis-à-vis* to the Ultras. If the King, continuing implacable to them, requires him to attempt so wild and hopeless an attempt as to steer alone, I shall feel for him a compassion and admiration due to the only motive that can induce him to undertake so

terrible a task. It is impossible for anyone to look on at such a scene but with the feelings natural to those who stand on the shore to watch a drowning man. Nobody can fear, nobody can envy him. Lord Goderich! Lord Dudley! Let me talk on, dearest relations. I think it is such a duty on the part of Mr. Canning's friends to stand by the King as long as he stands against the Ultras. I had not quite given up the hope of Lord Lansdowne till these last two papers. If by any miracle he remains,¹ I shall dance a *gavotte* upon a pin's head.

I now foresee the winter here and the Ultras in in March, nothing gained, nothing avoided. Here self comes poking in. Dearest brother and sister, I put down my thinks just as they spring. You must forgive whatever you find in them.

I have no more to add. The expected courier is not arrived, but since I wrote, the impossibility of the present Government making any attempt, if the Whigs resign, appears to me much greater. Mr. Canning's friends, separated from the two great political parties, not only want strength but men to fill up the vacant places. Good-night.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: September 6, 1827.

There is no end to the couriers or to my scribbling. The calm after the storm has something of deadness in it, till letters from you all bring us your details and opinions. But I have not been idle. I have converted Lady Keith and brought her to sympathise and rejoice with us, and only to wait anxiously with us to hear that the main body of the Whigs do likewise. I found her a Whig specimen; I left her in admiration of Lord Lansdowne, and convinced that he

¹ He did remain.

had not an inch of ground to stand out upon, thinking England saved, and allowing that Mr. Huskisson could not, even had it been possible or politic, have deserted the King, whilst his language and actions all turned upon the abiding by Mr. Canning's friends and principles. I made her look forward to all the objects gained, that would have been for ever lost by stickling prematurely for their accomplishment. We agreed that the only anxiety now was to know how far Lord Lansdowne will be supported by his friends; the only fear, a rally round Lord Grey.

The Whigs have now for the first time in their lives the game in their hands. Will they play it? If so, it is a glorious prospect. The four men entirely governed by the two, the Catholic question carried, all Mr. Canning's measures and hopes accomplished, the Ultras as if they were not.

Flahault came to me in the evening *émerveillé* at my work.

We are going this evening to see the 'Rivals' and 'Fortune's Frolic' at the Odéon. Pozzo, Madame de Girardin and many others have taken boxes, and it makes a great sensation.

I think of going with little Granville to Dieppe on Tuesday. I shall return to Granville as soon as possible. I hope Lord Seaford will be here before I set out.

Mr. Jones is going with the courier sent to-night, and returns with Mrs. Jones, a young lady of fortune, who marries him in spite of her papa, with ten thousand pounds of her own. She is the only child of a rich man, who, if he relent, will leave her four or five thousand a year. So much for ineffable tenderness and general utility.

Is it true that the Ultras are extremely angry with and have irritated the Duke of Wellington, all but the Beauforts, who are of course delighted, as Lord FitzRoy

Somerset is everything to the Duke? Is it true that Lady Jersey says that nothing can save England but a Cabinet headed by the Duke of Wellington and her papa?

Royalty is a study. I therefore repeat some gossip of Madame Rothschild, who came here last night just returned from Dieppe. The Duchesse de Berri ordered a vessel to be ready to take herself and suite and the Rothschilds upon a sailing expedition. The motive she confided to them. Rossini and Hertz were to be of the party, both immensely fat, both sick at sea, and it would be so droll to see the progress and *dénouement*. A gale of wind came on, the captain told her he could not put out to sea. Madame, in a fury, stamped, raged, said he would be punished. *Le capitaine* persisted, could not *risquer une vie si précieuse*. She waited and the wind went down. The vessel sailed, the *capitaine* declaring he had his *pistolet* with him to shoot himself through the head at the crisis, for the weather still menaced. They ran ashore like Oliver. The captain, instead of suicide, accomplished with great risk getting off the sandbank. Madame *très grognon*, because Rossini and Hertz had been too much frightened to answer her expectations, fear of death having strengthened their stomachs.

I have read your incomparable letter, brother dear, and now with such glee. Do you like to have it back? It is historical, logical, and four times farcical.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris: September 7, 1827.

If anything could add to my satisfaction, the appointment we heard of last night would. Young Stanley, Sir James Mackintosh, Charles Grant,¹ another Catholic

¹ Created Lord Glenelg in 1835. He was in favour of Catholic Emancipation.

in the Cabinet. Flahault, Lady Keith, and I agreed last night that it is utterly impossible the Whigs should not support Lord Lansdowne now, all but the insupportables. We are astonished at the joy here. Lady Keith had heard some Ultras lauding the present arrangement and talking liberal. My dearests, we shall convert the world. How do the poor, dear English Ultras do? I am all benevolence and mercy. Lady Jersey will be puzzled to death. I am longing to hear more, and how the Althorpites, Miltonites, and Russellites talk.

I envy you both together at Chatsworth. Give my love to Lady Cowper and Mrs. Lamb when you see them. Where is Morpeth? What says he? I want Sandon to have a place; something is due to Lord Harrowby and to John Wortley, or *gare* the Wharncliffe jaw.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : September 10, 1827.

You must by this time have received some of my volumes, my dearest Sisse. You will have left Chatsworth before the one containing our delight and satisfaction at the final arrangements. Every new appointment and detail add to these feelings. I love three men, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Huskisson, and the King, for he has behaved beautifully and stood by us at a pinch, which is not the fashion. I look forward to permanence, strength, and, above all, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Flahault has written to Lord Lansdowne to express his admiration and that of people here. What I pine for is what I foresee, an amalgamation of the shades of party in the present Government and influence over the King gained every day by Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Huskisson, and the honest

man,¹ respectable because nominal. I do not fear the Whigs; I think they cannot make a shadow of a case against us. I am delighted with Mr. Stanley being with Huskisson and with Sir James' appointment. I happened to hear of Lord Holland praising Lord Lansdowne since the decision. I wish the 'Courier' and the 'Times' would leave off squabbling. Who blows that little wind?

We are expecting Lord Seaford to dinner to-day. It will be a great comfort to me to leave him with Granville. I only go to Dieppe on Wednesday and remain there a week or ten days. I had a letter from the Marchioness;² she rejoices at the state of things.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Dieppe : September 16, 1827.

I am here comparatively perfectly happy. Susan is in perfect health.

It is indeed odd. I get to feel even intensely about politics and a wish to continue things, people, position in the same state.

Yet on the other hand, what it would have been to me, wholly selfishly, to have been able to take my adorable child into Italy for two years is not to be described. But then I should have seen his annoyance.

There is something in sea air that has a peculiar charm. It makes me forget, or at least enables me to put aside worries and cares. It is so buoyant, so refreshing, gives animal spirits.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1, 1827.

Dearest of sisters,—I returned from Dieppe on Friday evening and received your letter from Sprot-

¹ Lord Goderich, who had just formed his Ministry, composed chiefly of Canningites and some Whigs, including Lord Carlisle.

² Lady Stafford.

borough last night. I left my three boys about to embark with Verity on a fine calm day. Susy is going on well.

Francis Leveson¹ was *né* discontented and uncertain, and no destiny, except to his honour his matrimonial one, can ever answer to him for more than two months. Last night we had a pleasant soirée. Flahault is a host, whist and talk, and every Frenchwoman and a few Poles and Russians in love with the said Comte, and all detesting poor Lady Keith, who lies on her couch and returns the compliment. I like her very much, but her strong good sense and good qualities are not appreciated here and I uphold her with a strong arm. She says herself that Flahault is become English in his domestic habits, but that here all is *calqué* upon a footing calculated to destroy them. He behaves perfectly to her, which makes all the little things indignant. They say it is the height of all absurdity, that he used to live with them, and now *il est toujours chez lui*.

We are going this evening to hear *un piccolo bambino* do wonders on the fiddle at Bourke's, a *triste ragoût*.

Tell Hart that the English Theatre is *une vraie manie*. Appony and Girardin roar over Miss Smithson's Ophelia, and strange to say so did I. Mlle. Mars is jealous of her. She is very handsome and has deep feeling, with the vulgarest pronunciation and gesticulation. The Odéon is full every night to the roof. With all this 'Umlet' puzzles them and they laugh when the Queen drinks and everybody dies.

¹ He had become an adherent of the Duke of Wellington.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : October 5, 1827.

My dearest brother,—Only one line ; you are so surrounded, so busy, so many pony-chaises at the door, so many to talk and listen, that I must *pour le moment* be *de trop*.

One word for the complainers. Nugent was here, when in deep affliction¹ we saw no human being. The only exception was in his favour a week before he went away, when he dined, came morning and evening, had all my boxes to meander in, and was, as I thought, flattered and charmed by this exception in his favour. Sir Charles Hamilton was here at the same time. Granville called upon him *en personne*, which he only does to his friends. The first day we opened our house he was asked to dinner, but he was gone and he must have known why and how entirely we had been living alone before he left Paris. Montrond arrived many days after the departure of both these men from Paris. We have many pleasant people here now.

Monsieur de la Ferronays, whom I sat by at dinner yesterday, is very agreeable and brilliant. *Esprit*, stars and rouge all reckoned in the account.

The only *fureur* here now is the English Theatre. Madame de Montjoie has just told me that Miss Foote's success is *pyramidale*. The applause last night was unbounded. They think her lovely, and forgave one long feather hanging from her forehead just over her nose to her knee and a pink satin riding-habit. Mlle. Mars and Miss Smithson went together to hear her, and every Frenchman's heart leapt from his waistcoat at seeing such a sight. I went with Granville and Frederick Lamb to the empty Favart to listen to the deserted Pisaroni. Give my love to Madame de Lieven and

¹ On account of Mr. Canning's death.

Lady Cowper. I hear from all quarters of Emily's charms. Let me know what Madame de Lieven made of Milton. It is the toughest bit of cabinet-work her tools have been employed upon. There is a dulness upon all political subjects just now. God knows how it will all be roused, on the Continent I mean. Little minds and great mischiefs are all crawling out of their holes, and Metternich is wagging his tail. God bless you.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris: October 8, 1827.

I will give your love to Miss Berry, who is as happy as the day is long, made much of by me, Harriet Davenport in the same hotel with them, and *habitués* dropping up three pairs of stairs to sit with her. The William Russells are gone I believe to-day. I saw her here one morning, but she will not come out of an evening. She is prettier than ever, and as ever like the Tower of Babel, tall, unbending, and gifted with tongues. The Hardys are arrived and a *fonds* of very agreeable society is thus assembled. To-morrow Gontaut, Jumilhac, Pozzo, the Hardys and the Duc de Richelieu¹ dine here. The little duke is *épris* with Louisa Hardy, and Jumilhac his mama doats upon her, but I do not suppose it will come to anything. They all joke about it too much.

Lady Keith's house is delightful. Talking, singing, whisting, and, as he is acquainted with all sorts of people, one meets the curious added to the pleasant, and his popularity makes people too happy to go. I think Lady Keith is more popular than she was, and she deserves to be so, for she is very civil and very sensible, and is always delighted to open her house; but her manner is hard, and the French part of the society

¹ A nephew of the Minister under Louis XVIII.

evidently go to see Flahault and not her. Some of the pretty women treat her with a neglect that makes my blood boil. The other evening I went there to a small *soirée* of about a dozen people. One of these impertinent women came, shook hands with Flahault, came straight up to me with a profound curtsy and pretty speech, and then sat down with her back turned to Margaret. It was so marked that she had the good sense to burst into a loud laugh, which made the woman turn round and apologise, during which Margaret nodded to me as much as to say, 'You see now all I told you is true.' I think Madame Boni de Castellane felt ashamed of herself. Madame Sobenska, the pretty Pole, *fait fureur*, she has about fifteen lovers.

Madame de Flahault has an *engouement* for her and they are seldom apart. The *rôle* Monsieur de Flahault plays here is most brilliant; one should say he was a little too old for it, if his success in every way did not justify him.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : October 1827.

St. Cloud is over, the only good thing I can say of it; the heat was extreme, and I sat all night on the Diplomatic bench behind the royalties. We dine at Neuilly on Wednesday, the only flaw I am aware of this week. I am now expecting a visit from Lady William Bentinck. Our two young sparks create much sensation. 'Est-ce là des dandys?' George¹ is much admired, Sir Forester² much wondered at. The Duchesse de Rauzan came yesterday evening and shot all her darts at the former. 'I like your Benting; he is a very good boy, dear ambassadress. I love you so much, I shall come again on Friday.'

¹ Lord George Bentinck, who became the leader of the Protectionist party after the repeal of the Corn Laws.

² Lord Forester.

I wish I could describe the court paid to Flahault. Margaret is still on her couch. He pays her the greatest attentions, and left many an anxious sufferer after dinner yesterday to go and sit two hours with her, and the sufferers waited for his return with the most patient devotion. He really is charming in society, gay, sociable, flirting, whist-playing, general, particular, *monté sur tous les tons*, but when he cuts in at whist there is an universal gloom. Lamb is, I think, a little sore and embittered. I know not why, perhaps only the remembrance of his horror of Madrid. Lady Sligo, Lord Clanricarde's sister, is a nice, merry, *gentille* little thing, dressed *à ravir*, very anxious to please; she is getting on with the foreigners—a rare occurrence. The large husband talks very good glib French and is intelligent, but looks like a seal. Lady Bath is *intime* with all the French. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton are arriving, she having had an ague and in a bad state of health. She has made herself talked of about Brownlow North. 'Il n'en valait pas la peine.' Nobody thinks harm of it, but he is toad *intime*, shawl-bearer, music-stand, takes the child in and out of the *spectacles* and calls the carriage. All that makes Lady Bath say, 'I don't believe it, but'—and Lady Westmorland, 'If she was anybody else.'

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris: November 8, 1827.

You are most kind and amiable, dearest, dear brother. Many thanks for your two letters.

Lady Keith says the news of last night has made her ten years younger and the Government ten years older. I hope so. The Turks justify everything. Their renewed barbarity has been horrible and sanctifies our measures. Cradock's wound is very slight, only

one laurel leaf to mix with the myrtle. Granville saw his letter to the Princesse. He says when the balls whizzed about his head he thought only of her, and he writes to her when the splinter that had cut the muscle of his arm made his using it painful and hurtful. What infatuation!

I must try and amuse you. Charles de Mornay had the toothache. Mlle. Mars went with him to the dentist, who advised extraction. He refused, she animated him to the deed. The dentist *attendri* said: 'Oh, je suis sûr que le jeune Monsieur le fera pour plaire à sa bonne Maman.'

We have here a young Pole, a *protégé* of Flahault's, with whom all the *élégantes* are smitten. He is the son of Buonaparte and, they say, like him. His name is Walewski. He is received everywhere and made much of.

Lady Charlemont is here. The mother comes, but leaves her pretty daughter at home. 'I like young friendships. She is sitting with Mlle. Demidoff.'

Little Downshire has the Delmar House. She lies in state in a small silk bed. I asked her to dinner last Tuesday to meet San Carlos and Castalcicala. She was in raptures, mingled with awe, pinched my arm and said, 'May I sit down?'

Miss Smithson in 'Jane Shore' draws houses crowded to the ventilator. I must own I roared, but then it is because she is natural and feels deeply, though vulgar and ungainly. When taxed with this, 'Mais vous pleurez, Madame l'Ambassadrice,' I said, 'Yes; so I should if I saw my housemaid die,' and they said, 'Ah, que c'est joli.' But do not think I influence them. They are enchanted with themselves for having found out Pasta and Miss Smithson. 'Elles sont de notre création. Il faut venir à Paris.'

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : November 1827.

Walewski is a *bon enfant*, dull, civil, and looks only as if he was studying his laurels, not the least elated by them. You think, perhaps, he is a beauty ; no, my dear, a tall, pale, inanimate boy, but he is the fashion, *et l'étoile de Cradock pâlit devant le sien*.

Things are in a strange state here. *Reste à voir* if Villèle will have the courage to face the storm,¹ and if the Ministers can secure a majority in the Chamber. If there was anybody ready to replace, anybody to whom France said, 'When he jumps out you may jump in,' it would all be over with him, but this is not the case, and he will be saved by there being no *remplaçant* at hand.

I went last night with Granville to see Pisaroni. She sang admirably, but the principal scene consists of her looking at herself and dressing herself at a long glass, praying—that is, singing—to Venus, *madre d'Amore*, 'Rendimi più bella.' I thought the audience would have joined in chorus at so reasonable and desirable a request. She sang it, however, like a sensible woman with all the confidence of youth and beauty, and respect for her wonderful *gosier* repressed every expression of derision.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 23, 1827.

I have heard from my brother. He seems weary of his friends, which is worse than any feelings one has towards one's enemies.

When will Lord Stafford buy the world? I would sell myself to-day for a trifle. Madame Alfred de

¹ The Villèle Ministry had gradually lost ground on account of its reactionary measures.

Noailles is funny. Somebody said Madame Appony was like the giraffe, and that she and Madame de Lieven were animals of the same species, which she denied. 'Ce n'est pas la même classe : l'une mangera l'autre et n'aura qu'un mauvais repas.' One sees Lieven crunching the meek Appony's bones.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 26, 1827.

So the Turks are determined, but heads are on, and I think we shall soon finish the struggle with fresh laurels. It is a fearfully interesting moment. High tone, if you please, Lady Carlisle. Like the man in the play, 'D——e, who's afraid?' and we shall out-Turk the Turks.

My sensibilities are all foreign and I am a Spartan politician. I fear Lord Goderich's are all foreign.

Granville is surprised that I have not 'told G.' the following little tale. Charlemont wishes to be very much the thing, *très élégante* in her habits, very French, like Madame de Mortefontaine and her other friends. She imagines it is English *de se faire annoncer*, and at one of my little soirées, when l'Allemand asked her name, said 'N'importe.' He insisted and she stuck to her *n'importe*. He threw open the door and bawled out, 'Madame n'importe.'

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : November 29, 1827.

My dearest sister,—We have been living as one can do at Paris, indeed anywhere I believe if one really wished it, as if we were at Heidelberg. Lord Seaford drops in to tea to tell us what's what *nella città*. One has time for everything one wishes to do : one reads up the latest books, sometimes a game of chess, sometimes a courier, *bella vita, bel piacer*.

I am much interested in politics. I am certain that

all desirable changes will be made, as I hear the King is more against the old set than ever, and that they have on their side done all to cherish his repugnance. Here there is as yet no change, but that there must be one is considered as inevitable.

Mme. Appony has lost her father and is in great affliction. I was very sorry not to be able to go to see her, the more so as the day she received the news she sent to express her wish to see me, but it is some days before I can hope to leave the house.

TO LADY CARLISLE.

Paris : December 1827.

My dearest, dear sister,—Do I know Brownrigg, and Nesbith!—‘Do I know Mrs. Spencer?’ as William said when my father asked him if he knew the Queen of Prussia.

Don Miguel is expected daily. Everybody is speculating about French politics. Some say Polignac, some Talleyrand, nobody has an idea that poor little Villèle can weather the storm. God bless you. Next week I shall be a better correspondent.

TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Paris : December 1827.

My dearest brother,—The weather is detestable, a fog to-day that comes into one’s room, nose and mouth. There have been at the Duchesse de Berri’s a hot, formal bad concert for Miguel, who by the bye left Paris this morning, and various other soirées, that I am too happy to have escaped, and I have the delightful certainty of not being able to go on the 1st to wish the King joy.

The two little men, arrived on Friday night, are

the delight of our lives, not to mention Flora,¹ of whom I am sorry to say, and break it with the utmost *ménagement* to G., I am excessively fond. You know the peculiar weakness I always had for Spot. Well, this is her image. I recollect all her ways, the sleepy affected *grande dame* manner, a little giraffe, a graceful, clean, dignified, dainty thing. The two boys and Flora are with me all day long, and are let in to Granville's apartment occasionally.

What can I say of politics? I think, whatever varieties there may be in England, there can be no return to the old people, and the necessity of some change in the new must work itself out in the course of time.

We have just heard in the papers of De Rigny having burnt the Greek Fleet. We think this even-handed injustice, and that two unjust things make one just, so Lord Seaford, Granville, and I have been pleasant about it.

Lord G. looks over my shoulder, don't approve at all, says I must not send such nonsense. I say I must; he says he doats upon Navarino, which I am sure you don't doubt. I say you never show or repeat such stuff as I put into my despatches, so after a hair-breadth escape my letter goes into the bag instead of the fire.

Sontag sings for the first time on Friday. She has arrived, and this time brought with her a Baronne of the very first water as chaperon, who means never to leave her a minute nor allow a *tête-à-tête*; no flirtation.

¹ The daughter of Spot, an Italian greyhound, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Carlisle disliked dogs.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



Granville, Harriet

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